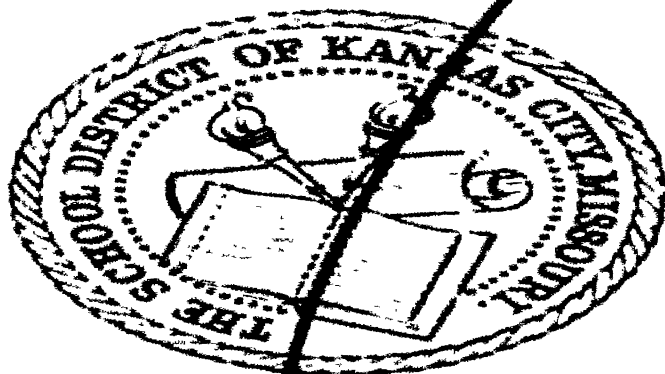


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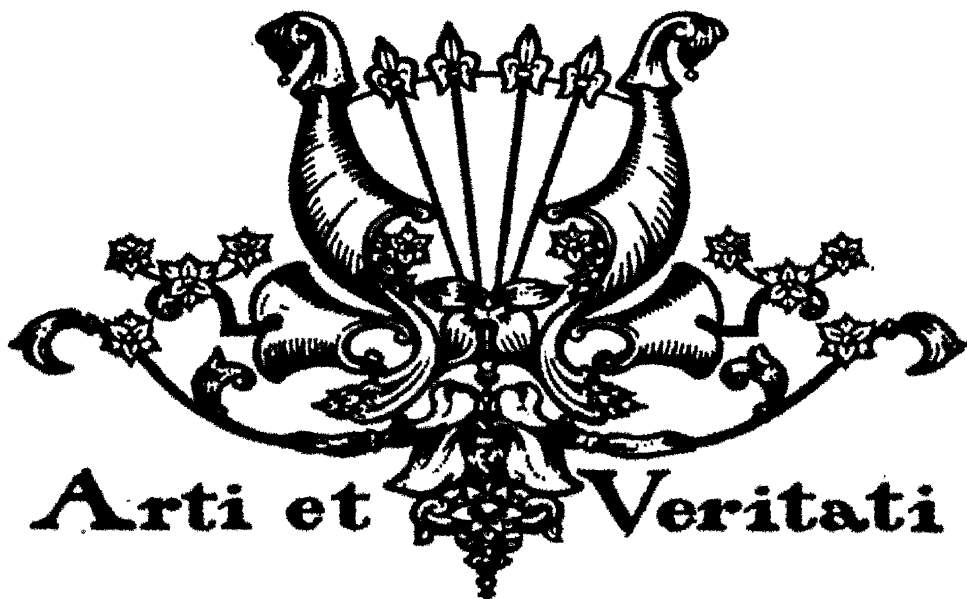
Poet Lore

A Magazine of Letters

EDITED BY

CHARLOTTE PORTER AND HELEN A. CLARKE

VOLUME XXI



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Poet Lore

VOLUME XXI

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1910

NUMBER 1

THE ROSENHAGENS*

(A Drama in Three Acts)

BY MAX HALBE

Translated by Permission of the Author by Paul H. Grumann

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA

CHRISTIAN ROSENHAGEN, estate owner at Hohenau.

KARL EGON, his son.

MADAM ROSENHAGEN, his mother.

MARTHA REIMANN.

HERMINE DIESTERKAMP.

FRITZ DIESTERKAMP, senior in the gymnasium, brother of Hermine.

THOMAS VOSS, land owner at Hohenau.

PASTOR SIEBERT.

DR. NOWACK, physician.

WEGNER, agent.

RATHKE, overseer on Rosenhagen's estate.

MINNIE, servant.

BUMKEWITSCH, farm hand.

Three other farm hands.

Scene of drama: Hohenau estate.

Time: the early nineties. The first act takes place in June, the last two on a day in September, the former in the forenoon, the latter towards evening.

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FIRST ACT

Large hall in the manor house. Two doors at the right and a door at the left lead to the various rooms. In the middle of the rear wall, there are two glass doors, through which one passes down into the flower garden over large stone steps. The two windows to the right and left of the glass doors also face the garden. High oak cases, brown with age, crowned with Delft vases are ranged along the side walls. A table with papers, newspapers and writing materials stands in the center of the hall and is surrounded by chairs. A faded sofa against the front part of the left wall,—the room is plain and austere, but the white curtains and the view upon the garden render it not uninviting. It is a clear spring day in the middle of June. The two folding doors of the rear wall are opened wide. One looks over flower beds and patches of turf which are bordered farther back by a brook. A narrow foot-bridge connects the garden with an adjacent meadow lying beyond, past which the eye wanders into the distance up to the hazy, blue remote chain of hills.

*Pastor (in suppressed tones).—*So the doctor has been called?

*Martha (likewise).—*Why, of course, Mr. Siebert. The carriage has been gone this good half hour!

*Pastor.—*If he has only found him at home!

*Martha.—*You can't imagine, Mr. Siebert, how terribly we were frightened, when uncle suddenly groped so strangely, fell upon a chair, was white as chalk and unable to utter a word, and just panted. (*Shuddering.*) I'll not forget that in all of my life!

*Rathke (approaching).—*Yes, we were just standing together, I and Mr. Rosenhagen and Miss Reimann, and were talking about something, and of course got to talking again of that fellow on the other side of the mill race. (*He points in the direction beyond the brook.*) You know, don't you, who is meant by that? I don't have to take much time to explain that to you. (*He points again.*)

*Pastor (sighing and shaking his head).—*God knows! This unfortunate quarrel has poisoned my whole pastorate here.

*Rathke.—*Never mind, Mr. Siebert, that is more than ordinary quarreling, the affair of the two, our master and the fellow over yonder, Voss. That is war to the death, I say to you, in which each one grapples for the throat of the other; and now they clutch each other, and it's up with one of them.

*Pastor (retreats a step).—*God help me. Are these men Christians?

Rathke (after a moment).—Have you ever experienced war, Mr. Siebert, real war? Do you know what it means when a company of militia is expected to storm a French village?

Pastor (somewhat impatient).—In one's reading, one forms a conception of that. But what is the purpose of all this?

Rathke.—You will see that directly, Mr. Siebert. You know, I went through that a dozen times. Then the command is: March, march! and all men storm headlong! And now pinch up your eyes and throw the enemy back and take one place after another and after it is all over——

Pastor (impatiently).—Well? After it is all over?

Rathke (chuckles).—Yes, after it is all over I am not telling you all that for nothing, Mr. Siebert. Now imagine, after it is all over, at the very end of the village there is one place left; in it the enemy has slanted himself, from it they shoot, and as merrily as ever. Say for yourself, Mr. Siebert, would you leave that house to the enemy, even if it were built a little stronger than the rest of them, and were a little harder to take? Would you just let the enemy keep on shooting from that house?

Pastor.—For the life of me, I don't understand——!

Rathke (condescendingly).—You see, Mr. Siebert, the enemy, with whom we have been concerned, our master and I, has been represented by the other land owners that have been here in the village, I don't know how long. All of these, with the help of God and old Nick, we slowly froze out and put out, the one this way, the other that way, as best suited the case, but they all had to go! (*He pauses for a moment and strokes his beard.*) All! But one! You know well enough, but *that one* on the other side of the mill race.

Pastor (excited).—And Thomas Voss is now doomed also? The rope has been knotted for his gallows also?

Rathke (quietly).—Just so, Mr. Siebert. Just as you say.

Pastor (turns around on his heel).—Shame on you, sir. Do be ashamed of yourself! (*He takes a few steps angrily.*)

Rathke.—Mr. Siebert, whosoever says A, must also say B, and whosoever has taken a whole village by storm cannot leave the last place to the enemy. It is then a matter of so—or so—and if you can swallow the cat, you will also be able to swallow its tail.

Martha (impatiently to RATHKE).—What stuff you are talking, Rathke. Mr. Siebert must get a fine opinion of you. And of uncle also.

Rathke.—Never mind, Miss. That is all settled beforehand. It's all a matter of *have to*.

Martha (impetuously).—Believe me, Mr. Siebert, I do not wish to

defend my uncle at all. I am not pleased with all that he does myself. But what is a poor girl to do, who is alone in the world, has no parents and nothing at all? One depends upon his relatives, of course. It's bad enough.

Pastor (steps to table where she is).—Dear Miss Reimann, no one under the sun is reproaching you.

Martha.—Of course, I don't know anything about it, Mr. Siebert, but I do know this much, old man Voss isn't an angel either. I imagine the one is as much to blame as the other.

Pastor.—No, no, Miss Reimann, the blame rests entirely with your uncle. Why, I have had to witness that for years, and have been unable to hinder it. The demon of greed has hunted your uncle through life. That is the source of all the conflicts which he has had with his fellow men: the innumerable law suits which have aroused so much vexation. Greed for land, Miss Reimann, insatiable greed for land, that is the serious reproach which I must level at your uncle.

Martha.—Then indeed it must be something of a family trait, Mr. Siebert. I am also pleased when I see all of the beautiful land that my uncle has acquired in his life, the meadows and fields and all the rest. I am pleased about that, even if I shall never have any benefit from it, and myself am poor as a church mouse.

Pastor (smiling).—With you it is an entirely different matter, you see, dear Miss Reimann. That is an innocent pleasure, nothing more.

Martha (strangely).—Do not say that, Mr. Siebert. I can easily imagine how that can take hold of a person. That must come like ravenous hunger—like ravenous hunger. He who has always sat at the table of strangers and has always eaten the bread of strangers, can easily imagine that.

Pastor (has become serious, looks at her penetratingly).—Then advise you, Miss Reimann, curb the demon in your breast! Curb it.

Martha (lightly).—O dear me, Mr. Pastor, it will probably not be so very serious. I'll not even get into the embarrassing position at all.

Pastor (zealously).—Tell me yourself, Miss Reimann, and you, Mr. Rathke, what has Christian Rosenhagen had of all this?

Rathke (in a matter of fact way).—He has become a rich man, Mr. Siebert.

Pastor (somewhat nervous).—Good, yes! But what has he stake for it?

Rathke.—I do say, Mr. Siebert, the only thing that comes free of charge is death. And even that is not true, one pays his life for it.

Pastor (has taken several steps).—Didn't you yourself say a while ago, that the paralytic stroke or whatever it may be, the misfortune, that it happened in the midst of a conversation about your neighbor?

Rathke.—That may be, all right enough, Mr. Siebert.

Pastor (quizzically).—And the conversation, to judge by the disposition of Mr. Rosenhagen, was not calm.

Rathke.—Nope, it wasn't calm. Not a bit calm. We were just speaking of the meadow land that you see there on the other side of the mill race (*he points beyond the brook*), where the foot bridge leads across. As you know, the whole piece belongs to him over there, it is his best meadow land, without it he cannot subsist, and if he is deprived of that, then he can go and pack up. We were just speaking of that, and Mr. Rosenhagen became terribly excited.

Pastor.—Terribly excited! Just so.

Martha.—Yes, because uncle said that the meadow land didn't belong to Voss at all, that it rightfully belongs to the village.

Pastor.—And since the village now belongs to your uncle, then the meadow also—— Oh! (*He turns away.*)

Martha (shrugging her shoulders).—Why, I am only telling what uncle says. It doesn't concern me, of course. What is the meadow land to me?

Rathke (disapprovingly).—Do not say that, Miss Reimann; we could make very good use of the meadow, and now it is only in our way and only occasions us loss. The master is quite right there.

Pastor.—So that idea is really spooking about in the heads of these people?

Rathke.—So it is, Mr. Siebert. And the idea is not half bad. For this much is certain, the meadow land was seized by the Vosses in the days of Olim under Napoleon, when the whole village had died out. It was formerly a village common, and when afterwards the French were gone again, and no one any longer paid attention to it, the Vosses simply kept it as their own. That is sure as shooting, as certain as twice two are four, only Mr. Rosenhagen cannot prove it yet, black on white, but it probably will come out all right.

Pastor (interrupting).—And so you were talking about that?

Rathke.—Yes, and Mr. Rosenhagen struck the table and pointed over to the meadow and cried out: "Right forever is right, the meadow belongs to the village and I'll kill off that fellow over there!"—— And at that moment—— (*He pauses and is silent.*)

Pastor.—At that moment a Higher One raised his hand and cut short the days of Mr. Rosenhagen before his time.

Rathke.—Well, he's not quite that far along, Mr. Siebert; you know Mr. Rosenhagen is still alive.

Pastor (animated).—Yes, thank God. It is not too late even now. But is it not food for thought that Christian Rosenhagen had to fall at the time when he wanted to bring about the fall of another? Isn't that food for thought?

Rathke.—Well, Mr. Siebert, one may explain that as he pleases.

Pastor.—You and Mr. Rosenhagen, my dear Mr. Rathke, have sown hatred and have reaped revenge! It is my task now to exterminate the weeds and to establish peace! You know, Miss Reimann, for years I have avoided entering the house of your uncle.

Martha.—And I was always very sorry about that, Mr. Siebert.

Pastor.—Today I came here in response to the first call—— Yes, I should have come even without your call, for I am pursuing a definite plan.

Martha.—So? Why, what is that, Mr. Siebert? May I take the liberty of asking?

Pastor.—I am pursuing the plan of reconciling your uncle with Thomas Voss.

Rathke.—I tell you that will be a stiff piece of work, Mr. Siebert.

Pastor.—I am counting upon the help of the Highest. Is the son with his sick father?

Martha.—Yes, Karl is with him, and grandmother.

Pastor.—Then, with God's help, take me in.

Martha (points forward to the right).—I beg pardon, Mr. Siebert, will you come through the blue room here?

(The front door at the right is opened.)

Karl Egon (appears in the door).—How do you do, Mr. Siebert?
(Extends his hand to him.)

Pastor (shaking his hand).—God's own greetings, my dear Mr. Rosenhagen. God's own greetings!

Karl Egon (seriously).—I thank you for coming, Mr. Siebert. Father already has a great desire to see you.

Pastor.—I am glad with all my heart.

Karl Egon.—Much is running through his mind. You will scarcely recognize him.

Pastor (in joyous excitement).—Come, my dear friend. (*He draws him out through the half-opened door at the right.*)

Karl Egon (following him).—Through the blue room here, Mr. Siebert. Father is in his room. (*They go out.*)

Rathke (approaching again).—Such a wiseacre, such a wiseacre!

Martha.—Why, how did the poor pastor harm you, Rathke?

Rathke.—I cannot bear this everlasting establishing of peace.

Martha (has stepped to the rear, looks through the doors into the distance beyond the garden).—How blue the Liebschau heights look today. Just see, very dark blue, the woods over there!

Rathke.—Sign of rain. I've been feeling it for some time in my bones. This fine haying weather will probably come to an end soon. We'll hurry up and try to get some more in, or else it will all rot on a fellow's hands again.

Martha (inhaling).—The pinks are also more fragrant than usual. There is a sultriness in the air.

Rathke.—Yes, a thunder storm or rain, something or other is coming.

Martha (looks out into the garden).—The lilacs, too, have already finished blooming.

Rathke.—Why, of course, we are fast approaching St. John's day. What would you expect, Miss! Why, the rye is almost beginning to head.

Martha.—Another spring past! Another! (*Sighs, takes a few steps, then after a short pause, somewhat suppressed.*) What is your opinion, Rathke? (*She points to the right.*) Do you think uncle will get on his feet once more?

Rathke.—I should say, Miss, I don't think much of this peace business. His sending for the pastor; that's a bad sign. A darned bad sign. It will soon be up with him.

Martha (suppressed).—And then?

Rathke.—Well, then the young man of course will get the estate.

Martha (mysteriously).—And then what?

Rathke.—And what would you suppose then? Then probably the young man will some day think of marrying.

Martha (as before).—Yes, I think so too.

Rathke (slyly).—Then we'll get a young woman into the household again.

Martha.—Yes, yes, a young woman!

Rathke (continuing).—And she will look like you, Miss, and have the same name.

Martha.—Like me? Goodness! What you do imagine!

Rathke.—Aha, one has his own notions of such matters.

Martha (becomes attention).—And I tell you, that will never happen in the world. Never!— Never!— (*Short silence.*) Do you still recall Hermine Diesterkamp, Rathke?

Rathke.—From Danzig?— Well, do I! I always lifted her on her horse when she was here during vacation. But soon she did not need me at all any more. She could ride like old Nick himself.

Martha (bitterly).—Probably that is a strain of her mother's blood. She is said to have been something like a circus rider.

Rathke.—Yes, indeed, it caused a great hubbub at that time in Danzig, when rich Diesterkamp got himself one of these von Salamonskies from the circus. An infernal hubbub. (*He chuckles.*)

Martha.—She had come from Russia, hadn't she?

Rathke.—Yes, somewhere around there. She was a darned pretty creature. I often saw her. Mrs. Rosenhagen and Mrs. Diesterkamp came and went often. Mr. Rosenhagen didn't care a fig for what the people had to say. As I look back at those times, there was quite a gay life in this house, until the two Diesterkamps died, one soon after the other, first she and then he. Well, and then Mrs. Rosenhagen, she soon followed as you know. And then it became quiet in this house.

Martha (reflecting).—Yes, a short time after that uncle took me into his house to look after the household and such matters.

Rathke.—How the time passes! They also have been lying under the earth eight or ten years at least.

Martha (starting up from her meditation).—A moment ago you spoke of the young woman who will come into the household. If you want to know how she will look, then think of Hermine Diesterkamp whom you lifted upon her horse.

Rathke (with lips apart).—It ain't possible! I say, you are joking!

Martha (bitterly).—Do I look as if I felt like joking?

Rathke (blurring out).—But what will become of you then, Miss? You surely can't stay here then?

Martha (smiling).—Do you think so?

Rathke.—No, of course that won't do? You and the young woman. And the old woman is also here yet. No—nope!

Martha.—Well, I will just go somewhere else then. The world is large, isn't it?

Rathke.—But you haven't a single person in all the world?

Martha.—A person in my position will manage to get on some how. I am accustomed to it, am I not?

Karl Egon (opens the front door at the right, enters, and looks about).—And isn't the doctor here yet?!

Rathke.—I'll go and look on the pike. May be the carriage can be heard now!

Karl Egon.—Anything doing on the place? Anything to report?

Rathke.—Everything in order, sir. The laborers are raking up the hay, tomorrow we can haul it in.

Karl Egon.—Have you sent the mowers in the clover fields?

Rathke.—Yes, some to the field near the dam and some to the Liebschau Cut.

Karl Egon.—Good. And what of the beet girls?

Rathke.—Oh, the wenches. Why, they are as lazy as drones. They beat the Lord himself out of his time. Regular Polish lubbers!

Karl Egon (laughing, to MARTHA).—He has it in for the girls. Especially the Polish ones. You have probably had bad experiences, Rathke, how?

Rathke.—The devil take all of the darned women! (*He goes in through the door at the right, but turns around once more.*) I had forgotten; Wegner was here a while ago and inquired about old Mr. Rosenhagen.

Karl Egon (absent minded).—Wegner? What Wegner?

Rathke.—Well, the one from Danzig. The one who formerly had the property here, that Mr. Rosenhagen bought of him eighteen or twenty years ago, or so. You know him, don't you?

Karl Egon.—Slightly! Yes! The agent or whatever he may be. What in the world does he want?

Rathke.—He has something very important, he says.

Karl Egon.—Then understand that you are to send him in when he comes back.

Rathke (listening).—Now I hear something rolling on the pike.

Karl Egon.—It is to be hoped that it is the doctor.

Rathke (going out).—I'll go quickly and open the gate. (*Goes out through the rear at the right.*)

(*MARTHA has stood in the background during the preceding conversation and has looked dreamily into the garden.*)

Karl Egon (steps up to her, lays his hand on her shoulder).—So quiet, sister Martha?

Martha (slightly startled).—It is you?

Karl Egon.—Yes, who else should it be?

Martha (smiling).—Who else!

Karl Egon.—Somebody is dreaming?

Martha (preoccupied).—Somebody is dreaming!

Karl Egon.—Of happiness and love and great deeds, how?

Martha.—Yes, of that which is never to be.

Karl Egon (lively).—What's that!

Martha.—Possibly for you!

Karl Egon.—I should hope so. Great Scott!

Martha.—But not for me!

Karl Egon (absent minded).—Well, just wait till the proper man comes.

Martha (strangely).—The proper man will not come, that is all.

Karl Egon (pensively).—I tell you, Martha, I am in a strange frame of mind. I see father is ill. I must be prepared for anything.

Martha.—Do you really think so?

Karl Egon.—I myself do not know. It is possible, after all, that all will turn out well again. But he has never been so very strong. And then he has had much to stew and worry about. Now he is fretting about that. Do you know, he reminds me of one sitting before his ledger and balancing accounts. Well, and on such occasions many an item turns up that is not quite O. K., and he is sweating over that at present.

Martha.—I suppose that is the reason why he called for the pastor?

Karl Egon.—Certainly—— Certainly! I believe that it is a relief for him to unburden his mind freely for once. To me he cannot do that, as you know. We have always remained strangers to each other after all.

Martha.—You two *are* so different.

Karl Egon.—Yes, and with all, I have cared much for him. In my inmost soul. That is the strange thing about my condition. I cannot grasp the thought, that some time he will be no more. And at the same time——at the same time! (*He breaks off as if frightened at himself.*)

Martha.—Do tell me, Karl. Come sit down with me.

Karl Egon.—No, just let me walk to and fro. I feel as if a fever infested me. I must walk.

Martha (resigned).—As you please.

(*Short pause.*)

Karl Egon (walking to and fro).—See here, Martha, I am twenty-five years old now and yet, until at present, I have had neither goal nor any purpose in the world whatsoever.

Martha.—Why, Karl!

Karl Egon.—Of course, I have done what they all do. I have finished my school period, have prepared for agriculture, theoretically and practically, have finished my semesters at the university; that is all well and good. I have also looked around out in the world and have been able to weigh values. That was even the best of it all. I am indebted for all that to my father. He allowed me an absolutely free hand in all that. I have been able to do whatsoever I have desired to do. But what do you yourself say: Can that fill out one's life in the long run? Is one to allow all that one has thus learned and hoarded up to lie fallow for half of one's life?

Martha.—But you do not need to do that at all. You certainly have enough to do!

Karl Egon.—No, that is just the thing that I haven't. I am always only the second man. I must subordinate myself to father, and that I cannot do, nor will I. My ideas are too different from his to do that. I have seen far too much of the world to do that. And so I prefer to do nothing at all, and simply put my hands into my pockets. But when I think of it, that all that may continue God knows how long, that this state of affairs is to remain——. Terrible! Terrible! Do you comprehend that?

Martha.—Yes, I understand that well. I know what it means when a person has just no hope at all!

Karl Egon.—Yes, and for that reason the fever is now getting into my blood, as I think of the future. (*Has turned on his heel.*) When I say to myself, possibly you will become master sooner than you have expected, after all! . . . So! Now you know how I feel!

Martha.—Possibly I know still more.

Karl Egon (surprised).—Still more?

Martha (softly).—I know of whom you are always thinking, when you are dreaming of your future.

Karl Egon (smiling).—Well, of whom do you suppose, you little clairvoyant?

Martha (calmly).—Have you tidings from her? Of course, you are corresponding with each other?

Karl Egon.—Just see, how clever and wise you are.

Martha.—What else, pray, can I do?

Karl Egon (serious again).—Yes, we have been courting since a year ago, when we saw each other for the last time in Switzerland.

Martha.—Where in the world is she now? Still abroad in the world?

Karl Egon.—Yes, now here, now there. Her last letter I received from Munich.

Martha (after a moment).—Doesn't she ever have a longing for the old home?

Karl Egon (with animation).—Home! Home! That is just it. She has found her home out there. I cannot even blame her for that. You know well enough how the people around here cast stones at her parents.

Martha.—But if she really likes you, she must surely yearn for you. Why doesn't she at least pay a visit some time?

Karl Egon.—Well, that *will* come about. At the very latest, next fall.

Martha (mechanically).—Aha. Next fall.

Karl Egon (steps up before her).—Do you know, Martha, I am going to confide something else to you.

Martha (anxiously).—Well, what is it? Do not frighten a person!

Karl Egon.—Yes, you will be surprised. I was going to say, that I have been intending to go away.

Martha (frightened).—Go away?— For good?

Karl Egon.—As one looks at it. Possibly for good. At any rate I wanted to go out into the world.

Martha.—To her?— To Hermine?

Karl Egon.—Together with her, yes!

Martha.—And what would your father have said to that?

Karl Egon (excited).—Goodness, don't you hear? I was not able to stand this condition here any longer. This inactivity! This mere having to look on! I have longed to be out in life, as the fish longs to be in fresh water.

Martha (oppressed).—And now?

Karl Egon.—Yes, now of course, the affair looks different. Now I shall hardly be able to get away.

Martha (almost craftily).—And probably you will bring Hermine here then? Do you suppose that she will stand it here, spoiled as she is, that she will really remain here?

Karl Egon.—That really goes without saying.

(*Short pause.*)

Martha.—Do me a favor, Karl, will you?

Karl Egon.—Well, what is it?

Martha.—Show me her picture. Of course you have it with you?

Karl Egon (smiling).—How do you know?

Martha.—You have it with you. Don't fib to me.

Karl Egon.—You two have been acquainted since the old days.

Martha.—Yes, but how long that has been. At least five years.

Karl Egon.—Yes, when she went to boarding school at Geneva. She was sixteen then.

Martha.—Show me her picture. I beg you!

Karl Egon.—You stubborn creature! (*He takes a photograph out of his pocket.*)

Martha.—I should like to know whether her eyes still have that same expression.

Karl Egon (*gives her the picture*).—If you absolutely wish to see it— Now say for yourself, isn't she beautiful?

(*MARTHA looks at it in silence.*)

Karl Egon.—Isn't that marvelously beautiful?— As if it were taken from some fairy tale?

Martha.—Yes, yes, why, certainly.

Karl Egon.—Well, now then?

Martha.—She has really grown very pretty! And yet——!

Karl Egon.—Oh, the womanish jealousy!

Martha.—I don't know, the expression in her eyes——

Karl Egon.—Why, what fault can you find with those eyes? They are indeed the most beautiful part of her face!

Martha.—There is something about them——

Karl Egon.—Oh, come, you are petty.

Martha.—There is something dangerous about them!

Karl Egon.—Who is afraid? Danger attracts me!

Martha.—Karl! Karl! Be on your guard against those eyes!

Karl Egon (*out of humor*).—Give it back to me! — In that matter, after all, all women are alike!

Martha.—They are something like nixie's eyes,—they are said to indicate misfortune. (*She gives him the picture.*)

Karl Egon.—Fortune or misfortune, we all do what we are compelled to do. (*He looks at the picture.*) Dearest, dearest one!

(*The rear door at the right is opened.*)

(*MADAM ROSENHAGEN hobbles through the door leaning on her cane.*)

Martha (*quickly*).—Put the picture away, Karl! Grandma is coming.

Karl Egon.—Why, how so? Do I need to be ashamed of this picture?

Martha (embarrassed).—I only thought!

Karl Egon (while he slowly puts the picture back into his pocket).—Did you see Dr. Nowack, grandmother? Is he here?

Madam Rosenhagen (approaching).—Why shouldn't I *see* him, when he was standing before me big as life? Do you suppose I am blind? Now don't get any foolish notions! I can still look through an oak plank.

Karl Egon.—Then indeed I will at once ——

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, I lost no time in getting out! I get sick at the stomach when I see a doctor!

Pastor (steps in through the door at the right which is still half open. He is in a hurry and is beaming with happiness).—I am hastening, my dearest Mrs. Rosenhagen. I am hastening. One must strike blocks of iron and human hearts when they are warm.

Karl Egon.—Why, where are you going in such a hurry, Mr. Siebert?

Pastor (already in the center of the hall).—Over to Thomas Voss! In a few minutes, God being willing, I hope to bring him over here. Every moment is precious now!

Karl Egon (with animation).—So you have succeeded?

Pastor.—Yes, he consents. The hard shell has melted! Before it is evening, the two old enemies shall have become reconciled.

Karl Egon.—And do you believe that Voss will come along without further difficulty?

Pastor.—Why, certainly! Quite certainly! Don't you suppose that I know my men?

Karl Egon.—Well, I shall be glad of that. As you know, in this case, I am also in favor of peace! To be sure, in favor of honorable peace!

Madam Rosenhagen (has sat down on a chair at the table).—I always *have* said, you are a bit off color! As far as I can think back, the Rosenhagens have been in favor of war, never in favor of peace! You are the first one that goes at it the other way.

Pastor (already on the top tread of the steps, turns around once more).—Good-bye, my dear people, till my immediate return.

Karl Egon (calls after him).—Straight through the garden, Mr. Siebert! Over the foot-bridge and then to the right.

(PASTOR still beckons to him from the garden, then disappears over the foot-bridge to the right.)

Karl Egon (approaches again from the rear, smiling).—Am I really so much off color, grandmother?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, you are. You are of the new fangled kind on whom one never can count definitely.

Karl Egon (smiles again).—Don't say that, grandmother! *Do not* say that! I can go through thick and thin, if it ever becomes necessary.

Martha.—Yes, I also believe *that*!

Madam Rosenhagen.—What does *your* opinion amount to?

Karl Egon.—Moreover, you yourself encouraged father to become reconciled with Voss.

Madam Rosenhagen.—But I am an old woman and have all of these matters behind me long ago! I tell you, you ought to have seen me fifty years ago.

Karl Egon (smiling).—Dear me! fifty years ago!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, then you were all still in the stork's pond. Isn't that so, Martha?

Martha (smiling, preoccupied).—Why, of course; *I* don't know, grandma!

Madam Rosenhagen.—She don't know! She don't know! You are right, Miss. In the windup the worms will eat us any how?

Karl Egon.—But I must look and see how matters stand over there and what the doctor says. (*He hastens out through the front door at the right.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (to MARTHA, who still sits there dreaming).—Well, what is the matter with *you*, Rosalind? You are making a face as if all of your yarn had floated away. I suppose you have some fellow on your brain?

Martha (startled).—How you *do* talk, grandma!

Madam Rosenhagen.—I know well enough whom! You might as well stop dissembling! (*She beckons to the right significantly.*)

Martha (blushing, gets up).—Nonsense, grandma! Nonsense! (*She hurries to the rear door at the right.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (calls after her).—Then see that you keep at it! Or the other one, Hermine, may come and get ahead of you!

Martha (already in the door, she thrusts her head in once more).—Nonsense! Nonsense! Nonsense! Nonsense! (*Off quickly.*)

(*At the right in front KARL EGON re-enters with DR. NOWACK.*)

Karl Egon.—So quite frankly, doctor, immediate danger is not at hand?

Dr. Nowack.—N——, not exactly immediate danger! But you know one isn't on the inside of such a thing, especially when the trouble is as

deep seated as in this case! That is the old belief of the layman. A physician is expected to be omniscient. Babble! When all is said and done, we also can only conjecture.

Madam Rosenhagen (brings her cane down with a thud).—That, for once, is still a true statement. You deserve a cross of honor for that. In other respects lying, after all, is your daily bread!

Dr. Nowack.—Now you be nice and quiet, grandma! I'll get you under my thumb, too, some day, after all.

Madam Rosenhagen.—God protect me! I have never needed a doctor and have become ninety-three years old.

Dr. Nowack (sarcastically).—Possibly just for that reason!

Madam Rosenhagen (laughing).—Do you see, you are not at all as stupid as you look! Do you know what you once prophesied to me?

Dr. Nowack.—N——, don't remember.

Madam Rosenhagen.—I should yet survive my whole family, that is what you prophesied to me.

Dr. Nowack (again sarcastically).—Well, then! My dear, what more do you wish?

Karl Egon.—Could that really have so much of a charm for you, grandma?

Madam Rosenhagen.—You doubt it? I am going to wait until the Day of Judgment, and when the trumpets blow I'll take a special post-chaise with four horses and drive to the devil's grandmother!— And if the doctor wishes to, he may keep me company.

Dr. Nowack.—Thanks for the kind invitation. We should get on quite well together. Do you remember the time, grandmother, when we spoke of the worlds up there, of Jupiter and Mars and all the rest?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, and that there are human beings in a sense like ourselves, only doubly as clever, and that they can fly. I should like well enough to take a hand at that some time. That would be a change, you know!

Dr. Nowack.—Well, then we can fly together over there for a while.

Karl Egon (who has listened somewhat impatiently).—I was going to say, Doctor, let me revert once more to your directions in regard to father.

Dr. Nowack.—I have written out all that is necessary. The prescription is in the patient's room. Whether or not it will do any good, is another question.

Karl Egon.—It is to be hoped!

Dr. Nowack.—N——, I can't say that I have much hope. What are you going to do with a clock that is completely worn out?

Karl Egon.—Why, father isn't so old yet.

Dr. Nowack.—Clocks vary, that is all. And then much depends upon how one has put them to it. You repair what can still be repaired, but you don't risk giving a guarantee.

Karl Egon (suppressed).—Are matters really that bad?

Dr. Nowack.—Yes! Why should I deceive you? You see—— (*He points to the grandmother.*) That is a different kind of a clock. That is built for eternity.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Hm, I always say, that the large number of deaths nowadays is simply due to the large number of doctors.

Martha (opens the rear door at the right and enters the door).—Will you kindly come over into the dining room now, Doctor? I have prepared a hasty luncheon for you.

Dr. Nowack.—Yes, I will report for my customary feed.

Martha.—The Elector's good wine is ready for you, Doctor!

Karl Egon.—And a cigar to smoke on the way!

Dr. Nowack.—Will be accepted thankfully.

Karl Egon.—Wait a moment. I'll go along. Martha does not know the brands yet.

Dr. Nowack.—God be with you, grandmother! We shall often see each other still in this life. (*He waves his hand to her, then departs with KARL EGON and MARTHA through the rear door at the right.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (calls after him).—You need not come on my account. Just remain at home nicely. (*She remains sitting in meditation, then looks around, because she hears steps from behind in the garden. Here in the meantime PASTOR SIEBERT and THOMAS VOSS have crossed the foot-bridge into the garden and are coming up the steps to the hall.*)

Pastor.—I wonder how long it has been, my dear Mr. Voss, since you have planted your foot upon this spot?

Voss (who seems to follow the pastor only with hesitation, gloomily).—Surely I can't recollect that, Mr. Siebert.

Pastor.—Yes, the ways of the Lord are strange. Would you so much as have dreamed last night, that you would ever enter here again at my side?

Voss.—I don't like to do it either, Mr. Siebert. If it weren't for your sake ——

Pastor.—Happy is the man who triumphs over himself!

Voss.—Why can't he come to me if he wants to make up? Why

must I come to him? Because I have remained only a little fellow and he has become a big gun? Is that why?

Pastor.—I am telling you, am I not, it is because he is ill, seriously ill! Because I fear that his days are numbered.

Voss.—Is that it? So he's really going to kick the bucket? Then I got ahead of him at least in this thing! I'll stand it for a long while in this old hide of mine! (*During the last sentences they have remained standing on the top step, at the entrance to the hall; now they proceed.*)

Pastor (already in the center of the hall).—Here I am bringing you an acquaintance, Mrs. Rosenhagen!

Madam Rosenhagen (has risen slowly).—Did you come after all then, Voss?

Voss (stands opposite her and strokes his clean-shaven face).—It's the pastor's doing! Without the pastor you probably wouldn't have laid eyes on me here!

Madam Rosenhagen.—It has been some little time since the last occasion when we two talked to each other!

Voss.—Yes, some little time!

Madam Rosenhagen.—But you have changed little.

Voss.—A body is getting older.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Such a kid as you are! I can still see you as a boy. I can see you as plainly as I do today! Once you almost choked my boy off for me!

Voss.—May be it would have been better if I'd done it!

Madam Rosenhagen.—I dare say you are still the same old slugger that you were in the days of yore?

Voss.—Who can vouch for himself?

Pastor (who is observing the two in joyous excitement).—And now, my dear friends, will you two not shake hands?

Voss.—I don't suppose that's necessary, Mr. Siebert!

Pastor.—And if I beg you to with all my heart?

Madam Rosenhagen.—So far as concerns me he can offer me his hand or not! I know I have nothing against him.

Voss.—I have a better recollection of it.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Of what concern is it to me what squabbles you have had with my husband and my son?

Voss.—You helped along pretty well in those days, thirty or forty years ago. It's not to your credit that I am still in the village, that I have not become a roustabout like Wegner, or have gone to America, like Stubenrauch, or hanged myself like Pohlmann when the little bit of money

was gone which he got from your son for the fine farm! It is certainly not to your credit.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Since those days a good bit of water has run through the mill race. I hardly think of that as in a dream!

Voss.—After all, it will do no good for us to talk about it. The life that one has had from this will not be changed or improved by that!

Madam Rosenhagen (murmuring partly to herself).—Scarcely in my dreams do I think of that.

Voss.—How is it, Mr. Siebert? Shall we go now or not? If it must be done, then I prefer that it should be done soon!

Pastor (pulls him away).—Come along, man! Come! (*The two go out through the front door at the right.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (shakes her head, murmurs).—This is a peculiar world! An awfully peculiar world! (*She slowly hobbles away to the left.*)

(*At the same time KARL EGON enters the hall with WEGNER, through the rear door at the right.*)

Karl Egon.—Rathke tells me that you were here once before.

Wegner.—Yes, I inquired for your father.

Karl Egon.—Father is ill; you will have to put up with me.

Wegner (looks around curiously and inquisitively).—Well, well—— ill! Surely not seriously?

Karl Egon.—I fear he is!

Wegner.—Hm——I am sorry!

Karl Egon.—Well, what can I do for you?

Wegner (again as before).—Excuse me, kind sir, I am only looking around a bit. You know, formerly I was here many a time.

Karl Egon.—I know—— You formerly lived here at Hohenau.

Wegner.—Yes, when I still had my property, the same that your father afterwards bought from me. Your father made a fine slice out of that.

Karl Egon.—You did not have to agree to it, did you?

Wegner.—I had to, well enough!

Karl Egon.—How so, did you have to?

Wegner.—What are you going to do when the water rises to your throat? Your father knew quite well that I could not keep up any longer, that I had to sell, whether I wanted to or not, or the creditors would have come and locked up the shebang before my very nose—— Well, and so we made our little deal. It was a *good* deal for your father.

Karl Egon (*shrugging his shoulders*).—May be! How does that concern me?

Wegner.—Why, I haven't the slightest notion of reproaching your father for it. Business is business. And even if it is one's own father, every one must see how he fares. I had to pay a large apprentice's fee before I learned that. As a result, however, *he* is established more firmly than ever.

Karl Egon.—You are living at Danzig now?

Wegner.—Yes, you know I am a kind of intermediary in all matters that yield a profit; houses, mortgages, real estate, old furniture. They are very fond of buying that in the city now. (*He looks around inquisitively again.*) You see, these oak wardrobes, you would get a fine bit of money for them if you cared to. I tell you I know a dunce who would buy them right off.

Karl Egon.—The wardrobes will not be sold. They are heirlooms.

Wegner.—And those porcelain vases, do you see? What is that rubbish to you? Rather buy something new, pretty, up-to-date. What difference does it make whether you have the old riffraff or not? I'll offer you a decent price.

Karl Egon.—Is it possible that you have come from Danzig on account of the wardrobes and vases, Mr. Wegner?

Wegner.—Nope. I came on account of something else. Just ask your father about all the uses to which I can be put. Your father knows all about me.

Karl Egon.—Then out with it.

Wegner.—I have done your father many a favor, I may say that truthfully. You know how that goes. One good turn deserves another. *He* doesn't act *small*. That's no more than just. It has always been a clean business deal with him. "What can you do?" "What do you have to offer?" "What have you?" And when it gets that far along, *spot cash!* No bargain, no cash!

Karl Egon (*impatiently*).—Well, and then?

Wegner.—You see, excellent sir, for as good a customer as your father, a fellow will do something special once in a while, even if it costs a bit more time and work. After all a fellow knows it is not in vain. Of course it will come in again on the other hand. Well, I tell you I have brought your father something fine today. Something fine as a fiddle! Something exquisite! (*He has pulled out his letter case, rummages about in it and takes out a folded document.*)

Karl Egon (it begins to dawn on him).—Does that have any connection with the meadow land over there?

Wegner (hands him the document).—Read for yourself, fine sir. Read for yourself. Convince yourself with your own eyes.

Karl Egon.—This is an attested copy, I see.

Wegner.—Attested by a notary public! Why, of course! All genuine. All tested. Not an iota wrong. Copied and recorded word for word from the old Hohenau register. Do you see the notary's signature here?

Karl Egon.—Why, where did you raise that?

Wegner.—Do you mean the register? Where do you suppose I picked it up? At the court house, of course. Where else, do you think? At the court house at Danzig. Up stairs in the attic where all the old documents and mortgage registers, and all the stuff down from the days of Methuselah lies around in confusion.

Karl Egon.—How did the notion ever strike you at all?

Wegner.—That I will tell, my excellent gentleman. That is a very simple affair. It has hardly been three months since your father came to Danzig one fine day and met me on the market-place and said to me: "See here, man alive," he said, "you can do me a great favor. You know how I stand with Voss. You always have had it in for Voss a bit too, haven't you?"—Now your father is quite right on that point, I *have* it in for Voss, and I will attend to him some day, well enough.

Karl Egon.—Why, what harm did Voss do you?

Wegner.—What harm he did me? None at all. But I do say, I will not allow such a fellow to look down upon me. Why, he hardly knows a fellow on the street. I know very well why. Because I have had to give up, and he hasn't for the present. Just wait a bit, old boy, I'll show you a thing or two.

Karl Egon.—Well, yes, and what else? What else?

Wegner.—So then I was speaking to your father; one word leads to another. Your father tells me of the meadow land; that it by rights does not belong to Voss at all, that it is supposed to be village property.—Now I had heard that again and again from my father. *He was a magistrate in the village, as you probably know. We talked about that many a time, how the Vosses put the land into their pocket by snatchgrab (he makes a gesture), as it were, back in some old year. And so I said to your father, "Old chap," said I, "only one thing will do the work. Evidence! Evidence!" "Get me the evidence," said he. "I'll get you the evidence," said I. "If it can be had at all, I'll land it." "Good," said he. Settled.*

And now I went straight to the court house, because I said to myself, at the court house the books and documents are surely still to be found, and I got next to one of those old court recorders with whom I am on good terms, and I got permission to look around up in the attic, and I tell you, as luck would have it——

Karl Egon (meanwhile has read the document through).—According to that it is all correct, the meadow is really village property, as father has always said.

Wegner.—Do you see, my dear sir, now isn't that worth a little lump of gold, that scrap of paper? A lump of gold even among relatives!

Karl Egon (calmly).—I am sorry, Mr. Wegner, I cannot make use of your document in spite of all that. Just take it back. (*He holds out the paper to him.*)

Wegner (bounds back).—How so? What is the meaning of that? Do you mean to say that something about it is wrong? Does something fail to jibe?

Karl Egon.—I don't mean to say that; the document *does* seem to be quite correct, else it would hardly have been attested by the notary.

Wegner.—Now then! What else do you want, fine sir? I just tell you seize your opportunity, seize it! You may be glad to get some weapon in your hand against Voss. Something in writing. In any other way you will not catch up with him.

Karl Egon (smiling).—Possibly I shall, after all. Possibly you are mistaken!

Wegner (maliciously).—You suppose, do you, my dear sir, Voss will knuckle to you on account of your beautiful eyes, an independent rascal like him? Nope, that's where you're off. *We* know him better! If your father were only here! He wouldn't beat about the bush in this way. The devil take it, that he had to take sick! Damned muddle!

Karl Egon (calmly).—Here, take your paper and go on. And in order that you may see that father has the same opinion of it as I, I will just tell you, Mr. Voss and Reverend Siebert are with father at this moment and are having a heart to heart talk.

Wegner (nonplussed).—What are they doing? Having a heart to heart talk?

Karl Egon.—A reconciliation is taking place.

Wegner.—Your father and Voss are having a heart to heart talk? You are surely a little off, sir!

Karl Egon.—You see we no longer need your document.

Wegner (eagerly reaches for the document).—Give it here! Give it here!

Karl Egon.—Here it is! And now good-bye!

Wegner (angrily puts the document into his pocket).—You will come to me some fine day yet! You will come to me yet! You and your father! I will bet my neck!

Karl Egon.—Now what if you are mistaken?

Wegner.—Voss and your father get along! And the neighboring here to proceed calmly, and Voss remain here at his very nose, as if the whole quarrel had not sprung up because they are too close together, and now all at once they are expected to embrace and sing hallelujah——! Nope, fine sir, you can't make Wegner believe such a thing. I will just simply laugh at that. I'll just laugh at it. (*He goes to the door at the left.*)

Karl Egon.—But, I say, you *have* had work and expense in connection with the affair. If an indemnification——

Wegner (remains standing in the door).—I thank you, sir. I thank you very much! Don't go to useless trouble!

Karl Egon.—Well, you surely haven't done this for mere pleasure.

Wegner.—You suppose, do you, that an ousted little property owner, one that is compelled to eat the leavings of other men's tables, cannot allow himself a pleasure on his own hook?

Karl Egon.—A strange genius!

Wegner (with malicious titter).—You see, sir, your father sat here in the village pond of Hohenau like a full grown pike, and the rest of us land owners were the little smelt, which he swallowed one after another. Then I say to myself after all, Why shouldn't he swallow the last smelt that is still left? Why should the one in any way be ahead of the rest and exalt himself so much above the rest of us? Do you understand that? Then, after all, I'll help the pike, and am glad that the other smelt fares no better than I.

Karl Egon (turns away).—Well, you will hardly come out even at that.

Wegner.—Deferring is not equal to quashing. I can wait, dear sir. I can wait quite a while. And if, some day, you need my address, then just inquire of your father or your overseer. You can get me on the spot. Good-bye, dear sir, good-bye. (*He departs with several bows.*)

Karl Egon (looks after him, shrugging his shoulders, turns toward the front at the right, where at that moment the door is opened and PASTOR

SIEBERT *comes out with VOSS. Sees the PASTOR.*)—Well, Mr. Siebert, how are matters? Everything settled nicely?

Pastor (approaches him).—Give me your hand, my young friend! Give me your hand! *(He seizes his hand and shakes it.)*

Karl Egon.—One can tell by your face, all has gone well.

Pastor.—Yes, I am very glad! Glad from the bottom of my heart.

Karl Egon (steps up to VOSS, who has remained standing at the door and stares ahead gloomily).—I think we can also shake hands now, Mr. Voss? *(He extends his hand.)*

Voss.—I suppose that is a part of it. *(He shakes the proffered hand with some hesitation.)*

Karl Egon.—We have never had any difficulty, anyhow, you and I.

Voss (still reticent and on his guard).—Are you so sure about that?

Karl Egon (with animation).—It was certainly the most rational thing that you could do, you and father, that you have made up.

Pastor (stepping up to them).—It was the visible will of God. Therefore it *had* to come about.

Karl Egon.—This everlasting quarreling about nothing at all has always gone against my grain. What is the upshot of it all? Nothing! Useless waste of energy, and that I detest. Either peace or honorable war to the knife. I believe, Mr. Voss, you can subscribe to that?

Voss (looks at him).—Yes, I can subscribe to that.

Karl Egon.—Well, I hope things can be settled amicably between us.

Voss.—Of course you know the proverb: Our hopes and expectations——

Karl Egon.—Oh, pshaw! I will not allow myself to be frightened by proverbs. You see, Voss, once and for all, we are neighbors, and presumably will remain neighbors for some time——

Voss.—Yes, that's what I think too!

Karl Egon (continuing).—And so we must depend upon each other! You cannot deprive us of water——

Voss.—That would depend upon a trial, I say to myself!

Karl Egon.—No, no, dear Mr. Voss, you cannot do that, for we are backed up too well. You cannot do that! But, after all we cannot crowd you out of the village by force——

Voss.—No, that would hardly be possible!

Karl Egon (continuing).—And even if we could, we do not want to.

Pastor.—That is right, my dear young friend. These are good steadfast words.

Karl Egon.—So I propose that we come to an amicable agreement and try to get on together, as long as we are still neighbors.

Voss.—I suppose you want to sell and move to the city?

Karl Egon.—I? No! That is not my intention!

Voss.—Well, neither is it mine! Certainly not mine!

Karl Egon.—Why, that will all straighten out. We will talk about that later some time! At all events remember what I have told you, Voss! Either peace and rational agreement or war to the knife! An alternative is impossible for us! Don't forget that!

Voss.—I'll plant that where it will keep!

Pastor (stands with hands folded).—Lord, how I thank Thee that I have succeeded in the difficult task! How I thank Thee that Thou hast helped me! (*He follows Voss quickly down the steps into the garden, beyond the foot-bridge and to the right where they disappear.*)

Karl Egon (looks after them still for a moment, murmurs to himself, half audibly).—And I'll get you after all! I'll get you after all! (*He turns toward the front door at the right, just as it is suddenly opened violently, starts back.*) Father!

Rosenhagen (totters in, looking about with a feverish expression in his eyes).—Where is he?— Is he gone?

Karl Egon (frightened).—Why, father! What is the matter? Is no one with you?

Rosenhagen (feverishly).—Where is Voss?— I am asking where is Voss?

Karl Egon.—Voss has just gone with the pastor. Why do you still ask for him?

Rosenhagen.—Fetch him back! Why, the whole thing is in vain, of course! Absolutely in vain.

Karl Egon.—But for what reason?— Didn't the pastor say that all passed off well?

Rosenhagen.—The pastor is as stupid as a goose egg! Fetch back Voss to me!

Karl Egon.—Yes, yes, it can all be done. But first of all do sit down! Standing is a bad thing for a sick body.

Rosenhagen (angrily).—I am not sick. Don't rejoice prematurely! I will still hold my own!

Karl Egon (slowly leads him to a chair at the table).—Certainly!— Certainly! First of all you need rest.

Rosenhagen (remains standing, clenches his fist).—Now who did put

it into my head that I should make up with Voss? Who has played me that trick?

Karl Egon (again tries to lead him on).—Just come, father! Come along! It will all turn out right!

Rosenhagen.—As if I did not know what he secretly thought, when he shook hands with me! As if I did not know that it was all sham on his part, because he could not help himself before the pastor!

Karl Egon.—If you know that, father, why do you not do likewise? Sham for sham! Get at the enemy with his own weapons!

Rosenhagen (looks at him nonplussed, then more calmly).—After all you are not quite as much off color as I have always supposed!

Karl Egon.—I am of another color! Must all of us be alike?

Rosenhagen.—You are quite a bit like your mother. She also had her own way on all occasions. That is why I just allowed you to go your own way.

Karl Egon.—You *have* done that, and I am thankful to you for it. But now come and sit down.

Rosenhagen.—No, no, let me stand! I feel better when I can stand. I must have air! Air!

Karl Egon.—Then support yourself, at least!

Rosenhagen (supports himself on his arm. The two stand in the center of the hall, partly turning toward the garden).—One thing you must now promise me, Karl, or I cannot *die* in peace!

Karl Egon.—Why, father!

Rosenhagen.—Yes, yes, say nothing! I feel it clearly! Something in my breast must be asunder. There is a kind of rattling and sawing.

Karl Egon.—That will be restored again, father!

Rosenhagen.—Nothing will be restored again. My time is up! But I do not want to depart this life before you have promised me something.

Karl Egon.—If it is in my power.

Rosenhagen (points out).—Look, Karl, the land out there, almost up to the black forests. I acquired all that, and what does not come from me has come from my father. It hasn't been seventy years since your grandfather moved in here. Very modestly, indeed, did we begin, and today!— Well, you know our position today. It all would have been fine enough, if we had not had that beggar on the other side, that scoundrel on our nose! Isn't that a shame? Far and wide everything belongs to one, and at one's very door one is not even master! I feel it strangle me when I think of it.

Karl Egon.—Calm yourself, father! What is to be done about it?

Rosenhagen (straightens up).—Karl, promise me that you will kill off that malicious beggar over there!

Karl Egon (excited).—How can I promise that?

Rosenhagen (without listening to him).—Promise me that you will kill him off! I have not lived to carry it out! If I had acquired the evidence in regard to the meadow land, I should have had him in the snare. But now it is too late for me. Now it's your turn. You must kill him off. That is the heritage that I bequeath to you!

Karl Egon.—And if I handle him amicably?

Rosenhagen.—Karl, you are young and you don't know the world. I tell you, peace and friendship are impossible for you and him. One of you must fall! See to it that he falls, not you! That much you owe to me.

Karl Egon.—Good, if you are right, if no alternative remains, I will promise you that.

Rosenhagen.—Will you shake hands on that?

Karl Egon (smiling).—You may depend upon me! I will stand my ground as well as I can.

Rosenhagen.—And yield before no one and at nothing as long as you live?

Karl Egon.—As long as I live. Yes, I promise you that.

Rosenhagen (looks at him sharply).—Not even if a certain woman comes and says she does not like it here in the country, and that you are to go away to the city with her?

Karl Egon (unsteady for a moment).—I don't quite understand you.

Rosenhagen.—You suppose, do you, that I know nothing of your correspondence with Hermine Diesterkamp?

Karl Egon.—I am willing for you to know it.

Rosenhagen.—Well, I am urging no objections. Take her if she wants you! But train her anew. She is like her mother. I know the type. She will not be contented anywhere for a long time if you do not train her properly.

Karl Egon.—I believe I know Hermine better!

Rosenhagen.—What are you going to do if she longs to be away and wants to draw you with her?

Karl Egon.—I have given you my word, father. I shall keep that.

Rosenhagen.—Good! Then I am calm! Then I'm calm. And then you are my good son! My good son!

Karl Egon.—But now, do come. I'll take you to bed!

Rosenhagen.—Yes, put me to bed. I can scarcely keep my feet. I must have sleep.

Karl Egon (leads him to the door).—So. Do calm yourself! Slowly, slowly! Now you will take a rest.

Rosenhagen.—Now I want to rest. Haven't I earned it? (*Remains standing once more, raises his hand.*) But if you break your word, Karl, I will raise my hand from the grave and fetch you after me!

Karl Egon.—Never fear, father. On this ground I shall stand and fall! (*He slowly leads him out at the right.*)

Curtain.

SECOND ACT

Hall in the manor house as in the first act. The table in the center is cleared. On it stands a bouquet in a vase, beside which there are plates and glasses. Before the sofa at the left near the front a table and several easy chairs. The rest is not changed.

It is a sunny autumn day early in September. The folding doors leading into the garden are open as before. As in the first act one looks beyond flower beds and garden paths, beyond the brook and meadow into the blue distance.

MINNIE is occupied setting the table at the right near the front. MARTHA is directing the work. She is dressed in mourning. OVERSEER RATHKE is leaning his back against the large table in the center.

Minnie (busily at work).—And so the Miss is really not going to eat with the rest?

Martha.—No, four places. I have already had my breakfast. I don't care for anything more.

Minnie (counting on her fingers).—Our old lady's one, our young man's two, the visitin' Miss is three, and the pretty young man's four.

Martha (smiling).—The pretty young man? How clever you are!

Minnie (lively).—That's a pretty young man, the visitin' lady's brother. Don't ye think *we* have eyes too?

Rathke (who up to the present has looked on in silence).—Well, I will! Such a wretch!

Minnie (over her shoulder).—Oh! What of you!

Rathke (half grumbling).—Such a darned wretch!

Minnie (to MARTHA).—And he is so obligin' to *us*. Just think of it, Miss, what he said t' me yesterday, when I got his bed ready——

Martha.—Well, what *did* he say?

Minnie (beaming).—He said, "Minnie, my sweet angel!" Ever hear anything like that, Miss? My sweet angel!

Rathke (blurting out).—Now she's gone plumb daft!

Minnie.—Cross my heart, that's what he said t' me!

Martha (laughs and motions to her to desist).—Well, well, hurry and get through. The folks may be back soon.

Minnie.—It was just strikin' eight when Mr. Rosenhagen rode away with the young lady and the young man!

Martha.—And now it is after ten. So they must be back soon. Just hurry up!

Minnie.—But it is really wrong, Miss, that you ain't goin' to eat with 'em.

Martha.—Attend to your own affairs! I will look out for myself.

Minnie (looking at the table which has been set).—Is that right now, Miss?

Martha (arranging a few more details at the table).—Yes, and now the plates and glasses.

Minnie (goes to the table in the center).—Right off, Miss, right off!

Martha (also goes to table in the center).—Not all at once! Wait, I'll help you!

Minnie (has taken the plates in her left arm, and reaches for the wine glasses with her right hand).—N——n, Miss, never mind! I can do the whole thing myself.

Martha (interfering).—Oh, Minnie!——Minnie!

Minnie (surprised).—Why, what's the matter, Miss?

Martha.—How often have I preached to you not to put your dirty fingers in the glasses! And now you are doing so after all!

Minnie (with self-reproach).—I don't know, I'm always a thinkin'!

Rathke.—She thinks, and that gives it a better flavor!

Martha.—Just carry your plates over first. I must wipe out the glasses once more anyhow!

Minnie (steps to the sofa table with the plates. She distributes them and looks over toward MARTHA).—Is it true, Miss, the story that they are tellin' in the village?

Martha (wiping out the glasses).—Why, what are they telling?

Minnie (with an important air).—Well, that Mr. Rosenhagen 's goin' t' marry the young lady that's visitin'? Is that true?

Martha (short).—How do I know? Why don't you ask him yourself?

Minnie (naively).—Why, no, I can't do that. You surely don't mean that, Miss!

Martha (with acerbity).—Then don't indulge in such stupid talk!

Minnie.—It just seemed t' me that they'll have t' get engaged beforehand, if they want t' get married, and mebbe they'll get engaged *today!*——(*She has come back to the table in the center, accidentally pushes a glass from the table, which falls down and breaks.*) Goodness, gracious! and so forth and so on!

Martha.—Now, that's a nice mess!

Rathke (at the same time).—Heaven and earth!

Martha (calmly).—Get a whisk broom and sweep it up! (*MINNIE goes back to the door at the right.*) While you are at it, bring another glass along! (*MARTHA takes the other wine glasses and carries them to the sofa table.*) No, no, never mind, there was one too many anyhow. We need only four. I am not going to drink with them.

Minnie.—I'll run and git the broom. (*Exit.*)

Martha (at the sofa table).—What do you say to that, Rathke?

Rathke (who has remained standing quietly at the table in the center). To what?

Martha.—That the glass is broken!

Rathke.—If the old women have their way, it probably means something or other.

Martha (smiling).—Must the old women always be right after all?

Rathke (strokes his beard thoughtfully).—I have to keep thinking of that fellow over there all the time today. (*He points out into the garden.*)

Martha.—That is not so strange! This is the day, isn't it, when his time for deliberation expires?

Rathke.—Yes, the two weeks are up today. Now we'll see.

Martha.—What do you think, Rathke? Do you suppose he'll accept?

Rathke.—How can a fellow size him up? (*He points out again.*) I do not trust him *this* much. He reminds me of a martin after chickens!

Martha (evasively).—Karl imagines with the greatest assurance that they will reach an agreement, that he will sell.

Rathke.—Let's hope for the best.

Martha (as before).—Well, really it can't come to Voss more favorably! Eighty thousand marks for that little farm! He'll never get that much in all his life again!

Rathke (raging).—Over twelve thousand marks an acre! Why, that's twice as much as it's worth!

Minnie (comes in again with a large brush broom and a coal shovel). That's it, Miss, and now I'll sweep up the pieces.

Martha (looking at her casually).—I suppose that you were not able to find any other broom, how?

Rathke.—Why, that looks as if she was to clean up for Karo in the dog house!

Minnie (while she sweeps up the pieces).—Oh, the infernal whisk-broom! I hunted and hunted!

Martha.—Of course! Who knows where that is flying around again?

Minnie (has swept).—Anything else t' do about the table?

Martha.—No! You may go! Are all of the rooms clean?

Minnie.—Everything in order.

Martha.—Dusted?

Minnie (frightened).—Oh, merciful providence!

Martha.—I do say, you forget the most important part. I should like to know where your mind is.

Minnie.—That's because I'm always havin' such thoughts, Miss.

Rathke.—Yes, because you always have your fellows on your brain! That is the whole thing.

Minnie (throwing back her head).—I suppose Mr. Rathke thinks I have *no* feelin's? And what if it is only a fellow? Mr. Rathke don't pay any attention to me, does he?

Rathke (advances a step toward her).—You darned huzzy!

Minnie (running away).—You just dare to hit me!—I'll scream.

Martha.—Now go and dust and be quiet! She's a bit off!

Minnie.—Why, don't you see me go? I am goin' as fast as I can! (*She goes out through rear door at the right with broom and shovel.*)

Martha.—Do you see, Rathke, that is what you get!

Rathke.—Such a thing! Hm! She deserves a lash with the horse-whip.

Martha (steps to the sofa table, sighing).—Yes, yes, such a thing has an easy time of it.

Rathke.—Well, I say, are you down in the mouth again?

Martha.—I am just imagining how it will be here soon! What will become of everything here, when I am gone some day. Everything will be turned up side down, you know. The old house is going to be taken

down *too*. How do you like the new castle that Karl is wanting to build? Hasn't he shown you the plan?

Rathke (shrugging his shoulders).—For my part, it might remain as it is. I have always felt quite snug in my room that looks out on the barn-yard.

Martha.—Of course, he is doing all that merely for her sake. He certainly would not have had such an idea of his own accord.

Rathke (walks to and fro impatiently).—I do say, these women folks! —These women folks!

Martha (craftily and as taking a start).—I should just like to know why he absolutely wants to build the castle on the other side of the mill race.

Rathke.—That is surely on account of the view, isn't it, Miss?

Martha.—Oh, yes! On account of the view!

Rathke.—Why, yes! Isn't the distillery to be built here, and that would then be in the way of the view. That's the reason he's putting the new building on the other side. Well, he *has* more room there. There he has the meadow land and Voss's large garden. Those put together will make a fine large park. And Voss's buildings, well, he'll simply have them torn down.

Martha.—Is that so? He is going to have them torn down?

Rathke.—Yes, what can he do with them? They are only in his way!

Martha.—I see, I see, this is going to be a regular seat of the aristocracy.

Rathke.—Yes, as if it was for a baron or a count. All that he needs is the "von"!

Martha (with a strange smile).—Won't our little Karl be delighted, when he can enter there with her and spend his honeymoon in his beautiful new castle! Oh, *that* pride!

Rathke.—Oh, if it were only that far along!

Martha.—Aha, what if Voss does not care to sell after all? If he simply says no bargain for me, I am going to stay here, and that is all there is to it.

Rathke.—That's just the hitch, Miss. That's just what is up now!

Martha.—Then all of the fine plan with the castle and the park and the other pomp will come to naught, will it not? Then they must continue to live in this old box of a house and must be nice and contented with things as they are, so narrow and inconvenient and so very unsuitable for distinguished people. Well, I *do* say!

Rathke (as before).—There will be some way out of that, Miss. There will be some way out of that.

Martha (without paying attention to him).—And the elegant furniture which she of course will order in Paris or goodness knows where, that will look fine here in these low rooms. How will she place it at all? There is no room for it at all. Just see, Rathke, it will be just like her to go back on the engagement!

Rathke (surprised).—Not until they *are* engaged. Why, they aren't engaged yet!

Martha (fervently).—You will see, she will not let it come to the point of an engagement at all! She will go away before it comes to that!

Rathke (shaking his head).—Why, you talk exactly as if you was tickled at the thought of it.

Martha (veiled).—I have an idea *you* don't care much about the new castle? You'd like it best if all remained as of old?

Rathke (incensed).—What I'd like, or *wouldn't* like, Miss, that ain't the question at all. I'll talk to *you* about that and to no other person.

Martha (smiling).—Do you know how you look now, Rathke?

Rathke.—I don't care a darn how I look!

Martha (unswervingly).—Like our old crabbed Karo! Just that way!

Rathke.—I don't care! May be Karo will bark at his master once in a while when he is out of sorts, but look out for the fellow who would even frown at his master!

Martha.—You see, Rathke, domestic animals are not all alike. May be there is a little something of the genus cat about us women.

Rathke.—That is quite possible. I can't bear the darned things.

Martha.—Don't say that. Cats are sometimes very affectionate.

Rathke (enraged).—That's all the same to me. I only say, if our young man wants to build himself a castle, that's his business. And if he wants to buy Voss's farm from him, that's his business too! I'm not to dip into that.

Martha.—But two are necessary for a sale. Can't Voss say no?

Rathke.—There will be ways of doing it all right. It's fixed so people don't have their way about all things. Not even Voss.

Martha (suddenly remembering).—You are surely not thinking of the fellow who was here once before? What was his name? The fellow with the document? The one whom Karl turned out?

Rathke.—I don't mean to find fault with young Mr. Rosenhagen, but that was the greatest nonsense that he didn't make a bargain with Wegner,

when he was so willing! If he'd only gone right ahead and taken the certificate! It's a mighty good thing that it can be fixed up yet!

Minnie (opens the door at the right, partially enters, and whispers with an important air).—Miss Riemann?

Martha (turns around).—What is it?

Minnie.—Old Mr. Voss is out there. He wants to speak to Mr. Rosenhagen.

Rathke.—Aha! Here she goes!

Minnie.—Is he to come in?

Rathke.—Stupid thing! You know Mr. Rosenhagen is out riding. Have him come back in an hour.

Martha (who has reflected for a moment, quickly interrupts).—No, no, just let him come in! Can't he wait until Mr. Rosenhagen returns?

Minnie.—Very well, Miss! (*Leaves quickly.*)

Rathke (cross).—Then I'd better go.

Martha.—Are you going to edge off, Rathke?

Rathke.—I don't edge off at any one and if it was old Nick himself! All that's wrong is that I can't get myself twisted into these new friendships right off.

Martha.—But you must learn how to do that now, Rathke!

Rathke (on the way to the door).—It takes time for that. This dog is so old that new tricks are getting hard for him. (*The rear door at the right is opened.*)

Voss (remains standing in the door which he has entered).—I say—Good morning!

Rathke (likewise before the door so that they stand opposite each other, with venomous growling).—Thanks!

Voss (looks about).—I suppose I am too early?

Rathke (as before).—It's a great honor for us!

Voss.—Of course, I am not coming on your account. I am coming to see your employer!

Rathke.—And I am only an ordinary overseer, and one of these land-owners like yourself——

Voss.—Just say farmer. I am still proud of that.

Rathke.—And I am proud of being an overseer!

Voss.—Well, you see everybody has his little vanity.

Rathke.—It's only a question of whose vanity will last longest.

Voss (suspiciously).—I suppose you mean something or other by that?

Rathke.—What of it?

Voss.—I want an answer!

Rathke.—I will not keep on owing you the answer when the time comes. You can bet your neck on that! (*He goes out angrily through the rear door at the right, and slams the door.*)

(*Short silence.*)

Martha.—Won't you sit down, Mr. Voss?

Voss (*still near the door*).—It will hardly pay.

Martha.—Surely you are not going to remain standing until my cousin returns?

Voss.—May be I'd better drop in later once more. It will take too long anyway.

Martha (*remains near the table in the center*).—I suppose you have something important to discuss with my cousin.

Voss (*reticent*).—Yes, I suppose that's it.

Martha.—Probably something in regard to the place?

Voss.—Somewhat in that neighborhood. Yes.

Martha (*unconstrained*).—Oh, yes, I do remember, Karl was telling me something, something about buying. He wants to buy your place or something to that effect?

Voss.—Why, if you know, I don't need to go to the trouble of telling you.

Martha.—Yes, yes, now I remember. He says he has offered you a fine price.

Voss.—That depends; it's the way that you look at it.

Martha.—Why, eighty thousand marks is a fine bit of money, isn't it? Goodness!

Voss.—Maybe it *isn't* a song, that's correct. It's worth talking about.

Martha.—Oh, you will come to an agreement! I can tell by your face.

Voss.—Well, you know, quite a number of things will have to be brought up yet. It hasn't been signed yet.

Martha.—But it *will* be signed, I know that definitely!

Voss.—It's not a little matter for a man to tear himself loose from a thing to which he has clung with his whole heart. And if it were your dead uncle, I'd never do it in all my life! He could have gone and offered me twice as much.

Martha.—Yes, yes, Karl is quite different from uncle. He can just wind a person around his little finger if he tries.

Voss.—I am not one of those who allow themselves to be wound

around one's little finger. But maybe I say to myself, You are not so awfully young any more, for whom should you wear yourself out? Your oldest son is dead, the one who might have taken charge of it; the rest have their good living in the city, they will not move out here into the country anyhow, it will have to be sold *anyhow* some day when you are dead. If you get a decent price——

Martha.—Do you see how nicely my cousin has led you on?

Voss.—It isn't easy for me. And it isn't at all certain yet, that *that* is what will happen.

Martha.—I thought you had to make up your mind today?

Voss.—There is no *have to* about it. I fixed that up myself.

Martha.—Then, I suppose, much is passing through your mind now?

Voss.—A person does have his thoughts!

Martha.—I have an idea that it is a hard thing to do, to have to get out of the house of his fathers.

Voss (turns away).—We had better not talk of that at all!

Martha (continuing unswervingly).—When one imagines it all, you are hardly gone, and strange men come and tear everything down, that has been dear to you, not one stone remaining on another——

Voss (starting).—Not a stone remaining!—— Who——who says that?

Martha (calmly).—I imagine that to be terrible!

Voss (angrily).—I ask, who says that?

Martha.—What, pray tell?

Voss (coming up closer to her).—That the place is to be torn down when I'm out of it? Who says that, I ask!

Martha.—Why, isn't that the most natural thing in the world? You surely need not be surprised at that.

Voss (has again become composed).—Yes, yes, that is right. There is nothing surprising about that. I guess that is the only thing to expect. (*He stands there battling with grave thoughts.*)

Martha.—Why, hadn't you heard that Karl——that my cousin intends to build a large castle over on the other side of the mill race?

Voss (suddenly).—On my meadow land!

Martha.—Yes, because the distillery is to be located here, and in order that he may not block his view, he is going to build the castle on the other side. It is at least planned in that way.

Voss.—My place he is going to tear down, and on my meadow he is going to build a castle!

Martha.—Why, what in the world is he to do with your old dilapidated house? Why, that is only in his way.

Voss.—He should let it stand.

Voss.—He hasn't got it yet? It's not signed yet!

Martha.—But why in the world is he buying your whole farm?

Martha (smiling).—Your place he will tear down, and your garden with the meadow he will utilize for a park to surround the castle and in it he will live then with his beautiful young wife and will be glad that he is alive!

Voss (struggling with himself).—He had better not be glad before his time!

Martha.—You are not conceited enough to believe that he cannot down you?

Voss.—Well, I still have a word to say in that matter.

Martha.—Well, what if he gets after you forcibly then! What if he can bring up something against you? Something of which you do not think at all?

Voss (starting up).—What is the meaning of that? After all something is crooked there. Why, Rathke has also hinted something of the kind before!

Martha (shrugging her shoulders).—I haven't said a thing.

Voss (threatening).—He had better be careful! I will give him that much advice! *(The door at the left is opened.)*

Madam Rosenhagen (hobbles through the door).—What important conversation is this, pray tell?

Martha (goes to meet her in an unconstrained manner).—Mr. Voss is here, grandma.

Madam Rosenhagen.—So you have had a rendezvous, you two?

Martha.—You do insist on having your fun, grandma, don't you?

Madam Rosenhagen (to Voss).—Well, you old slugger? Come along now, and confess.

Martha.—Mr. Voss has come in regard to the sale, grandma. He wants to give Karl his answer.

(Voss, who up to the present time has stood silent and brooding, turns to go, without a word.)

Madam Rosenhagen.—Why, where are you going all at once? I am not going to scratch your eyes out.

Voss (turns on his way to rear at the right).—It is too long a wait for me. I'll come back.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Have you made up your mind now what you are going to do, or not?

Voss (significantly).—Yes, I think I am all straightened out with myself.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Why, you say that as if you wanted to prophesy unpleasant weather.

Voss (already at the door).—That must be a matter of the wind. It's blowing in a strange direction. (*He goes out slowly.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (looks after him shaking her head).—What in the world is the matter with him?

Martha (taciturnly).—You don't expect me to know, grandma.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Didn't you talk to each other pretty long? Didn't he say anything? How?

Martha.—No, nothing.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Such a bull-headed old fellow! Wasn't he already tamed entirely? And now he is as if he were mad again.

Martha (suddenly collapses before her, sobs in despair).—Grandma! —Grandma!

Madam Rosenhagen (puts her hands on Martha's head).—Child! Child!

Martha (beside herself).—Oh, I am so unhappy——! So unspeakably unhappy!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Can't get him? Is the other girl going to take him away from you?

Martha (with suppressed shriek).—I cannot witness it! I simply cannot witness it!

Madam Rosenhagen (caresses her).—Now be calm! Now be quiet!

Martha (as before).—Slink away! That's what I'd like to do! Slink away!

Madam Rosenhagen.—That will pass off. That will all adjust itself again.

Martha (as before).—That can never adjust itself again! Never!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Remember what I say! That is like a dream. It amounts to nothing!

Martha (groaning).—I am so awfully bad!—— So bad! You haven't any idea—— The worst of it is, it can never be made good.

Madam Rosenhagen (quizzically).—Child!——Child! What have you done? Tell me the truth!

Martha (quickly rises, with sudden composure).—I have done nothing! I have no reproaches for myself! I can answer for every-

thing! (*The door at the left is opened violently, KARL EGON enters and draws HERMINE after him by the hand. The two are in riding costume.*)

Karl Egon.—So. Now here we are again!

Hermine (*lively and beaming*).—Well, that *was* a ride for you! The old women made wry faces as we dashed by. We fairly went storming along! Oh, that was fine!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Now, that's another one of those new fangled institutions, that women get on horses. In *my* day one would have given them a fine look.

Hermine.—Oh, mercy! Let them open their *noses and mouths*! What do we care? You fly by. Tomorrow you are somewhere else, and day after tomorrow somewhere else again.

Karl Egon.—Tut! Tut! I also have something to say when it comes to that!

Hermine (*laughing*).—You don't suppose that I care to die here, to say nothing of *living* here?

Karl Egon (*seriously*).—A half hour ago you did not speak that way.

Hermine.—Half an hour ago! Good heavens! Why don't you say an eternity ago, while you are at it? Now I am talking this way! Isn't that plausible to you?

Karl Egon (*intensely*).—No, that isn't plausible to me at all.

Hermine.—Don't be angry, my friend! Don't you be angry.

Karl Egon.—Do you expect me to remain calm at that?

Hermine.—Now will you remove that angry furrow? Come, I will wipe it away. (*Strokes his forehead.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (*sitting at the table in the center*).—Now tell me all the places where you have been rousting about. I suppose you were pretty far away?

Hermine.—Oh, yes, that depends upon how one looks at it. As far as the woods over there.

Karl Egon.—I had to show Hermine my whole territory for once, you see, don't you?

Madam Rosenhagen (*striking her hands together*).—You got as far as those woods? Is it among the possibilities?

Hermine.—Yes, right up to them. So close that we could seize the twigs. A few steps more and we should have been right in the pitch dark forest. I almost felt like leading off your Egon for good.

Karl Egon.—You would not have succeeded in doing that, sweetheart. Do not forget that I am planted here and have duties.

Hermine.—Duties! A fine word! Shame on you!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Where you hail from, where you are at home, I suppose there is nothing but pleasure?

Hermine.—I am at home *nowhere*, Mrs. Rosenhagen. As for the rest, you are quite right. I want to enjoy my life as thoroughly as I can. Duties I will relinquish to other people.

Karl Egon.—To you the word may be foreign and strange. To me, it stands for my whole future.

Hermine (steps up to KARL EGON as if in jest).—So you would not have allowed me to lead you away? Not even if I had tried good and hard? Just imagine if I had tried very, very hard? (*She looks at him alluringly.*)

Karl Egon (moved).—Of course, it would depend upon the course.

Hermine (as before).—Deep into the forests, to the place where it becomes light again, where the world begins again. My beautiful world!

Karl Egon.—Just try, will you!

Hermine.—Why, of course! This very afternoon! Or tomorrow morning! Or what I should prefer, at once! On the spot!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Well, I do say, you are not going to get right on horseback again, and off with a dash! Why, there is your breakfast.

Hermine (mysteriously).—I should like to see whether I can assert my will.

Karl Egon (seriously).—You must consider that I *also* have a will!

Hermine.—He says that with so much *pride*! As if we women did not get the best of all of you, when we want to! (*With a sudden turn to MARTHA.*) Why, *you* aren't saying a thing, my dear Miss. Don't you think I am right?

Martha.—Why, *my* opinion doesn't amount to anything!

Hermine.—Oh, yes, you are one of those good, good lambs, that find it ravishing to be devoured by the wolf.

Martha (ironically).—Do you see how *well* you know me!

Madam Rosenhagen.—I say, we women have all had our little legacy from Satan. That goes back to the days of paradise.

Hermine (to KARL EGON who has listened smiling).—I might be tempted to lock horns with you.

Karl Egon.—Why don't you? Why don't you? I could not wish for anything better.

Hermine.—Now then, when are we going to ride to our forests again?

Karl Egon.—Whenever you wish to.

Hermine.—And then I'll simply lead *you* away. Then good-bye home and everything!

Karl Egon.—How, do you suppose, you will go about that?

Hermine.—Just wait until we are in the woods!

Madam Rosenhagen.—I don't know what you mean by eternally talking of your forests! I *never* got that far away. It was always too far for me.

Hermine.—Too far? Why, it goes as if you were flying when you are on horseback.

Madam Rosenhagen.—I was saying, wasn't I, that in my day horseback was unknown around here for women. I *did* get to the city in the carriage, but those forests of yours over there, I never saw except at a distance.

Hermine.—Why, then the most beautiful of all escaped you. Beyond them the world really first sets in.

Karl Egon.—Oh! When a person knows how that world is, he can get on without it quite easily.

Hermine.—Possibly you. Not I. Formerly you spoke differently too.

Karl Egon.—Some time a person surely must find himself and know for what he is cut out.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Well, may be, some day I'll get as far away as you young goslings. It isn't all over yet. What do you say, Martha, shall we start out and gad some time?

Martha.—Possibly the time is soon at hand when I shall get to see what lies back of the forest.

Hermine (quickly).—How's that? Are you thinking of leaving Hohenau?

Martha.—Possibly.

Hermine.—Wouldn't it be better for *you*, if you remained here?

Martha.—You suppose, do you, that you are the *only* person who has courage?

Karl Egon.—I think you are acting strangely today, Martha.

Martha.—You think so, do you, Karl? (*She turns to the rear to go away.*)

Karl Egon.—Why, where are you going now? Aren't you going to eat with us?

Martha.—Just eat. I have no appetite! (*Off quickly through rear door at right.*)

Karl Egon (looks after her for a moment, shakes his head, then says)—Well, what about breakfast? I am infernally hungry.

Hermine.—And may be *I* am not. I'll just hurry and change my dress first.

Karl Egon.—Why? Just remain as you are. You look grand! I'd like to kiss you right off!

Hermine (throws him a kiss).—Pst! You are not to be consulted.

Madam Rosenhagen.—You needn't be embarrassed on my account. For all I care you can all stand on your heads anyhow. Nothing surprises me any more.

Hermine.—Hurrah! That's just my predicament. When a person rousts about daily with bold painters or crack-brained musicians, nothing seems funny to him any more.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Where in the world is my good friend Fritz all this blessed time? I don't see him at all.

Hermine (smiling).—My brother? Good heavens! He remained far behind. I think the milksop is riding a nag for the first time today.

Madam Rosenhagen.—If only nothing happens to him.

Hermine.—He can't do more than fall off, can he?

Madam Rosenhagen.—And break his neck!

Hermine.—Oh, no, Freddie is too careful for that.

Karl Egon.—Yes, it's clear that you are not like him! Thunder and lightning! You make the most dashing cavalryman look like a fool!

Hermine.—That has been in my blood since my childhood.

Madam Rosenhagen.—I suppose a matter of inheritance!

Hermine.—Yes, I am proud of the fact that my dear mama bequeathed that to me.

Karl Egon.—For that very reason you will be excellently adapted to the country. I can see you now playing the part of the bold mistress of the castle.

Hermine.—Me, with my Bohemian blood? *Heavens*, you are weak-minded! Why, they will put me out the very first day! Why, I eat little children! I'll cast a spell on your cattle! No, no, no. I am not fit to be among peasants.

Karl Egon (sharply).—I take it that you are jesting. A person can never tell about you in such matters!

Hermine.—Do you expect me to sit here with you and look like a blockhead?

Karl Egon.—Moreover I look upon it as an honor to be called a peasant, if that is what you mean to call me.

Hermine.—Whew! What dignity! I humble myself!

Madam Rosenhagen.—And do you expect to gig through the world by express in this fashion all of your life?

Hermine.—Why not, pray tell? Wherever there is a jolly and free and easy time, there I pitch my tent. Six months in Munich, then again in Paris or in Rome, one has his circle everywhere, you know! Painters, actors, poets! They are the worst of all. They immediately fall in love. Oh, it is a wonderfully crazy life. Some day or other one turns up, is received in triumph. Some day or other one is gone and the poets follow one up with the most fervent verses. But one remains the maiden from afar, a kind of Persephone, whom no one can hold. (*To KARL EGON with a coquettish gesture.*) That's what I like, my friend! And now let us eat breakfast. I'll take your arm, Mrs. Rosenhagen. (*She takes her arm.*)

Madam Rosenhagen (*brings down her cane with a thud*).—Do you mean to insist by all means upon making me old and rickety, you young rascal?

Hermine (*escorting her to the sofa*).—How does it feel, when a person is old, Mrs. Rosenhagen? Isn't that awfully monotonous?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Nonsense! Every day means something new to me. I rejoice at every day, when I awake and see the sunlight and can say to myself, I am still on earth and I am going to stay on earth for a while yet.

Hermine.—Strange!

Karl Egon.—Do you see, Hermine, that's what comes of living in the country and close to nature. A person gets old doing that.

Hermine.—But I don't *want* to get old. I want to stay young as long as it is possible. Here a person rusts and sours.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Well, then I must just about be a regular vinegar barrel.

Hermine.—That just depends upon who it is. It wouldn't do for me. You haven't any idea how I crave pleasure. I want to drain my youth to the dregs. No one is to say of me that I missed anything.

Karl Egon.—And some day, when youth is gone?

Hermine.—Then I'll climb the Finsteraarhorn and plunge down.

Karl Egon (*ironically*).—Grand!

Hermine (*looks at him smiling*).—I imagine that would be very fine. A moment and one is gone. You can join me, of course, if you care to!

Karl Egon (*shaking his head*).—O Hermine! Hermine! Don't feign being something that you are not. A person could really get in doubt about you.

Hermine.—Why, you don't know me at all. You men don't know us any how. You all form a wrong conception of us. But we know you so well—(*During the preceding sentences they have taken their places at the table, the grandmother on the sofa, KARL EGON and HERMINE on the chairs to the right and left of her, opposite each other. During the following sentences, they are eating.*)

Hermine (tries to give something to the old woman).—I am going to give something to you, Mrs. Rosenhagen.

Madam Rosenhagen (makes an impatient gesture).—Now I have enough of this everlasting mothering! If it doesn't stop, I'll get up and leave you alone. That's what you would like.

Hermine (eating).—Oh, please, no.

Karl Egon (eating likewise).—Your aim seems to be to make me angry today.

Hermine.—Must I not make the parting as easy as possible for you?

Karl Egon (lays down his knife and fork).—What parting? What does that mean?

Hermine (unconstrained).—Some time the parting *must* indeed come.

Karl Egon (excited).—I really do not understand you.

Hermine (to the old woman).—Really, won't you have a slice of raw ham? Quite delicious.

Madam Rosenhagen.—When I say no, I say no. But you may give me a glass of wine. That keeps the spirits of life awake.

Karl Egon (smiles as he fills her glass).—Or sometimes it may put them to sleep, grandmother.

Madam Rosenhagen (as she pensively touches her lips to her glass).—It's with me as it is with our old pear tree in the garden.

Hermine.—Oh, yes, is it still alive?

Madam Rosenhagen.—It will still outlive many a one. But I was going to say—

Hermine.—About the pear tree.

Madam Rosenhagen.—It also is nourished by nothing but the dew and rain, by what comes from above. That is due to the fact that it has grown so high into the clouds. That it ever crawled out of the soil down there, it can hardly remember that now. (*She continues to sip pensively, gradually sinks back and falls asleep.*)

(*Short pause during which they again eat.*)

Karl Egon (leans back in his chair).—Wasn't that capital this morning, Hermine? The horseback ride through the misty morning?

Hermine (likewise stops eating, nods).—Quite capital. Yes. I love the morning, anyhow. I am an early riser. In the midst of my Bohemians I have saved that much.

Karl Egon.—Yes. Greatly to your credit. I have never known you to do anything else.

Hermine.—I am of the opinion that there is nothing finer than one of these misty autumn mornings. Then out into the unknown on one's horse——

Karl Egon (joyously).—Yes, and then say to one's self, That is your own soil over which you are riding along. No one has any right to interfere with you here. You owe no one an accounting here but yourself, your own free master, your own king and emperor—— *Hermine*, that is a feeling with which you must come in touch. That can be compared with *nothing* on earth, with nothing.

Hermine (smiling).—You are *still* something of a dreamer. *That* you have kept. But it *is* becoming to you.

Karl Egon.—Why, shouldn't one grow enthusiastic once in a while? That is the privilege of youth.

Hermine (meeting his eye).—Yes, yes, speak right on. I like to see you that way. It reminds one so much——

Karl Egon.—Of what, pray tell?

Hermine.—Of wild little Egon, and the still smaller and cute *Hermine*.

Karl Egon.—Wasn't that splendid, back in those days?

Hermine.—And that is why it will never return.

Karl Egon.—It is going to return now, more beautiful than ever.

Hermine.—No, no, now we are grown up and each one of us has his own peculiar hobby. I am a perverse Bohemian roaming through the world and you are an honorable estate owner who breeds swine. How could the two ever get together?

Karl Egon.—Why, that is the sheerest nonsense. Heaven knows that I have an intelligent interest in some things besides the breeding of swine. Moreover the breeding of swine is a good thing——

Hermine.—Yes, that raw ham was delicious. Did you raise that yourself?

Karl Egon (laughing in a way).—Now do be a bit serious.

Hermine.—I am as serious as a tomb.

Karl Egon.—I tell you, *Hermine*, you can't imagine what a strange fascination attaches to a soil that one's father and grandfather have already sown and harvested.

Hermine.—And so, for that reason one sits down in his four walls and vegetates right along like his father and grandfather! Greatest respect!

Karl Egon.—No! If you think that, you are entirely on the wrong track! I certainly conceive of my life as being different from that of my ancestors. I want to arrange it as large and free and above all things as beautiful as possible. You see, the fathers could not do that. They had to acquire and get all of it together first. They had the struggle. They did not get to the point of rest and enjoyment. And therefore everything had to remain as little, narrow and as limited as you see it now! That is to change now. Now a new time is coming.

Hermine.—And you want to bring that about?

Karl Egon.—Yes, I. For myself and those who depend upon me. That also, you know, the fathers were not able to do. They had to think of themselves. They had to get *ahead* first. That is my advantage now. I can incidentally also think of others.

Hermine.—I say, that's maddeningly thankless.

Karl Egon.—You know it is my intention to make my people here at Hohenau over into something like human beings. What do you say to that?

Hermine (laughs aloud).—Oh, you poor fellow, you!

Karl Egon (as before).—Yes! Yes! But a beginning *must* be made sometime. There is enormously much to do here still, anyhow.

Hermine (lightly).—What incredible plans you have!

Karl Egon.—Yes, I should like to show my countrymen for once, how much you can get out of the soil and out of people, if you have a few ideas and the proper spirit. Why, everything is so crude here still. All that is necessary is to bring the forces together for once. For that reason, in the first place, I shall build the distillery.

Hermine.—And the crown of it all, I suppose, the castle is expected to be. Isn't it?

Karl Egon.—Yes, that is the crown of it all. That is the sunlight on the picture.

Hermine.—Are you going to keep house there so entirely alone? I imagine that would be awfully tedious.

Karl Egon (impatiently).—But I do say, Hermine, how can you ask such a question? Why, for whom am I going to build my castle?

Hermine (shrugging her shoulders).—How can I know that?

Karl Egon.—Of course I am going to build it for you! For you! Just imagine when our new castle will stand over there beyond the mill

race! Can one not live proudly and freely even there? Freer than out yonder? Can't one forget the world there? Doesn't that tempt you?

Hermine (dreaming).—So a real, actual castle Karl Egon is going to build for himself? See! See!

Karl Egon.—Yes, with everything that belongs to it.

Hermine (dreaming and swaying back and forth).—With sparkling windows, in the morning sunshine——

Karl Egon (bends over the table to her).—And with a beautiful mistress in it.

Hermine (smiles at him).—Who in the world may that be?

Karl Egon (fervently).—You! You! You!

Hermine (swaying to and fro).—Beautiful Rothtraut through the deep forest rode—— Do you know that, Egon?

Karl Egon.—Hermine, now I shall no longer let you—— Give me your hand! Tell me. Tell me finally——(*He extends his hand over the table to her.*)

Hermine.—Pst! Don't you see? Grandmother has gone to sleep. Don't disturb her.

Karl Egon.—Oh, she does not wake up so quickly when she has had her wine. That happens to her quite often now.

Hermine.—Just wait until *we* are that far along. I don't believe that any body will be able to awaken us any more then. I hope she is lying comfortably?

Karl Egon (absent minded).—Yes, yes, never mind her.

Hermine (carried away at the sight of the old woman).—To live a whole century as she has. Isn't that like a miracle, Egon?

Karl Egon.—Hermine, you still owe me your answer.

Hermine (without paying attention).—A whole century. And here at Hohenau besides. That requires a constitution. I believe I should grow horns or some other horrible thing. Wouldn't you too, Egon?

Karl Egon (becoming angry).—I see you are making light of me!

Hermine (innocently).—I? How so?

Karl Egon (angrily).—Yes, you are playing with me! I feel that more and more definitely.

Hermine (stubbornly).—Or *you* are playing with *me*.

Karl Egon (forced to laugh).—I with *you*? Heavens! Since when have the mice been playing with the cat?

Hermine.—Do you put so low a value upon yourself?

Karl Egon.—Oh, in dealing with you women, all of us are powerless, of course.

Hermine (smiling at him over the table).—O you foolish, foolish, foolish Egon. You!

Karl Egon (carried away).—Hermine, how beautiful you are!

Hermine (as before).—And you are so foolish, so foolish, so foolish, that you cannot even see your fortune.

Karl Egon (jumps up).—Hermine! Dearest!

Hermine (her finger on her mouth).—Pst! Be a good boy! Don't awaken grandmother! It is a whole century that is sleeping there.

Karl Egon (with desperate gaiety).—Yes, the old century. We will create a new one for ourselves.

Hermine.—You are to remain quietly in your chair, or else I shall go away at once.

Karl Egon (sits down again).—You are setting me crazy, Hermine.

Hermine,—That's just what you deserve. Didn't you promise me, by all that is holy, that you would go out into the world with me if I should come and get you? Here I am now!

Karl Egon (lost in her presence).—Yes, just as the fairy queen in the fairy tale——

Hermine.—Quite right. Who came to Tom the Rhymster. He was also just such a big, foolish lubber who pledged his head for a kiss from the fairy queen, and then would not recognize his good fortune when she came to get him. But that was of no avail to him. She took him along into her fairy kingdom, she took him along and fairly kissed him to death, the foolish boy.

Karl Egon.—Hermine! Hermine! (*He starts from his chair again.*)

Hermine (with lifted finger).—Pst! Be a good boy! Keep your seat! Make good your promise first!

Karl Egon.—And what if I *can* not?

Hermine.—But you *must*. You simply must.

Karl Egon.—What in the world do you expect of me? What are you planning to do with me? Do you know that I could *hate* you?

Hermine (flattering).—I will make you great and famous. I will give you a task that is worth while. You shall play a part in the world. And I with you—— Do you hear, I with you—— Or we will travel. We'll travel. Or we will live somewhere quietly, all to ourselves, in Paris or in Italy or somewhere. Only not here. Not here. Not in this world, which I hate, which I hate!

Karl Egon (frightened).—Hermine!

Hermine (with suppressed passion).—Yes, which I hate as much as one can at *all* hate a thing!

Karl Egon (jumps up).—Stop! Stop! I can no longer follow you in that.

Hermine (rises likewise).—Well, why not? Is it so preposterous, what you are expected to do? (*She steps up close to him whispering impressively.*) Egon! Dearest! Why what has become of your courage? Where is your pride? All stifled in fat! All choked in philistinism! Look into my eyes, my darling!

Karl Egon (struggling with himself).—Do not make me wild, Hermine!

Hermine (with ardent flattery).—Look into my eyes, my darling! Tell me that you are going with me!

Karl Egon (stands struggling with himself violently, as if he wanted to draw her to him, but controls himself with a sudden start).—I can not, Hermine.

Hermine (whispering).—You *can* not?

Karl Egon.—No, I *can* not, and above all I do not *want* to. I do not wish to be under obligations to anyone else for what I am and what I represent.

Hermine.—Not even to me?

Karl Egon.—No, not even to you! Least of *all* to you! I want to shape my life *myself*, great or small, just as it has been granted to me, but at any rate on my own initiative and not as the creature of any one, least of all of you.

Hermine (bitterly).—Is that your great love?

Karl Egon (firmly).—Just *because* I love you so much, that is why I do not want to be your creature.

Hermine.—Since when have you been so proud?

Karl Egon.—Since I have a goal and a mission ahead of me. Don't you understand that, dearest?

Hermine (turns away).—Do not call me that!

Karl Egon (tenderly).—Hermine——?

Hermine (stamps her foot).—Don't call me that any more! I will not have it!

(*The door at the left is opened violently.*)

Fritz Diesterkamp (storms in beaming, with hair dishevelled and torn waistcoat, open all the way down).—What an experience! What an experience!

Hermine (strikes her hands together).—Why, how you look! How you look!

Fritz.—Why of course, you have no idea what happened to me. It was great. Just imagine——

Madam Rosenhagen (has awaked during the last sentence, rubs her eyes, and grumbles to herself).—Why, what does all of this racket mean? I suppose there's a fire somewhere?

Hermine (to FRITZ).—Do you see, that's what comes of your stupid howling. Now you have awakened grandmother. Go right on and excuse yourself for your awkwardness.

Madam Rosenhagen (has meanwhile become wide awake).—You suppose, do you, that I have been sleeping?

Hermine (roguishly).—Just a bit, Mrs. Rosenhagen, just a little bit.

Madam Rosenhagen (draws FRITZ, who has been standing near her, up to her by his sleeve).—Just come here a bit, you young gosling, you. Let me look you over.

Fritz (beaming).—Don't I look fine?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Ravishing. In what gutter have you been wallowing?

Hermine.—Well, why don't you sail in?

Fritz.—Well, then, to begin with, just imagine, just imagine, I fell from my horse!

Hermine.—Didn't I have an idea you would?

Fritz.—Isn't that monumental, isn't it glacier like? To have fallen from your horse the first time in your life!

Hermine.—Yes, because it is the first time in your life that you have been on a horse. Because you have never had the courage before.

Fritz (offended).—I beg your pardon. You just go through with what I have just gone through and then talk. When I tell my classmates about that—— Well, I do say! Most of them can't tell a horse from a cow.

Hermine.—Well, why don't you tell how you went about it all?

Madam Rosenhagen.—He probably reined up the horse by the tail. The confounded beasts won't have that.

Fritz (with animation).—Oh, I beg your pardon! At first it went fine. I leaned forward——

Hermine (derisively).—Leaned forward!——Aha!

Fritz.—Excuse me! That's the way all the aborigines ride, isn't it? Just read Xenophon's Anabasis. Of course, you know nothing about that.

But if you suddenly break into such an insane gallop, a fellow can't help but fall off.

Hermine.—I suppose you tried to catch up with us?

Fritz.—Not I, but the bay. He wanted to follow by all means. He tore along as if mad! Then I got on my ear and said to myself, "See here, my little nag! Let's see who is master, I or you," and I drew up the reins!

Hermine.—Yes, and tore the mouth of the horse.

Fritz (meekly).—What do I know! All at once I was lying at the side of the road. My bay, of course, on and away, who knows where? That is the worst of it. Now I'll catch it from Egon.

Karl Egon (still in the background, lost in thought, looks up, and turns half way around).—He will find his way to the stable all right, when he has had his fill.

Hermine.—And my little brother had to walk, eh?

Fritz.—That is just what I wanted to tell. That is the main thing.

Hermine.—Why, aren't you through yet?

Fritz.—Not a bit of it! The main experience came to me just as I was walking over. Why, was I attacked!

Hermine.—What were you?

Fritz.—Don't you understand English? I was attacked because I tried to cross a meadow. I had to give up my hat. Isn't that phenomenal? What kind of a figure do I cut now?

Karl Egon (has turned around quickly, comes forward).—You were attacked? By whom, pray tell?

Fritz.—By an old crosspatch of a farmer! I believe he lives next to you. (*He points out toward the right.*)

Karl Egon (starting up).—Surely not by Voss?— What did he look like?

Fritz.—Well, without a beard, with bushy white eyebrows. A regular Isengrim! That's the way I imagine Cato the Elder, or some one of that type looked.

Karl Egon (excited).—That is Voss! No question about it! That is Voss!— Another one of his fine tricks! (*He goes to and fro violently.*)

Hermine (scornfully).—Pleasant neighborhood, that you have here.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Oh, that has been going on for sixty years! That's all that I am accustomed to any more.

Karl Egon (goes to and fro).—But I am not in a temper to take that any longer. That state of affairs must come to an end. (*He controls*

himself, and approaches again.) Tell me, what meadow was that? Surely not that one out there.

Fritz.—That may be very well. But farther over that way! (*Points toward the right*). Not far from the next farmhouse.

Karl Egon (with suppressed anger).—Yes, yes, quite right. That is Voss's meadow land! Voss's meadow land! (*With sudden interruption.*) That is, so he asserts. That's what he asserts. In reality the case is quite different. In reality the strip does not belong to him at all, of course. We know that much.

Hermine (surprised).—How can your lordly neighbor attack my brother, if the meadow does not belong to him?

Karl Egon.—That's just the funny thing about it. He is not as daft about anything as he is about this very piece of land, and concerning this piece of land I can prove to him, if I care to, that he has no claim to it at all.

Hermine.—Why in the world don't you *do* it, then?

Karl Egon (shrugging his shoulders).—Because, up to the present I have not *cared* to. There is still time for that.

Hermine.—You poor fellow! Then you can not venture three steps from your own house in the future. Is that your fine freedom and splendor?

Karl Egon.—Preposterous! And with all that a public highway leads through the meadow. By the way, didn't you tell him who you were, and whom you are visiting?

Fritz.—Well, may be I didn't! But then he became more rabid than ever, just as if he wanted to slap me. Well, I tell *you*, I looked at him from top to toe when he did that. He forgot all about slapping. All he did then was to take my hat away.

Karl Egon (going to and fro).—So that's the way matters stand? That opens up *bright* prospects for our agreement of sale! This is the day, of course, when his time for deliberation is up. I wonder whether that is intended for his answer? Do you know at all, grandmother, whether he has been here?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Voss was here half an hour ago, a short time before you came. Why, Martha spoke to him for a long while.

Karl Egon (shaking his head).—Strange! Somebody must have put something in his head. Why, I had him quite pliable already.

Madam Rosenhagen (gets up groaning).—Oh, this old frame of bones! After all an old person is good for nothing.

Fritz (runs up to her).—Shall I help you?

Madam Rosenhagen.—I seem to myself like an old barn door. That, too, is only partly on its hinges still.

Hermine.—But why do you want to get up already, Mrs. Rosenhagen?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Because I don't care to sit any longer!

Fritz (has taken her arm).—I'll lead you a bit.

Madam Rosenhagen.—For all I care. We are suited to each other quite well, you and I. The beginning and the end are always suited to each other. (*She takes a few steps on FRITZ's arm and stops.*) I say! Karl!

Karl Egon (has been going up and down, approaches).—What is it, grandmother?

Madam Rosenhagen.—If you want to take a bit of advice from an old woman, look out for Voss. Don't have anything to do with him.

Karl Egon.—Don't worry, grandmother. I'll settle him well enough. This way or that!

Madam Rosenhagen (already at the door).—I hope you are not reckoning without the host!— (*To FRITZ.*) Now. Never mind now. Now I'll manage to creep on alone. (*She lets go of his arm and goes out.*)

Fritz.—And I must go, too.

Hermine.—Yes, don't forget to change your clothes.

Fritz (whipping and cracking his fingers).—Well, wasn't that a ripper today!

Hermine (as if incidentally).—You may pack your things, while you are at it. We are going away today.

Fritz (in the door with mouth wide open).—Pack my things?

Karl Egon (frightened).—Hermine!

Hermine (smiling to FRITZ).—Yes, yes, pack your things! We are going away.

Fritz (pouting).—Go away now, just when it's beginning to get fine!

Hermine.—This is not the last time that that will happen to you in life.

Fritz (in a rage).—And I say, that's simply a vile trick! I have something to say when it comes to that.

Hermine.—You are to be quiet and pack your things. We are going away this very day.

Fritz.—And I am not going to allow myself to be treated like a mere kid. I am a senior, remember that!

Karl Egon.—Just be quiet now and go to your room. Hermine will not go away.

Fritz (surprised).—Well, that makes me curious!

Hermine (defiantly).—And *me!*

Fritz.—I tell you, when she takes anything into her head——!

Karl Egon.—We'll see about that.

Fritz.—But you are *quite* right. We men must stick together. The women are becoming bolder every day.

Karl Egon (has controlled his anger with difficulty during the preceding sentences, now steps up to HERMINE with decision).—Hermine, are you serious about that?

Hermine (sitting at the sofa table).—Wait and see.

Karl Egon.—You would inflict *that* upon me?

Hermine.—It will have to come some time at any rate.

Karl Egon (tenderly).—Hermine, look at me.

Hermine (without moving).—Why, pray tell? Don't I know your face by heart?

Karl Egon (angrily).—You are to look at me, Hermine!

Hermine (surprised, looking at him only partially).—What kind of a manner is that? How are you talking to me?

Karl Egon (seizes her hand and draws her up from her chair violently).—You are to look into my eyes and answer!

Hermine (leaving her hand in his, she stands opposite him).—Why, you hurt me!

Karl Egon.—Aren't you *hurting me?* Now listen to me.

Hermine (looking into his eyes while he holds her hands).—So the master commands, and the slave is to obey.

Karl Egon.—Why did you come here, Hermine?

Hermine (lowers her eyes before his scrutiny).—Why, I have c——
(Stops involuntarily.)

Karl Egon.—Yes, I ask you why you have come here——? Answer that question for me!

Hermine (evasively).—Wasn't that agreed upon? And then in addition, the bereavement.

Karl Egon.—So it was simply to condole with me on the death of my father and then to go away post-haste. Do you really believe that *yourself?*

Hermine.—No, why should I lie? You know, of course. To take you away.

Karl Egon (keeping his eyes fixed upon hers).—And why do you want to take me away?

Hermine (restless).—Let go of me now. I must have black and blue spots before now.

Karl Egon (as before).—Why did you want to take me away?

Hermine (derisively, as if trying to control her rising emotion).—Because I am sorry for you, you poor fellow, you!

Karl Egon (ardently).—Because you love me, that is the reason you came. Because you love me!

Hermine (as before).—Do you feel so certain, my friend?

Karl Egon.—Yes, because you love me! Deny it ten times over, I am certain of it.

Hermine (smiles at him).—Oh, you big foolish boy!

Karl Egon.—And what is more, because you love me, you will remain. That is why you will remain!— Do you hear?

Hermine.—Heavens, how vain you men are? For your sake one is expected to sacrifice his beautiful, golden freedom. Simply so you can make one the honorable mistress of an estate! How vain you are!

Karl Egon (devouring her with his eyes, and still holding her hands). Do not stir me up now, Hermine. You are in my power. I can punish you.

Hermine (challenging).—Why don't you try to? Why don't you try to?

Karl Egon (as before).—Oh, Hermine!

Hermine (almost disappointed).—Do you see? You do not dare——!

Karl Egon (lets her hands go, stands struggling with himself).—Do not play with me, Hermine!

Hermine.—Haven't I told you long ago, you should not trust me? I am quite base and cowardly and false. False as a cat. Why do you trust me?

Karl Egon (looking at her).—And with all that, these deep, deep eyes——!

Hermine (enticing).—They lie most of all. The best thing that I can do is to put my hand over them. Then you will not see them. (*She puts her hands over her eyes, and darts glances at him between her fingers.*)

Karl Egon (losing control).—Now not even a god will help you! (*He presses her to himself and kisses her passionately.*)

Hermine (in his arms).—Don't kiss! Don't kiss!

Karl Egon.—More than ever! More than ever! You are blind, aren't you?

Hermine (as before).—Do you love me?

Karl Egon (with a long kiss).—So much! So much!

Hermine (coaxing).—Then you will promise me, will you not, to go with me—?

Karl Egon (shrinks back and lets go of her).—Are you beginning again?

Hermine (leans up against him).—You will promise me to go with me. Do you hear, dearest? Please, please, please!

Karl Egon (he draws her down on his chair, sits down beside her and says firmly).—Not another word about that, Hermine! You belong to me now and you are going to stay with me!

Hermine (leans against him and looks up to him).—I suppose I am expected to obey now?

Karl Egon.—I do say you are expected to.

Hermine.—And what if I don't want to?

Karl Egon.—You *must*!

Hermine (strangely).—Do you see how cowardly I am?

Karl Egon (jumps up).—Oh, I am so very happy! I would not exchange places with any king or emperor.

Hermine (constantly as if on the watch).—My big boy would like to play king a bit himself, I suppose?!

Karl Egon.—Yes, and I have chosen you to be my queen.

Hermine.—Kinglet and queenlet!

Karl Egon.—Did it seem so narrow and small to you when we were riding over my fields and meadows today?

Hermine.—And when the doughty thane Fritz was captured by an evil king of the border and had to pay a heavy ransom?

Karl Egon (excited).—Is it necessary for you to remind me of it? Do you suppose I have forgotten it?

Hermine (scornfully).—Why, one can talk about that. Aren't these affairs of state here in your empire?

Karl Egon.—Just scoff! My empire is large enough and soon it will be still larger! Voss shall not lie in ambush for us much longer! He will have to make room!

Hermine.—Room for Egon I.

Karl Egon.—Yes, and then there will be no other master far and wide but me and you! The two of us! I tell you that will be a life!

Martha (opens the rear door at the right and enters a few steps).—Mr. Voss is here, Karl. Shall I send him in?

Karl Egon (turns around absent mindedly).—What's up? Who is here?

Martha (coldly).—Excuse me, if I have disturbed you. I did not know that you were alone.

Hermine (quickly).—No, no, it's a good thing, that you have come.

Martha.—Well, what am I to say to Mr. Voss?

Hermine.—Just send in the hostile king. I will retreat.

Martha.—Please, Mr. Voss, my cousin is already waiting anxiously.

Voss (enters with a curt greeting).—Bid you good morning!

Hermine (bows her head).—Good morning, your majesty of the neighboring kingdom! And at the same time—Adieu! (*She quickly departs to the left.*)

(*MARTHA also withdraws after a long look at the group.*)

(*Pause.*)

Voss (looks after HERMINE).—That is the young lady that formerly visited here frequently, is it not?

Karl Egon.—Yes, a friend of my childhood days.

Voss.—I suppose something is in prospect in that connection?

Karl Egon.—I don't understand you.

Voss.—An engagement or something of that kind.

Karl Egon (shaking his head).—They aren't gossiping in the village about it, are they?

Voss (craftily).—Because, you know, you are intending to dash up one of these grand castles over on my side, on the other side of the mill race! A fellow doesn't do that kind of a thing without a purpose.

Karl Egon (surprised).—How in the world do you manage to know that already?

Voss (eagerly).—So it is true?

Karl Egon.—Strange, how all that is noised about!

Voss (calmly with fixed purpose).—A person has his people for that, you know!

Karl Egon.—Won't you take a seat, Mr. Voss?

Voss.—What I have to say can be settled standing. (*The two stand opposite each other, VOSS at the table in the center, KARL EGON at the sofa table.*)

Karl Egon.—Well, have you made up your mind? Are you going to accept my proposition?

Voss (quite calm externally).—No! I have thought the matter over. I am not going to sell.

Karl Egon (perplexed).—Not going to sell?

Voss.—No, I am going to stay where I am! I am *not* going to sell my place!

Karl Egon.—And have you thought the matter over thoroughly, Mr. Voss?

Voss.—Am I a whipper-snapper? I guess I'm old enough!

Karl Egon (*excited*).—But for heaven's sake, man! Do you really know what is at stake? Eighty thousand marks is a fortune! That is more by one half than the place is worth!

Voss.—May *be*, may be *not*! It depends upon what is to be done with the place. If, for instance, a fellow is going to put a great castle there, or heaven knows what——

Karl Egon.—So the price is too low to suit you?

Voss.—Not too low and not too high. I am going to remain in my house, and that settles it! What do I care for the money! What I need for a living, I have. And in case of death, it is even too *much*!

Karl Egon.—Day before yesterday you said the reverse.

Voss.—Can't a person change his mind? A fellow can surely allow himself to be wheedled half way and come to himself again.

Karl Egon.—Do you mean to say I have wheedled you? Haven't I offered you the highest price conceivable?—— Who knows who has wheedled you?——

Voss.—I'm not in favor of quarreling. I simply say I have slept on your proposition once more and here is my *answer*!

Karl Egon.—And that is to settle it?

Voss.—Yes, that will stand. I will not go back on that.

(*Pause.*)

Karl Egon (*walks across the hall, struggling with his excitement*).—Well, we can get ready for a fine state of siege, then.

Voss.—It is all the same to me. I have been accustomed to that all of my blessed life.

Karl Egon (*sharply*).—Yes, of course, you cannot live without quarreling. Everybody knows that. But why I should suffer from that, why I should have my beautiful life spoiled by your pig-headed obstinacy, I don't quite understand! And I am not going to have it!

Voss.—You may thank your dead father for that. And your relatives all told, for that matter. It's to be charged to them that peace and concord have not gained a foothold here at Hohenau. Now don't be surprised if at last a time of retribution comes on.

Karl Egon (has found himself).—Mr. Voss, I advise you for the last time, heed a rational suggestion! You *must* see for yourself that an amicable relation is impossible in the long run!

Voss (scornfully).—That depends entirely upon *you*.

Karl Egon.—No, it depends upon *you*. You are not the man to keep peace. I can tell that by a thousand and one little things. Only today I realized again.

Voss.—Aha! Because of that young scamp that I ran across on my meadow land——?

Karl Egon (interrupting).—I don't want to talk about it now. I want to remain calm. I beg you, do likewise.

Voss.—I am as calm as I have ever been in all of my life.

Karl Egon.—Good! If you are, you must admit, there can be no idea of real peace between us. One of the two parties must yield.

Voss.—Why don't *you* yield, if my presence is inconvenient to you?

Karl Egon.—Since when must the stronger man yield?

Voss.—It must first become clear who the stronger man is in this case! That has not been proved up to the present.

Karl Egon.—I advise you, do not bring it to a test!

Voss.—Aha! Is force really going to be tried?

Karl Egon (with increasing emotion).—Just because I do not wish to do that, I am making the greatest advances to you that a man can at all make. For that reason I am making you an offer that no one will ever make you again!

Voss (mildly).—And if you offer me a million, I will not yield to you! You will find out who old man Voss is! You and your city rabble!

Karl Egon (turns on his heel).—So my father was right after all!

Voss (in violent anger).—You shall find out who I am. I shall sugar coat your life for you until you have your fill!

Karl Egon (beside himself).—That is base meanness! Why, that is——! (*Goes to and fro, panting.*)

Voss (a step toward him).—I suppose I am not expected to notice why you want me away from here by all means? Surely you did not offer me that price without a reason. Because I and my place are in your way, as I was in your father's way! Because you can't stir as long as I am planted here at your door! Because you have hifalutin notions about building a castle and such *pranks* in your head! All I have to say, hands off, my boysie! There's no castle to be built here as long as I can stir a finger! I'll plant a stack of straw on my meadow for you. Then you can keep looking at that straw stack for a view!

Karl Egon (clenching his fist).—And with *that* man I thought of peace!

Voss (calmer).—Return your thanks to those who have it against their record!

Karl Egon (steps up before him).—So you want to take revenge upon me because you no longer *can* upon my father?

Voss.—You may interpret that as you please.

Karl Egon.—You want to pay *me* up for what my ancestors have done to you?

Voss.—Every red penny, if it is possible!

Karl Egon.—And do you know, sir, that in doing so you are forcing me to use the same means to which you forced my father?

Voss.—If I disposed of your father, I shall very certainly be able to dispose of you!

Karl Egon.—You might be awfully mistaken about that!

Voss.—I'll take my chances on that without a fear.

Karl Egon.—Then we are through with each other. (*He turns away.*)

Voss.—Yes, we've talked enough now! Now it's a matter of deeds!

Karl Egon.—Good! Let things take their course.

Voss (already in the door).—You will hear from me. (*Goes out quickly.*)

Karl Egon (stands for a moment as if still reflecting, then rushes to the rear door at the right and calls).—I say!—— Rathke!—— Rathke!—— Where in the world are you? Rathke!——

Rathke (comes in hastily).—Voss has gone!—— Well, what is it, Mr. Rosenhagen? War or peace? I hope war!

Karl Egon (determined).—Have them hitch up, Rathke! Have them hitch up! I am going to drive to Danzig at once! Look up the address of Wegner! We must have the documents. There is going to be war!

Rathke (in wild joy).—Praise Father, Son and all the rest of them!

Martha (rushes in).—What has happened? Voss is gone! Have you come to an agreement or not?

Rathke.—As much so as God and old Nick! Be glad, Miss Reimann. There is going to be war with Voss!

Karl Egon.—He has desired it. Good! His will be done!

Rathke (runs to the door, calls out).—Hitch up!—— Say, Mike!—— Hitch up the dog cart! The two roans! Hurry up! Hurry up! Hitch up!

Martha (stands struggling with herself).—God have mercy! Do not let it be visited upon me!—— Do not let it be visited upon me!

Curtain.

THIRD ACT

Hall as before. Nothing is changed. Only the sofa table is cleared and put in order. A large bouquet of asters is on the table in the center, a second bouquet on the sofa table. It is the same day as before towards evening. The sinking sun sheds a golden light upon the windows of the hall and the flowers beds and grass plots in the garden. The evening light rets upon the distant heights and forests. Gradually twilight comes on and it begins to grow dark. Towards the end, the moon has risen and sheds its mild light over garden and meadow, near and far. The folding doors into the garden remain open until the end.

(On the top step at the entrance stand overseer RATHKE and FRITZ DIESTERKAMP, before them in the garden BUMKEWITSCH and three other farm hands with forks on their backs.)

Fritz.—Well, won't Egon make a fine face when he gets back from Danzig and hears about it! Hurrah! I am tickled about it already.

Rathke (in sharp anger to the farm hands standing below).—The deuce get you on the spot! To run away, like old women, because a fellow like that, a fellow like Voss *(he points towards the right)* plants himself down and undertakes to head you off. Such dish rags! As if they had not gone over that road a thousand times! As if everybody in the village did not know that *that* is a public road! And now you allow yourself to be put off by a blackguard like that!

Bumkewitsch (scratches his head).—Me be so much fool, me mix up with old Voss! Place is his'n, and kin do what he wants to with it. Kin head off or any old thing. Aint it a fact, pard? *(He turns toward the rest.)*

A Farmhand.—Bumkewitsch am all right. We caint help it, ef Voss wont let us cross his medder. That's the business of the boss.

Second Farmhand.—All the same to we uns. We don't fight with Voss.

Rathke.—And so, the deuce take it, you went all the way around from the Liebschau Cut along the highway instead of coming directly along the meadow road to the estate? Why, that is almost half a mile farther!

Bumkewitsch (smirking).—It do take a good hour t' walk it the other way.

Fritz (on one leg, then on the other).—What do you say now, Mr. Rathke? Just this noon you gave me the laugh, because he attacked my hat. What kind of a figure do I cut now?

Bumkewitsch.—It's good two hours a day, to go around. One hour there, and one back.

Rathke (snorting).—Aren't you drunk, fellows? Go walking two hours a day! Beginning tomorrow morning you're to use the meadow road again. And if it rains blue fire! (*He shakes his fist toward the right.*) We'll get that dog to trotting! Just wait until Mr. Rosenhagen is back from the city. He'll prove it to him all right.

Bumkewitsch (smirking).—Wall, an' wot ef ole man Voss comes an' sez—“No, siree—boys—no bizness on my place, hike and git off”?

Rathke.—Then answer him: we've taken this road up to the present and we'll continue to take it. This is a village road.

Bumkewitsch.—Wall, an' ef old Voss gits huffy an' gits 'is pistol out?

Rathke (mildly).—What are your forks good for, you lubbers? You handle them pretty well at other times!

Bumkewitsch.—Wall, wot d'ye say, ef Voss gits on 'is ear an' shoots a hole in pore Bumkewitsch's belly?

Rathke.—You say you are a soldier!

Bumkewitsch.—Ticklish 'round ma belly! Don't like a shootin' in ma belly!

Fritz (enthusiastic).—That's going to be a capital lark!

Rathke (to the rest of them).—Are all of you cowardly curs like the Pole?—Mike—, aren't you as husky as they make them? You're not afraid to tackle Voss?

First Farmhand (doubtfully).—I'd tackle 'im all right in the saloon or on the street or mebbie in front of the church, jest let 'm git after me there. But on 'is place he's on the right side, I'm weak and 'e's strong, an' I know this much, he'll not monkey.

The Other Two.—Nope, he'll not monkey.

First Farmhand.—An' then it 'll go rip. A feller has 'is ole woman an' kids.

Rathke (raging).—A nice mess! I smelled a mouse, didn't I? A good thing that we can spoil his fun for him! Mr. Rosenhagen didn't go to the city for nothing.

Fritz (impatiently).—But when in the world is Egon coming? What is keeping him so long?

Rathke (to the farmhands).—Now here they stand like blockheads! Even four of them afraid of a single one!

First Farmhand.—It jest seems t' me that the boss an' Mr. Voss 'll haf' to fix that up. What's that to us hands? I'm not goin' over Voss's medder, afore that's fix't up. I'm not goin' to scrap with Voss. Not me.

The Other Two.—That's what!

Bumkewitsch.—Me be a dum fool? Git myself shot up?

Rathke (takes several steps).—It's just as I've said. There's no way of stopping things now. It's a matter of bending or breaking!

(*MARTHA comes in quickly through the rear door at the right. She looks haggard. Steps up to the group eagerly.*)

Fritz (who notices her first, rushes toward her).—Do you know? Have you heard about it already? The old farmer, next door, you know, the fellow who took my hat, he's getting crazier and crazier! Now he has even ordered your hands from the road. Just think of it! Just think of it!

Martha (frightened).—Ordered them from the road? What road? Why don't you tell me, Rathke?

Rathke.—The meadow road, of course! From what other road could he, eh?

Fritz (interrupting).—And he closed the turnpike at the Liebschau Cut, no one is allowed to go over the meadow from our place hereafter! Everybody must make the long loop now!

Bumkewitsch (smirking).—It's two good hours every day, there 'n back.

Rathke (raging).—Keep your mug closed, Pole, till you are asked!

Bumkewitsch.—I'll just hustle up an' git out. If I don't, I'll git a thrashin' from the overseer.

First Farmhand.—Kin we uns go too?

Rathke.—Go to the deuce, where you belong!

First Farmhand.—Wall, that's wot we'll do then! (*The four depart through the garden toward the right.*)

Rathke (to MARTHA).—Now what do you say to that blackguard, that Voss? Didn't I know it beforehand? It's high time to take things seriously.

Martha (distressed).—But how can he close the meadow road? Hasn't that always been open?

Rathke.—During the life time of the old man he would not have dared to do that! He thinks he can make a pass at the young man!

Well, just wait, you rogue, this time you have made a bum calculation! This time we got up a bit earlier!

Martha (oppressed).—Do you think that something will come of it?

Rathke.—Of what?

Martha.—Hasn't Karl driven to the city to get the evidence in regard to the meadow land? Do you think that is being done with a purpose?

Rathke.—Well, *do* I think that's being done with a purpose! That's Voss's death warrant. If the young man had only been sharp long ago! We should have saved ourselves all of this vexation!

Martha.—I can't imagine that Voss will give in so easily.

Rathke.—He must! The skinflint must! Through that evidence we'll have him in our hands! In *one* way I am glad enough that he played us the trick in regard to the meadow road. Now Mr. Rosenhagen will surely see for himself that there is no such a thing as getting on with him! That only force will do any good with him!

Martha (excited, anxiously).—I do hope that will not result in a misfortune!

Fritz (enthusiastically).—Oh, that would be great! May be Bumkewitsch will be fired upon after all. For my life, I'd just like to have a hand in that kind of a thing for once!

Bumkewitsch (comes back into the garden from the right, speaks very quickly and with an important air). Mr. Rosenhagen's comin'! Mr. Rosenhagen's comin'!

Fritz.—Hurrah! The Prussians are here!

Rathke.—What is up?

Bumkewitsch.—Was a goin' t' say, the cart of Mr. Rosenhagen is a comin' along. It's right close.

Rathke.—Open the gate! I'm coming out directly!

Bumkewitsch.—Runnin' as hard as I can! (*Off quickly toward the right.*)

Fritz (after him).—Don't tell! Don't tell! I'll tell him! I'll tell him! (*Likewise off toward the right.*)

Rathke (on the way to the rear door at the right, he remains standing).—Well, I am curious enough now to see what he is bringing with him.

Martha.—And what if he brings nothing at all? What if he has changed his mind on the way after all?

Rathke.—Then my term as overseer is about over. With a master who would take that kind of a thing, I'll have nothing more to do!

Martha (heavily).—Do not fear. Whenever Karl makes up his mind to anything, he adheres to it.

Rathke.—That's the proper thing for a Rosenhagen to do. Didn't his father and his grandfather do that? (*He goes out at the right with resounding steps.*)

Martha (*remains standing at the table in the center struggling seriously with herself and listens to what is going on outside. Then she presses her hands to her face, sinks upon a chair and sobbing, presses her face against the top of the table.*).—My God!— My God!— My God!— (*After a little while she is startled since she hears voices in the garden, jumps up as if she had to flee, runs to the door at the left, but controls herself with some effort and remains standing.*)

(*KARL EGON appears at the right in the garden, accompanied by FRITZ who has taken his arm and talks to him eagerly.*)

Fritz.—And he has let the turnpike down! And now nobody is allowed to cross the meadow any more! And the fellow who crosses his path, will get a lead pill!

Karl Egon (*about to ascend the garden steps, impatiently.*).—But, Fritz, you are fairly pulling me down the steps! Now do let loose of me! Why, one doesn't come to his senses at all! (*He releases himself with a violent gesture.*)

Fritz (*angered.*).—Well, can't a fellow tell you the news? If that doesn't interest you, you're to be pitied.

Karl Egon (*sharply.*).—Well, then, I'm to be pitied! In any case I beg you not to crow in this fashion. Why, they can hear you all the way over to Voss's place.

Fritz (*scornfully.*).—Aha! You are probably afraid of him?— I can imagine as much.

Karl Egon (*sarcastically.*).—You are getting on some, my son.

Fritz.—Well, well, now don't act off that way. You quake in your boots when it comes to Voss! Moreover, I am not your son, remember that much!

Karl Egon.—If you knew how cute you are! You might have yourself stuffed for a museum. You look like a turkey cock that has gone mad.

Fritz.—Well, I do say! I am going my own way! I guess I'll not take any vile flouts around here! (*He disappears in the garden to the right.*)

Karl Egon (*meanwhile has entered the hall, throws his hat on the table.*).—Good evening, Martha.

Martha (*has meanwhile stood motionless, is again calm and composed.*).—Good evening, Karl.

Karl Egon (*looks around.*).—Why, where is Hermine?

Martha.—I don't know.

Karl Egon (steps up to her, wants to shake hands with her).— ———
Evening—— Well, aren't you going to shake hands with me?

Martha (reserved).—If you want me to. (*Extends her hand hesitatingly.*)

Karl Egon (shaking his head).—Sometimes one really is unable to account for you.

Martha (with a weak smile).—Is this the *first* time that you have noticed that?

Karl Egon (looks at her for a moment, then changes the conversation).—Well, it's fine news with which a person is received here.

Martha.—You mean the affair with Voss?

Karl Egon (walking up and down violently).—It's just as if he were planning to force me to the utmost!

Martha (slowly).—Don't you think that some one has incited him? Until yesterday everything was in the best of order. You had as much as come to an agreement. Since today suddenly he is as if transformed.

Karl Egon.—Yes, yes, that of course seemed remarkable to me also.

Martha.—There is surely some one back of that.

Karl Egon.—Well, that is no longer of any consequence any how. If some one really did that, it will come back to him some time. It is certain that the fact is established that all is over between Voss and myself, and that now it is simply a question of drawing the consequences.

Martha.—Why, Voss has done that already!

Karl Egon.—Yes, he has gone to work promptly, but I have not been lazy myself. Now we shall wait and see who has the best arms.

Martha.—Did you procure the document from Wegner?

Karl Egon.—Yes, that and several other things. Still more was found in the files. I have already called on Metzler, our attorney. The case is desperately bad for Voss.

Martha (tired).—Well, then you may be glad.

Karl Egon.—Yes, just so. Not only in that matter. Also in other respects! Also in other respects!

Martha (startled).—Also in other respects? How so?

Karl Egon (smiling).—Can't you guess, sister Martha?

Martha (as before).—Oh, that's it? You have reached an understanding, you and Hermine?

Karl Egon (with beaming eyes).—You see, sister? You've hit it. You've hit it.

Martha.—Then after all?

Karl Egon (surprised).—Why, did you suppose anything else to happen?

Martha.—One can never size up these people who are in love.

Karl Egon.—Why, you talk like a hardened old sea-monster.

Martha.—That's just what I am.

Karl Egon.—Now say, in the first place, tell me where is Hermine? Why, one doesn't hear or see anything of her.

Martha.—I suppose she is out somewhere on horseback. I have seen her nowhere.

Karl Egon (absorbed in his thoughts).—Oh, I tell you, Martha dear, I am so tremendously happy! Tremendously happy!

Rathke (comes in at the rear door at the right, carrying a rather large satchel and a portfolio).—And here I have the things from the cart.

Karl Egon.—Very well, just put them here on the table.

Rathke (approaching and swinging the portfolio).—That's worth something, Mr. Rosenhagen. That has weight.

Karl Egon.—Did you take a look at the thing? Aren't the documents quite explicit?

Rathke.—Well, are they? It's all clear as crystal. Didn't I say, Miss, that this is the death warrant of Voss? Old Mr. Rosenhagen will rejoice up there! (*He has put the satchel on the table in the center, turns the pages of the documents.*)

Karl Egon.—Isn't that true? It will be difficult to meet *that* evidence.

Rathke (turns the leaves).—The best of it is the assessment roll and especially the entry on the 13th of January (Eighteen) Twenty-six. There the Hohenau meadow land is expressly mentioned. That can not refer to anything else. He is certainly a deuced fellow, that man Wegner. Didn't give up till he had collected everything! Knew well enough that he'd find his purchaser, even if it was not a matter of today or tomorrow! Some time we'd have to come to him! The deuced fellow!

Karl Egon.—I should have liked it better if I had not needed him. I might have saved myself that trip. But what is to be done? Circumstances are simply stronger than men. One is compelled to whether he likes it or not.

Rathke.—If only your father had lived just long enough to see that.

Karl Egon (in meditation).—Yes, for father it would have been the greatest thing in the world and he had to die in course of it. Now I have it on my hands. I have to stick it out. That's the way it goes in life.

Rathke.—Well, when are we going to begin to bring suit? Or how

are you going to arrange that, sir? It's on account of the meadow road. Of course something will have to be done in regard to that at once.

Karl Egon.—Of course, he must take that back!

Rathke.—How would it be if I just went over and laid down the law to him?

Karl Egon.—Yes, *one* of us must go over and speak to him.

Rathke.—That matter of the meadow road can surely not remain as it is! Why, the people will give us the laugh! A fellow will have to be ashamed of himself!

Karl Egon.—Very well, then! We'll bring the matter to an issue at once!

Rathke.—If the thing's to be done, what's the use of putting it off.

Karl Egon.—Go over and demand that he open the meadow road at once. I say *at once*. If he says *no* at first, then slowly lead out to him what we have in our hand to trump him, all the evidence in regard to the meadow land, and then we'll *see* what he has to say.

Rathke (diabolically).—Well, I'm curious to see that face! That sight I will not sell for a good sum of money!

Karl Egon.—Be careful. Do not anger him unnecessarily. One must build golden bridges for the enemy. Let it be apparent, that I *still* offer him what I *have* offered him. I don't want to ruin him. He should listen to reason. No man can give him more.

Rathke.—Now I wouldn't do *that*, sir. Sixty thousand will pay for it, good and plenty.

Karl Egon.—Makes no difference. I've offered it to him and I'll not take it back. I am not an extortioner. What I am doing, I am doing under compulsion, because I can't help myself.

Rathke.—Shall I take the documents along when I go over to him?

Karl Egon (reflecting).—Yes—or—— Wait a minute! No!—Better leave them here.

Rathke.—I think so, too.

Karl Egon.—If he has any doubts, he can come here and see for himself.

Rathke (diabolically).—Well, then, here we go. It's been a long time since I've gone into anything with so much pleasure. (*He turns toward the garden steps.*)

Martha (has listened silently up to the present, struggling with her disquietude and now intercepts RATHKE).—Do not go, Rathke! Do not go.

Rathke (stopping).—Well, I will! The deuce you say! What's up!

Martha.—Do not let him go, Karl! I beg you! Have him stay here!

Karl Egon.—But *why*? Some time it will have to be settled after all. So, the sooner, the better! I am crowded for time as it is.

Martha (excited).—Why is there such a hurry? Can't everything continue in its old course? Must you by all means drive Voss to the utmost?

Rathke.—Well, now isn't that bright? *Isn't* that bright?

Karl Egon (shaking his head).—I really don't understand you, child. It seems to me that Voss is driving *me* to the utmost. I surely have made him advances enough. All he needs to do is to accept.

Rathke.—Oh, don't listen to it at all, sir! Have me go, and let that settle it! Else it will be evening. Why, the sun is just about down now.

Martha.—Don't you *know* Voss, pray tell? I am so afraid something may happen.

Karl Egon (laughing).—Are you afraid, Rathke?

Rathke (raging).—I'm not afraid of the devil! Expect me to be afraid of Voss!

Martha.—Why, it isn't a question of Rathke. It's a question of you! It will come back upon you!

Karl Egon (laughing).—All this anxiety on *my* account—— Good heavens! Some time we'll all have to come to it. Moreover don't worry. An incipient bridegroom like myself is invulnerable. He looks out for his hide well enough.

Rathke (complacently).—Now you hear, Miss, what it is to be one of the Rosenhagens. Well, good-bye. And if I am not back in half an hour we have devoured each other hair and hide, Voss and I! Then the devil has got both of us. (*He goes down the steps into the garden laughing, then crosses the foot bridge and disappears toward the right. Outside twilight gradually sets in during the following sentences.*)

Karl Egon (looks after Rathke).—Isn't he a loyal soul though! A loyal soul!

Martha.—Oh, that fellow! He must also incite against Voss, in addition to all the rest.

Karl Egon (steps up to MARTHA and lays his hand on her shoulder). Tell me, Martha, what in the world is the matter with you? You take sides with my worst enemy against me? Just come along and explain now——

Martha (without looking at him).—Because I don't see why all that must come about in this way! Why everything can not go its old way!

It has gone well enough up to the present! Why must Voss by all means be put out of house and home?

Karl Egon.—Because he is my enemy as he has been the enemy of my father and my grandfather. Why, haven't you been in our house long enough? You ought to know that!

Martha.—Yes, I know that it has gone up to the present and that it might go on, if it were not for your foolish infatuation.

Karl Egon (angrily).—Restrain yourself, Martha!

Martha.—I have restrained myself long enough.

Karl Egon.—I tell you, there is no longer room at Hohenau for both me and Voss. I must be rid of the man, amicably or the reverse! I simply owe that to myself. I owe it to my happiness, to my future!

Martha.—Oh, you are doing all that simply on *her* account! The whole notion of the castle is simply on account of Hermine!

Karl Egon.—Of course, I am doing it for Hermine. Why, isn't Hermine a part of my future, a part of my happiness? Even the best part?

Martha.—Your misfortune, that's what she is. You will live to see that. She's the one who brought all this unrest into our house. She has put everything on its head! How beautifully we could live, if she had not come here!

Karl Egon.—I beg you, Martha, once more, restrain yourself. Hermine has become my betrothed today.

Martha.—After all then? Has she condescended, is she going to stay here?

Karl Egon.—Do stop that kind of talk. We came to an understanding this morning and we intend to celebrate the occasion a bit this evening.

Martha (weak).—So you intend to celebrate your engagement this evening?

Karl Egon.—Yes, I think it will be all right with Hermine. If I can ever get a glimpse of her.

Martha (has gained control of herself again, smiles faintly).—Then I wish you great happiness—great happiness!

Karl Egon (cordially).—I thank you, Martha, I thank you. (*He takes her hand.*) Now that's the way I like to see you.

Martha.—Do you like me again?

Karl Egon.—You will remain my good friend and sister, will you not?

Madam Rosenhagen (opens the front door at the right, hobbles in on her cane, holds her hand over her eyes).—Anyone here?

Karl Egon (turns around).—We are, grandmother, Martha and I. You are coming just at the right time. I have something to tell you.

Madam Rosenhagen (*approaching*).—Well, well! It's you? All alone here in the dark?

Martha.—There is no danger in that, grandma. You need not fear anything.

Madam Rosenhagen.—And I was already thinking— Too bad! Too bad! You would have made quite a fine couple, you and Karl.

Karl Egon (*in merriment*).—Why, Martha never gave me a bit of encouragement. Why, she doesn't think of that kind of thing. And so I went and picked out another.

Martha.—Do you see how clever that was of you?

Madam Rosenhagen (*stands close to MARTHA and looks into her face*).—Why, child, you look so pale!

Martha (*with an effort*).—I, pale? Not a trace! That's simply on account of the twilight.

Karl Egon.—Does anything ail you, Martha?

Martha.—No, nothing ails me. I'll just hurry and get a lamp. Why, you can't see a thing any more! (*She goes out quickly through the rear door at right.*)

(*Temporary silence.*)

Madam Rosenhagen.—Well, now, what did you want to tell me that I don't know already?

Karl Egon (*joyously*).—Something very fine, grandmother! Something about Hermine and me!

Madam Rosenhagen.—Well then, come and give me your arm. Let's go out into the garden a bit yet! You know how I like to do that at night, when the stars come out.

Karl Egon (*offers her his arm and slowly leads her to the garden steps*).—It's about time for the moon to rise too.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, it's going to be a clear night. One can look up again to all of the eternal lights, and follow his own thoughts.

Karl Egon.—Be sure not to keep on sitting in the garden house until midnight again. The nights are already cool.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Don't interfere with my pleasure! Why, that is all that I have left on earth.

Karl Egon.—Well, well! You surely have *us* still! Aren't we anything?

Madam Rosenhagen.—Oh, it's always the old story with man. As with you, so I formerly went down these steps with your father and long before that with your grandfather, my husband——

Karl Egon.—Yes, and now a new generation will soon take root again. Now the great-grandchildren are coming. Aren't you glad to think of that, grandmother?

Madam Rosenhagen.—I don't know! That is always the same thing! I already know it by heart! Let's have something else now! Something entirely new! (*During the last sentences they have arrived at the bottom of the garden. Deep twilight in the hall. Outside clear evening sky. Here and there a star begins to shine.*)

Madam Rosenhagen.—Do you know what star that is, the one that is quite low?

Karl Egon.—Why, yes, that's the evening star.

Madam Rosenhagen.—Yes, that is my star. That is pretty near setting!

Karl Egon.—Who can say as to that, grandmother? Who knows for how many their star is just about to set? (*They slowly disappear toward the right.*)

Martha (comes in again from the right with the lighted lamp, looks around).—No one here? They are probably in the garden. (*She puts the lamp on the table in the center, and pensively looks at the bouquet of asters.*) The first asters already. Yes, yes, it's autumn! Autumn! (*She slowly sinks upon a chair, shaken by sudden sobs. The door at the left is opened.*)

Hermine (enters quickly, but noiselessly, dressed simply but elegantly, looks around, notices MARTHA at the table sobbing, steps up and places her hand on MARTHA'S shoulder).—But, dear Miss Reimann. What is the matter with you? What is troubling you?

Martha (starts up with a sudden jerk).—Who is this?—What do— Oh, it's you?

Hermine.—To be sure! I suppose you did not hear a word?

Martha (tries to conceal her confusion).—Yes, I don't know—I didn't hear a thing.

Hermine (fixing her eyes upon her).—You were so engrossed in your pain—

Martha (still not quite composed).—I in my pain?

Hermine.—Yes, you must certainly have some secret trouble.

Martha (calm again and erect).—At any rate I know nothing of it.

Hermine (quizzically).—Why, you sobbed quite audibly, dear Miss Reimann. Moreover one can see the marks of tears on your face. Just confess a bit.

Martha (passes her handkerchief over her face lightly, entirely composed).—I have no confession to make to you.

Hermine (sits down on a chair before her, looks at her, lightly).—I suppose you think I have no heart for anything like that?

Martha (stands at the table before her).—I don't know whether you have a heart. And it's not my affair.

Hermine.—After all, I am a woman, too, even a rather pretty one, as trustworthy men have assured me. Why should I not also be acquainted with the pangs of love?

Martha (shrugging her shoulders).—You?

Hermine.—I suppose you think you are the only one who has them?

Martha (from the depths of her soul).—What do you know of pangs? What do you know of love?

Hermine (quickly and with a superior air).—Do you see? Now you have betrayed yourself. Now I have fathomed you! Moreover I had an idea of it long ago.

Martha (excited).—Why, what do you want of me? Why don't you let me alone? Why don't you rejoice in what you have?

Hermine (with a kind of scornful respect).—How wild you can be! I like that.

Martha.—What do I care whether you like me or not? In your heart you are laughing at me!

Hermine.—I have clearly underestimated you. But that, of course, is a mutual affair. Why not become friends?

Martha.—*We*, you and I? Never in this world!

Hermine.—I suppose you think I am very shallow?

Martha.—And you certainly *are*, aren't you?

Hermine.—Goodness!— You are also shallow. We women are all shallow, the men assert. I don't see why we should believe the men when they say that.

Martha.—Just believe it. It's correct in your case.

Hermine (laughing).—Oh, you little lamb! Because you can stir up a pound-cake and I can't. For that reason, I suppose, you are deep and I am supposed to be shallow?— Silly! It's not simply a matter of cooking and baking, is it?

Martha.—Poor Karl! I feel sorry for you!

Hermine.—I don't! I simply see something else in him, something that you do not see. You want to hedge him in artificially. I want to make him free. Who knows who has the better intentions for him?

Martha.—If you love him, you surely *know*!

Hermine.—I have loved him ever since youth. I have learned to admire many a man, but Egon I love.

Martha (excited).—Who knows for how long?

Hermine.—Yes, I cannot vouch for myself. Whether it is going to last forever, I do not know. Do you know it in regard to yourself?

Martha.—I know that if I love some one, it is certainly forever and ever!

Hermine (jumps up, a little nervous and restless).—Oh, one tries to make himself believe that. One only tries to make himself believe that. You will have to prove that to me beforehand, if I am to believe you. *(They stand opposite each other, looking into each other's eyes.)*

Martha (slowly and emphatically).—And you would become his wife? You would become his wife?

Hermine (quickly).—Why, who is telling you that?

Martha (sadly).—Well, who do you suppose has told me that?

Hermine.—Has Egon told you that? How?

Martha (bitter).—Are you only feigning now, or what are you up to? I cannot sound you.

Hermine (searchingly).—Oh, that is probably the reason for the fervent sobs, when I came into the room a bit ago.

Martha (hard).—I did not sob. I know nothing about it.

Hermine (as before).—Does it really affect you so much? Do you really love him so wildly that you cannot live without him?

Martha (as if to defend herself against her).—That is what I ask you!

Hermine (more and more searchingly, almost as if hypnotizing).—Could you go to the end of the world for him? Could you die for him? Could you commit murder for him?

Martha (as if struggling against a spell).—Let me go away. There is something in your eye——

Hermine (continues to look at her fixedly).—Why, what is in my eye?

Martha (struggling).—Something——narcotic!

Hermine (as before, quite suppressed).—Could you commit murder for him, I ask?

Martha (blurts out).—Possibly!

Hermine (stoops down to her, whispering all the while).—Why don't you murder me? I am his enemy according to your opinion, am I not? Why am I still alive?

Martha (broken).—Stop! Let me go away!

Hermine (whispering).—Or why don't you go and murder this

fellow, this Voss? He is certainly his mortal enemy. Why in the world is he still alive?

Martha (collapsing, puts her hands before her face).—My God!—My God!—My God!—

Hermine (triumphing).—Do you see, that *would* be proof. Such a thing I could *not* do. My beautiful young life would be too dear to me for that. But you claim to be so great and strong. Why do you fail to give me the proof? All that even *you* can do is to utter fine words!

Martha (stands bolt upright).—Why, what have *I* said? *You* have spoken. And now it is enough. I am not going to debase myself further!

Hermine (as before).—Aha! Are you grounding arms? I am not! I am not! For me the decisive struggle is just beginning.

Martha (has collected herself).—Oh, why do you go to the trouble of feigning? You ought to be glad that you are the victor.

Hermine.—Who knows! Who knows!

Martha.—You are coming in here now, and I must go away! I have lost my home, and you have found one!

Hermine (with a strange smile).—I a home? What notions you do have!

Martha.—Yes, we have exchanged places. You have won the grand prize and I am poor as a beggar!

Hermine (almost gently).—Little fool, you!

Martha.—Then do be glad! Do be glad! But one thing I must still know before I go!

Hermine.—Of course, you sentimental soul!

Martha (rising to her full stature).—You have asked me whether I could die for him. But can you *live* for him? Can you *live* for him? Can you live for any other person at all but for yourself?

Hermine (disconcerted, evasively).—What puzzling questions you ask!

Martha.—You need not answer me, the answer is in your eyes.

Hermine.—I suppose that you are proud now because you have wormed that out? (*She takes a few steps toward the left to the sofa table.*)

Martha.—Yes, I know enough. Make him as happy as you can!—As you can! (*She turns toward the rear at the right to go.*)

Hermine.—Oh, pshaw! I can do as much as you can any day.

Karl Egon (comes up the garden steps quickly, at first notices only HERMINE, who stands in the light of the lamp, while MARTHA has already stepped into the darker background at the right. He goes toward HER-

MINE joyously and extends both hands to her.)—Well, here you are at last, beloved. Thank God! Grandmother and I have been hunting over the whole place for you.

Hermine.—Why, where did you leave her?

Karl Egon.—Do you mean grandmother? She is sitting in the garden house as usual and is racking her brains about Sirius and the other aged gentleman up there. But am I not to get a proper welcome? (*Is about to draw her up to himself.*)

Hermine (*with a quick turn*).—Don't you see? Martha is over there.

Karl Egon (*nonplussed*).—Where, pray tell? (*He turns around.*) You here too, Martha? I am glad of that. Why are you at the door? Come up closer, will you not?

Martha (*at the door at the right, without stirring*).—I only wanted to ask your betrothed another question.

Karl Egon.—Well, that is?

Martha.—She failed to answer, but I read it in her eyes. I congratulate you! (*She opens the door and goes out slowly.*)

Karl Egon (*shakes his head in amazement*).—Do you understand that?

Hermine.—I believe I do.

Karl Egon (*impatiently*).—Well, I don't.

Hermine (*leans her back against the sofa table*).—Did you hear what Martha called me?

Karl Egon.—No, what in the world did she call you?

Hermine.—Your *betrothed*, that's what she called me.

Karl Egon (*restlessly*).—Well, aren't you? Haven't you become that today? Hermine! For heaven's sake! Is the game to begin anew again?

Hermine (*calm and determined*).—Good, I will yield. I will be yours. But I lay down *one* condition.

Karl Egon.—Condition! Condition! Haven't you tormented me enough already. Don't you see that I can hardly bear it any longer?

Hermine.—I lay down *one* condition, Egon!

Karl Egon.—Well, in heaven's name, that is?

Hermine.—That you go out into the world with me. That we do not sit down here in solitude with these peasants.

Karl Egon (*starts up, controls himself*).—It's your pleasure to jest.

Hermine.—No, no, Egon. Promise me that. Promise me that! Think of it, I am to give up my beautiful, blissful Bohemian life in order to

bury myself here? I am to desert my entertaining, funny, crazy people in order to hear your frogs croak here? No, no! I believe I should die of ennui!

Karl Egon (has gone up and down excitedly, stops).—So you really haven't enough yet? The whirl is to begin anew?

Hermine.—Come along, Egon! Come along! You will not regret it. It is a wonderful world. You do not know it. One person always more perverse than the other! You will find out something!

Karl Egon (comes toward her).—Hermine, recall what you promised me this morning. What we agreed upon.

Hermine.—Oh, you child, nothing at all was agreed upon. You only imagine that.

Karl Egon (excited).—Hermine, I surely still have my five senses! (*Stands immediately before her and embraces her.*) Did I not hold you in my arms as I do now? Didn't you kiss me as you do now? (*He presses her up to him and kisses her.*)

Hermine (resisting).—Why, don't!— Why, don't!

Karl Egon (speaking intently to her).—Didn't you promise me then, you will stay with me and be mine?

Hermine (likewise excited).—Oh, yes! be yours! Be yours! But not here! Out yonder! (*Enticingly.*) Back of the forests, you know!

Karl Egon (tries to kiss her again).—Did I only dream all of that? Look at me, Hermine!

Hermine (extricates herself from him quickly).—Don't come at me with force again, darling! Or I shall have to say yes again to everything that you demand and you will be angry then, if I cannot keep it later on.

Karl Egon.—In other words then, I took you unawares this morning? You have given me no promise? You nodded to everything simply to be rid of me?

Hermine.—Oh, you stupid thing, who wants to be rid of you? Am I not trying rather to hold to you, oh, so firmly, and carry you with me? See here, lover, this afternoon when you were gone, I took a long, long walk——

Karl Egon.—Weren't you out on horseback?

Hermine (sits down).—No, it was my fixed intention to walk. On horseback everything looks so very different, so festal, so in its holiday aspect. But I just wanted to make a thorough test of how things look here at your home in their everyday surroundings. For you in the country have *nothing* but everyday life.

Karl Egon.—Of course we don't have as many holidays as you and your good fellows.

Hermine (with animation).—You see, and holidays I need so imperatively! I am so afraid of everyday existence! Why, that is all the fear I have. And so for that reason I walked through the village and beyond out into the fields.

Karl Egon (in intense suspense).—Well, and how did you feel out there? Wasn't it fine to be alone in the wide expanse?

Hermine.—Yes, I was glad, when I was finally out of the village. I saw so many little children and such ugly old women. And the wretched huts, and the filth everywhere! Heavens!

Karl Egon.—Why, what in the world did I say to you? Is it not a mission to bring about a change there at last? Make human beings of all of these pack animals and breeding machines? A mission that is really worth while?

Hermine.—But not for me. I don't like to touch filth. You get your gloves dirty.

Karl Egon.—And how was it out in the fields? I trust *that* was better, wasn't it?

Hermine.—At first, yes. I walked and walked. But then I was suddenly seized by a vague fear, such a fear of myself, and it became stronger and stronger.

Karl Egon.—But where did it come from?

Hermine.—It came from the terrible solitude! From the horrible stillness! One can hear his blood pulsate. One can hear himself think. Horrible! I simply ran off, and was even glad when I was in the village again and saw the little children and the old women—— What do you say to that?

Karl Egon (in strong emotion, gives a short laugh).—Hm, of course that is bad! Very bad!

Hermine (breathes with relief).—Isn't it true, I am not fashioned for solitude? You see that for yourself, surely?

(KARL EGON goes to and fro silently struggling with himself.)

Hermine (jumps up and runs to him).—And you aren't *either*, my darling! You aren't *either*! It would be as much of a misfortune for you as for me.

Karl Egon (pensively).—Do you think so? Do you suppose so?

Hermine (leaning against him, looks up at him).—Quite certainly. As certainly as that I love you!

Karl Egon.—Do you really? Sometimes I have my doubts in a way.

Hermine (nestles up to him).—Come along, Egon! Come along! Don't you see how fortune and happiness are beckoning to you? (*She looks at him enticingly and points to the outside.*)

Karl Egon (seizes her hand passionately).—Don't forsake me, Hermine! Don't forsake me. I need you here. Aren't you to help me? Without you, possibly I cannot ever accomplish what I wish to.

Hermine.—I want to help you, but not here. Out there! Out there beyond the forest. You certainly deserve a better fate than to train dirty peasants to the use of soap.

Karl Egon.—I have only *one* fear here, Hermine——

Hermine (quickly).—Of what? Tell me. Now I know that I have you and shall keep you.

Karl Egon.—I am afraid of becoming like my fathers, like my neighbors and all of these people. Of becoming common and commonplace. That rises from the soil like the mist of the meadow, it enfolds one as in a shroud, so one loses his path and miserably perishes in the morass! I am afraid of that.

Hermine.—You see! You see! And you expect me not to be afraid of it?

Karl Egon.—Why, you bring in so much fresh and new blood. You can never be infected by it. For that reason I need you, for that reason I cling to you! Don't abandon me to my fate, Hermine! Do not let me become like the rest!

Hermine.—I'll draw you out with me; out of all the mists. I'll draw you out with me.

Karl Egon (without listening to her).—I will offer you all that you would have out there, and more. See,—I have come from Danzig. Everything is in order, everything is under way. You will have a home such as you can never have in your present world, such a one as is not to be found far and wide. I'll care for you to the point of pampering. And we shall not be without people, if we desire them.

Hermine (passionately).—You offer me a home and a castle if I remain. And I offer you myself if you will follow me. What is worth more? I say to you, Accept me! Accept me! Make me your beloved! Do with me whatever you please! I want nothing but you. I want to make you happy as no human being ever has been happy. But go with me! Go with me! (*She embraces him wildly.*)

Karl Egon (seizes his head, reeling).—Hermine—— Hermine!

Hermine (compelling).—Say yes! Say yes!

(KARL EGON *stands in a very violent struggle, tries to speak, but cannot.*)

Hermine (spreads out her arms).—Are you dizzy, dearest? Come! Kiss me! You have said yes!

Karl Egon (one step backward, speaks in violent starts).—I cannot, and I cannot, and I cannot!

Hermine (bounds off, almost screaming).—Then stay where you are, you Philistine! Stay where you are!

Karl Egon (frightened).—Why, Hermine, do listen to reason! Do hear what I have to say.

Hermine.—Don't go to any further trouble, it is all over between us!

Karl Egon.—Hermine, hear a single word! Why, I am chained here! Why, I am bound to the place with the strongest vows. I promised my father in his last hour. I should stand or fall at my post!

Hermine (coldly).—Have a carriage hitched up. I am going to leave on this evening's train.

Karl Egon (agitated).—Hermine, consider! There is still time! (*About to seize her hand.*)

Hermine (retreats in a determined manner).—Do not touch me! You nauseate me!

Karl Egon (beside himself).—And you claim to have loved me? You have played with me!

Hermine (steps up close to him, with suppressed hatred, almost hoarse).—I have offered myself to you—and you—you nauseate me!

Karl Egon (turns away with a violent gesture).—Then go! Then go!

Rathke (has already entered from the right during the last words, has wavered a moment, now comes up, whispers half audibly).—Mr. Rosenhagen!— Mr. Rosenhagen!

(KARL EGON *stands there without answering.*)

Rathke (coming up closer, makes a gesture toward the outside).—Mr. Rosenhagen?— Mr. Rosenhagen?

Karl Egon (turning around, restraining his pain with difficulty).—Are you back, Rathke? What good news are you bringing?

Rathke.—Well, I lighted into him! Lighted into him! Now he would like to speak to you once more!

Karl Egon (angrily).—Is he crawling to cross? Then all the better for him!

Rathke.—Pst! He's standing out there in the corridor! I brought him right along!

Karl Egon (in wild joy).—He's coming just at the right time for me! Just right!

Rathke.—Now, don't you give in, Mr. Rosenhagen! For heaven's sake don't you give in!

Karl Egon (as before).—Just send him in!

Hermine (has withdrawn up to the door at the left).—And have a carriage hitched up, Rathke. I am going away this evening.

Rathke (quite perplexed).—It isn't possible?

Karl Egon (curtly).—Do as Miss Diesterkamp orders.

Hermine.—In a quarter of an hour I shall be ready! Hurry a bit! My time here has come to an end! *(She goes out with a short bow.)*

Rathke (looks after her, scratches his head).—Well, am I really to have them hitched up, Mr. Rosenhagen?

Karl Egon (gloomily).—Are you deaf, Rathke?— Can't you hear what you are ordered to do?

Rathke.—Why, Miss Diesterkamp isn't going away for good?

Karl Egon.—Yes, for good! And now see that you send Voss in to me! I am just in a humor to settle with him.

Rathke (shaking his head).—Well, I do say! I do say! *(He goes out through the rear door at the right, and leaves the door open.)*

(KARL EGON goes up and down in wild excitement, struggling for self-control.)

(VOSS enters through the open door, shy and sinister, remains standing, seems to be hunting for something to say.)

Karl Egon (turns around brusquely).—Are you here?

Voss (getting out his words slowly).—Yes, your overseer told me that you wanted to speak to me!

Karl Egon (gives a short laugh).—I to you? No! If you have nothing to say to me, you might have spared yourself the trouble! Then we are through before we have begun!

Voss (closes the door behind him and comes up closer).—I have heard from your overseer that you have documents in regard to my meadow land.

Karl Egon.—That's correct.

Voss.—All at once, that is supposed not to belong to me—it is supposed to belong to the community—?

Karl Egon.—That too is correct, as the documents demonstrate!

Voss.—Now I suppose you are going into court to sue me and force me to return the land to the community?

Karl Egon.—I have made up my mind to that.

Voss (craftily).—And if the community wins, then I suppose you intend to buy the meadow land from it?

Karl Egon.—I don't owe you any information on that point.

Voss.—May I take a look at the documents?

Karl Egon.—The portfolio is there on the table.

Voss (slowly goes to the table in the center).—If you will put it into my hands at all?

Karl Egon.—Why not, pray tell?

Voss (with a short burst of laughter).—Why, I might take the whole mess and tear it up from end to end.

Karl Egon (laughing).—That would help you desperately little. All these are merely copies. The originals are safely deposited in the court house.

Voss.—Well, then I can safely take them.

Karl Egon.—Yes, and for all I care, tear them up. The facts will remain none the less.

(VOSS opens the portfolio, turns the leaves a bit, begins to read.)

(KARL EGON goes to and fro with quick steps, entirely engrossed in his thoughts and pays no attention to VOSS.)

(VOSS becomes restless after reading a few moments, quickly turns the leaves, reads again, closes the portfolio violently, throws it on the table in excitement which he can scarcely control, without being able to utter a word.)

Karl Egon (looks up, notices Voss's emotion, comes closer to him).—Well, my dear fellow, what do you say now? Are you satisfied?

Voss (blurting out).—The whole thing is forgery! Nothing but forgery!

Karl Egon.—Ah! Ah! My revered friend—Go slowly. You are in my house at present! Remember that!

Voss (trembling with rage).—And I say a hundred times over, that must be forgery! Surely my grandfather was not able to steal a whole tract of land from the community. That is a lie!

Karl Egon.—But he *did* nevertheless! He made use of the good opportunity at the time of the French occupation. You see, people who live in glass houses should not throw stones! Hereafter sweep before your own door instead of maligning my family!

Voss (in a violent struggle, with constrained voice).—And so you are going to make use of that now?

Karl Egon.—Yes, if you don't yield in kindness, I will make use of it!

Voss.—And if you win, you probably think I am lost?

Karl Egon.—You may answer that for yourself.

Voss.—Do you know what your overseer said to me a bit ago?

Karl Egon.—How am I to know that?

Voss.—You have my death warrant in your hands, that's what he said.

Karl Egon.—Well then!

Voss (threatening in a sinister manner).—Who knows *whose* death warrant that is?

Karl Egon.—Do you possibly think I am *afraid* of you? From now on the issue is: You or I. I made friendly advances to you. You have declined all of them. You have driven me to this point. So don't complain!

Voss.—Why, you are the real son of your father. You do not bear your name in vain.

Karl Egon.—I am proud of that!

Voss (hoarsely).—How is it written—I shall punish you down to the seventh generation!

Karl Egon.—For the last time, man, take counsel with yourself! But make it short! Make it short! I shall wait no longer.

Voss.—I'll make it as short as I can!

Karl Egon.—For, if you don't open the meadow road by to-morrow morning, I shall have the turnpike opened by force. Force against force.

Voss.—Force against force?— Hm, hm!

Karl Egon.—Yes! You or I! The account is exhausted!

Voss (scrutinizes him with a long look).—The account is exhausted! All right! All right! (*Goes out at the right with bowed head, meets MARTHA in the door. The two stand face to face for a moment, look into each other's eyes, and are silent. Then VOSS goes out.*)

Martha (runs to KARL EGON in feverish anxiety).—Be careful, Karl! Be careful! There was something in his face—

Karl Egon.—Now it is coming to pass as my father predicted! It's life or death! Now I feel well again!

Martha.—You provoked him terribly. Look out for him! Do not trust him! Do not trust him!

Karl Egon.—It's all the same, whatever happens! I can face the worst! And if I must fall this minute! All the better! All the better!

Martha.—Now *do not* talk that way! *Do not* talk that way! When I imagine that something is going to happen to you——! (*Struggling with herself.*) And I——? And I——?

Karl Egon (to himself in wild pain).—Mad fool that you are! Conceited enough to believe that you can live your life according to your own

plan! Can allow the past to remain buried! Fool! Fool! To this place you are forged! To this place you are rooted! You are to crawl in the dust like your fathers. You are doomed to be commonplace all of your life! That is the heritage that you have bequeathed to me!

*Martha (has struggled with herself intensely, collects herself).—*Karl, I must tell you something. Listen to me.

*Karl Egon (without heeding her).—*Good! You are to have your way. I am not better than you! I am a Rosenhagen and that I must remain! The devil take it! Then I will be it through and through.

*Martha (touches his arm).—*Listen to me, Karl! I must tell you something about myself.

*Karl Egon (looks up).—*What do you want? Let me alone!

*Martha. —*No, I shall not. You are to know what I have done. Then do with me what you will!

*Karl Egon (to himself, as if far away).—*I want to prove to you that I am of your grain! You are to be delighted with me!

*Martha. —*Listen to me, Karl. You don't know how bad and tricky I am. Why, it was I who incited Voss this morning! I incited him against you! I told him of your plan in regard to the castle and all the rest and incited him to anger! I am to blame, do you hear, I am to blame if anything happens to you!

*Karl Egon (looks at her with wideopen eyes).—*Martha——
Martha——?

*Martha (with a sad smile).—*Do you now believe what a despicable creature I am? You probably never had an idea of that?

*Karl Egon (as if confused).—*Why did you do that, Martha?

*Martha (forcing her words, spasmodically).—*Because I was envious of Hermine's good fortune!—— Because I was fighting for happiness and home and all!—— Because I could not bear the thought that you—— that you are choosing another, and that I must go away from you! Now you know it! Now do with me what you will! What you will!

*Karl Egon (as if stunned).—*Is that the state of affairs?—— Of course, I did not know that.

*Martha. —*Now cast me out! Now cast me out! That is all I've deserved.

*Karl Egon (slowly takes several steps, deeply engrossed in thought).—*Of course I did not know that. That is different.

*Martha. —*Do you see now, whom you have had near you?! That is the Rosenhagens' reward for taking me into their house! That is the way I repay you!

Karl Egon (stands erect, gloomy and calm).—Go now! Leave me alone!

Martha (in extreme anxiety).—Karl!—— Karl!

Karl Egon (rising to full stature).—Go! I tell you. I want to be alone in my house and on my soil.

Martha (broken).—Then I wish you all——all the good that fate can bestow.

Karl Egon.—My fate now grows out of this earth, upon which I was planted by my fathers. It will be fulfilled, this way or that!

Martha (in a low voice).—Farewell!

Karl Egon (turns away).—Go!

Martha (slowly goes through the hall, suddenly stumbles back, since she vaguely sees a form appear near the garden fence out in the moonlight, cries out half audibly).—Merciful God!—— Merciful God!

Karl Egon (who stands with his back toward her, looks around).—What ails you?—— What else do you want?

Martha (tries to control herself).—It seemed to me as if I heard something outside.

Karl Egon.—That is probably the carriage that is driving up.

(*MARTHA runs to the glass door in extreme haste and starts to close it.*)

Karl Egon (approaches in surprise).—What are you doing there? Why, leave the door open! It is sultry.

Martha (tries to hide her anxiety).—I don't know why I am so afraid. The moon is shining so brightly. Hadn't I better close the door?

Karl Egon.—No, leave it open. My head burns like fire! I must have air! (*He has also gone to the door, opens it wide, without looking out as yet.*)

Martha (with choking voice).—Don't you see?! Some one is standing out in the garden near the foot-bridge! Don't you see?

Karl Egon (turns around suddenly, takes a step forward).—I say! Who is out there? Who is standing in the garden? Hello there! Answer! (*Short pause. All is quiet. One sees a figure standing in the garden near the foot-bridge.*)

Martha (screaming).—That is Voss!—— That is Voss!

Karl Egon (again advances a step, close up to the steps, with a loud voice).—I want to know who is standing out there in the garden? Answer!

Martha (in extreme fear).—Save yourself, Karl! Save yourself!

Karl Egon (firmly and in a loud voice).—I am not going to run away

from Voss! (*He calls over.*) Are you out there, Voss? What business have you in the garden? Go home!

Martha.—Merciful God!— I see something flash in the moonlight! Now he's taking aim— Merciful God! (*She tries to embrace him in order to protect him, is thrust back by him and leans against the door post.*)

Karl Egon (*has stepped close to the edge of the steps, calls over.*)— Shoot, Voss, if you have the courage!— Here stands the last Rosenhagen! Shoot! (*He stands upright. At the next moment a shot is heard.*)

Karl Egon (*seizes his breast, staggers back.*)—That hit—the mark! (*He sinks down on the top step.*)

Voss's Voice (*from the garden.*)—Force against force! The account was exhausted! (*He walks away slowly.*)

Martha (*stoops over KARL EGON.*)—Dear Karl!— My only! Do not die! Do not die! Am I to bear the blame for your death?!

Rathke (*rushes in with stifled shouts.*)—Why, no one else but Voss has done that!— I'll strangle that dog!

Martha (*beside herself.*)—To the doctor, Rathke!— To the doctor! Have them dash along as fast as you can!

Rathke (*grumbling.*)—Such a dog!— Such a dog! (*He goes out with bowed head.*)

Martha (*tries to stop the blood with her kerchief.*)—Karl, are you suffering? Why, the doctor will come soon!

Karl Egon (*shakes his head, breathes heavily.*)—No doctor!— It is—over!— Where is Hermine?

Martha (*desperately.*)—Look at me, my only! Why I am with you!

Karl Egon.—Where is Hermine?

Hermine (*comes in quickly in her traveling gown.*)—What has happened?— What has happened?— (*She shrieks.*) Egon!— Egon!— (*She totters over to him.*)

Martha (*with an effort.*)—Hermine is here now!

Karl Egon.—Where are you, Hermine? I do not see you!

Hermine (*kneels down beside him.*)—Why, I am here! Close beside you!— Don't you recognize me, my darling?

Karl Egon (*weak.*)—Lay your hand on my brow!

Hermine (*shaken with emotion.*)—Dearest, forgive me! I was not worth it! Forgive me!

Karl Egon (*holds her hand firmly.*)—It is well!

Martha (straightens up, steps aside).—I am nothing to him!—
He does *not* care about me!

Madam Rosenhagen (totters in, remains standing, without tears).—
Boy!— Boy!

Karl Egon (rises up in a last struggle, looks at the old woman with eyes wide open).—Grandmother, you here *too*?— Do you see the beautiful evening star that is setting there?— Shall I take it your greeting? (*He sinks back and dies.*)

Madam Rosenhagen.—Now he has gone ahead to arrange for quarters.

Curtain.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SATYR

*Translated from the Portuguese of Eugenio de Castro
by E. W. Olmsted and F. D. Burnet*

PREFATORY NOTE

About forty years ago (March 4, 1869) in the old university town of Coimbra, Portugal, Eugenio de Castro was born. His family was of noble lineage, and for generations had been distinguished in the field of letters. His home was one of wealth and refinement. As one of the professors of the University of Coimbra (Manuel da Silva Gayo, to whom I am indebted for many of the facts mentioned in this note), himself a writer of charming verse and prose, says of Eugenio de Castro: "*Brincou entre estantes de livros, ouvindo vozes calmas*," "He played amongst books, hearing (only) the sound of gentle voices." The influence of both heredity and early training can be seen in the classic flavor and in the graceful elegance of his verse.

Like most poets he began to write early. At the age of fifteen he published the following poems: *Crystallisações da Morte*, and *Canções d'Abril*, and the next year (1885), *Jesus de Nazareth*. Even these early poems are not without spontaneity and charm. Shortly after this the young poet left Coimbra to follow in Lisbon *o Curso superior de Lettras*, and in 1888 was for a time on the staff of the *Dia*. In 1887 he wrote *Per Umbram*, and in 1888, *Horas tristes*. In these compositions a note of greater personal emotion is struck, which is enhanced by more vivid picturesqueness of expression. Towards the close of 1888 the poet returned to Coimbra, and soon after set out for Spain and France, remaining in Paris for several months in 1889. Upon his return he was appointed professor in the Escola "Brotero." *Oaristos* (1890) and *Horas* (1891) date from this epoch of his life. The influence of his travels can be noted in these exquisite poems, and especially of his stay in France, where he came in contact with the younger generation of French poets. From them he introduced symbolism into Portugal and some brilliant effects in verse technique. In 1891 he again went to Lisbon, where he took an active part in the following publications, *Antonio-Maria*, *Novidades*, and the *Jornal do Commercio*. One of his most beautiful collections of verse, *Sylva* (1894), was written at this time. He returned to Coimbra in 1894, which, after his marriage in 1898, he chose as the place of his

definite residence. There, in his home of refinement and elegance, to which no one could know better than he how to make the stranger welcome, amongst his books and bibelots, he continues to divert himself and to charm his readers with the verses that flow freely from his pen. *Interlunio*, with its pessimistic motto—"Il faut pleurer les hommes à leur naissance et non pas à leur mort," appeared in 1894, and the same year *Belkiss* (prose), then *Tiresias* (1895), *Sagramor* (1895), *Salomé e Outros Poemas* (1896), *A Nereide de Harlem* (1896), *O Rei Galaor* (1897), *Saudades do Ceo* (1899), *Constança* (1900), *Depois de Ceifa* (1901), *O Melhor Retrato de João de Deus* (1906), *A Sombra do Quadrante* (1906), *O Anel de Polycrates* (1907), and *A Fonte do Satyro e Outros Poemas* (1908). Of these later works perhaps *Constança* bears the mark of greatest genius, and has been most favorably received abroad.

His muse has run the whole gamut of poetic tones. "It has risen in rebellion against accepted customs, it has scandalized the worthy fathers, it has been parnassian and has chiseled verses with polished skill. It has been symbolistic and has felt the disturbing charm of voluptuous vagueness and the tremulous restlessness that mystery infuses. It knows the proud limits of the Ivory Tower. It has run through the ample course of free meter. And it has come forth from these and other adventures, graceful and elegant, leaving everywhere vestiges of the wealth of a prodigal genius, and disclosing, under the most varied disguises, the delicacy and distinction of a noble soul. And that nothing may be lacking to the personal experience of the poet, he has known how to submit himself for some years to a purifying silence. And now—now the muse of Eugenio de Castro is classic, unfeignedly classic." So speaks of the poet the foreigner who knew him best and loved him most, a critic of rare literary insight and versed in things Lusitanian as are few men outside the limits of Portugal. I refer to the late professor of the University of Salamanca, J. Nombela y Campos.

Eugenio de Castro has remained, in spite of foreign influences, a poet thoroughly national in character, inheriting especially from João de Deus that great lyric's wonderful gift of "expressing with sweet ingenuousness the passion of love," a gift nowhere more admired or more cultivated than in the land of Camões, where all the poets tell of love with honeyed lips. By far the most beautiful poem in the last published collection of Eugenio de Castro's verse is upon this theme. It is entitled *A Fonte do Satyro*. The tale of love embodied in the poem is partly based on fact, but the elegant treatment of the subject is the poet's own. It is hoped that the translation given here, which follows as closely as possible the meter and

stanza division of the original, will give some idea of its exquisite grace and delicacy. The English ten syllable, five stressed verse has been chosen as the best equivalent of the Portuguese hendecasyllable, and the rhyme scheme *aabbcc*, instead of the *abcabc* of the original stanzas, as the couplet seemed to give the best poetic effect in the English translation.

E. W. O.

"And we may say that his prayer was continuous, not only because he always went about with orisons upon his lips, but because of everything he saw or heard he knew how to make a ladder by which to ascend in thought to God, ever considering God's creatures as a means of knowing God, and so he spoke of everything as of a thing of God,—God's sparrows, God's grasses, God's garments, everything in short upon his lips was of God, because he did not care for anything or understand anything without God."

Fr. Antonio da Encarnação: *Vida de Fr. Luiz de Sousa*.

"The spring wells up under an arch, which, formed of varied and beautiful rustic stone-work, resembles a natural grotto. Within it is seated a huge and well carved satyr, closely reproducing those that poetry has imagined. . . . This water is received by the pool that we mentioned above, which, on the side of the court, and separated from it only by a low parapet, is on a level with the surface of the ground; and in its depth and breadth thrive many fish, (that have become) so tame in process of time that they rise to the hands of the monks for the crumbs that each one keeps for them, as for their sure and rightful meal."

Fr. Luiz de Sousa: *Historia de S. Domingos*.

HIS matin prayer with pious haste well told,
 And young in heart, tho time had marked him old,
 Good Frei Luiz de Sousa leaves the halls
 Where sanctity's confinèd chill appals,
 Content to seek the garden's welcome shade,
 As lizards, at the dawn, some sun drench'd glade.

Fair gilly-flowers exhale the breath of Spring:
 Afar, slow wheeling up on lazy wing,
 A flock of snowy breasted doves a-high
 Gleam dazzling white against a sea blue sky:
 Vanilla trees, with mingled roses' scent,
 Lure droning bees, on sugared plunder bent.

Oh! blest be He, who grants such wealth of bloom,
The fields of golden wheat, the pale sweet broom,
Who gems the sea with coral and with pearl,
Whose waves cerulean silvery crests unfurl
To kiss the stars that cheer the somber nights,
And kindle faery watch fires from far heights.

He, idling, wanders on, then halts awhile
To dream, for there, full in the orchard aisle,
An orange tree with fruits in ripe accord
Flames like a thousand candles of the Lord,
While Time, an ancient beadsman in his art,
Unheeded, tells the wingèd hours apart.

And now at hand a hushèd murmuring hears,
A faint and muffled plashing as of tears
That singly fall into the heedless seas;—
A pool, nearby, whose ruffled breast the breeze
Has whipped to tiny wrath. He here breaks bread
And sees his finny wards rise to be fed.

O happy Friar, thou dost so live,
Content with gifts which Nature has to give,
Content as yonder bird or flowering rose,
Who, reft of earthly shackles, earthly woes,
May crown thy life with word and deed, as gems
That grace the gold of kingly diadems!

Thou art no stranger to misfortune's ills,
But now God's peace thy waning life fulfills.
With book and prayer thy days flow smooth and sure,
No more disturbed lest earthly dreams allure,
For (may this knowledge comfort some mad breast!)
Rough paths of youth teach age to cherish rest.

Thy life, a prayer; thy labor, and thy play,
Thy comings and thy goings through the day.
Thou seest Godly likenesses unfold
In everything that's shaped in mortal mold,
In golden words that mark the inspirèd pen,
In joyous birds and earth and sky and men,

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE SATYR

In fields and grasses, herbs and rose-strewn bowers,
Or yonder distant, mist-wrapped mountain towers:
The weeping flute, to thee, a holy dirge.
Oh, sweet thy life, that doth so purely merge
The God in man with Nature's wondrous leaven,
Thy falt'ring feet on earth, thy soul, in Heav'n.

—But now the kindly feast is wellnigh done,
Yet, "Brother, leave us not awhile," cries one
(For him, who lived such simple things among,
Had Faith soon taught the "Lesser Children's" tongue)
They plead, and cleave the pool's clear sapphire breast,
Like sudden lightnings, darting in the West.

And thus the good man gently chides their greed,
"More patience, pray, my sparrows too have need,
For are we not all fruit of one same vine?
As I your brother am, so are they mine."
Then, at his words fly down a noisy band,
To, fearless, pluck the bread from out his hand.

Now westward wheels the weary sun to rest
While nightingales the twilight hours attest.
With lingering glance the Friar leaves his friends,
Regrets the old, then to the new descends.
Before him, by the lavender's tall hedge,
A copious fountain flows, 'midst rush and sedge:

The somber grotto, wrapped in eery gloom,
Green ivy decked, like death-wreaths on a tomb.
And 'neath its ancient arch, in solemn state,
Enthroned for ages, huge, a figure sate,
A Satyr, in whose hand a brimming cup
Dripp'd as of old, when Gods had paused to sup.

With twinkling eyes and pricked-up, pointed ears,
Again the sound of reveling he hears
Afar, and sees, with burning glances bright,
The sporting Naiads, naked, take affright.
Again the Satyr, warmed with memory, sips
Wild, breathless kisses from protesting lips.

The good priest cries: "What strange and new-found thing
Is this that changes thee?" and answering
The Satyr laughs with mad, unholy glee:
"All things are fleeting! Time, a mockery!
The light of Spring hath closed grim Winter's sway,
And I am drunk, for Spring is born today!"

"Hark! At the dawn the winds, those vagrant thieves,
Stole, laughing, from their dewy couch of leaves:
The scent of crushed violets they bore,
As once, when on the silvered waters' shore
I hid, and watched the Naiads as they gave
Their tim'rous bodies to the sportive wave!"

"Now silence!" cries the priest. "Unclean thy thought!
Forgettest thou that God Himself hath wrought
This roof that turns the ages from thy head?
Kneel fearfully to Him, and ne'er be led,
When, from the depths of Hell, with longings vast,
Well up those siren voices of the Past.

"See I have cast the erring world aside,
And ta'en meek Charity to be my bride,
My lover, ever wooing with a love
Whose ardor burns to light my soul above:
Oblivion bars my road to memory,
As pathless night falls o'er the restless sea."

A sudden keen emotion stirs to life
This thing of stone. "Ah, how couldst thou the strife
And fire of love forget?" the Satyr said.
The priest cried out: "The one I loved is dead,
And if, at times, my dreams her fair form take,
My prayers soon banish all when I awake."

"Thou call'st her dead! Thy prayers have buried deep
The memory of a maid who lives to weep
Alone in some dark convent's clammy cell,
Alone, and silent 'midst her living Hell,
Whilst recollection, sad, bedewed with tears,
This azure hour evokes of fairer years!"

"When on thy couch, all bare, the mocking might
Of sleepless lids hath cursed the noon of night,
When winter winds have, shrieking, wound their shroud
To swathe the shiv'ring trees with death cold bowed,
Do not, then, glorious visions dazzling rise
Of her dear face, her laughing mouth, her eyes?"

"Doth not her form oft set the nightly scene,
Who bore the witching name of Magdalene?—
Her eyes, more witching, gem'd with love lights rare
Shone star-like in the twilight of her hair—
She wore a woven rose-wreath for a gird,
Canst thou forget?"—He answers now no word.

—Intoxicating spices fill the breeze,
The lofty beech and sighing laurel trees
From root to summit tremble as with love;
Whilst from the sun-kissed tower a mating dove
Entones his song of Spring. Keen passion flowers
Adorn the dell like gladsome bridal bowers.

Then Frei de Sousa feels within him stir
The long-forgotten lure of things that were,
And, fearful that his soul might not endure,
He plucks a lily, white and chastely pure:
"Oh, Queen of flowers, all Solomon's array
Was but to thee as night is to the day!"

But now, upon the spotless lily's breast
A dark bee lights, in feverish, eager quest
To woo its love. Then, wild before his sight,
The mem'ry comes confused of one mad night
Spent out with her, when he, at dawn, stooped low
To kiss the mole upon her breast of snow.

Frei Luiz flees.—The vespers call to prayer:
The low-voiced drone of evening fills the air:
The Satyr, hot, sees Nymphs in choral dance
Slow fade away.—All things are giv'n to chance,
All things save love, the sweet, the fleet, the brave,
That conquers men from cradle to the grave!

TEARS

"Heu! lacrymis infantia lumina turgent."

(FROM THE FRENCH OF CATULLE MENDÉS)

Translated by Roy Temple House

WHEN roses blossomed, years ago,
My heart was filled with childish woe.

It swelled and ached, I knew not why,
When lilac-odors floated by.

The flower-cups were rich and bright
And breathed a bitter-sweet delight.

The pale stars stood above my head,—
I wondered at the tears I shed.

And now, alas! I sorrow yet,
Though suns may rise and suns may set;

By winter, in the frozen showers,
In summer, over the bright flowers,

My salt tears fall and find no pause:
But now—but now I know the cause!

NIGHTFALL

BY WILHELMINA K. BAILEY

TOO soon the Day hath her departure ta'en,
Leaving o'erturned the sky's great urn of blue
Drained of its mystic draught of golden hue.
On her bright lips I see a ruddy stain
That from her Bacchic madness doth remain;
But she, intoxicate, doth never rue
Her raptures, and refreshed with dew
Speeds on, the joy of living to maintain.

Only her laughter hath she left behind,
A trail of glowing joy low in the west;
Warm golden bars hold it enshrined
Above a sea of molten red, caressed
By chastened greens and azure, shot and lined
With purple, veiling all the hills for rest.

Poet Lore

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JEANNE D'ARC AT VAUCOULEURS*

(A Romantic Drama for the stage)

BY WILL HUTCHINS

TO M. C. W.

Author's Apology

TO venture a new treatment of an old theme is always a matter for apology, both in the older sense of the term and in its popular sense. The venture should be supposed to imply either a fresh contribution of subject-matter, or of form of presentation, or both. While there is nothing new in the world, there are endless possible new combinations of old things which may perhaps lay claim to a modest degree of novelty. The present play aspires to no higher claim.

In so far as matter is concerned, there has been from the days of the mystery plays which followed the apotheosis of the Maid of France in popular esteem, a constant output of dramatic literature, great and small, which has essayed the response to the challenge of the most heroic, the most romantic, and the most tragic career of all the centuries which have followed the first. There have been two dramatic motives in the life of Jeanne, whose appeal have been almost universal. The romantic motive has tried to build itself about the peasant girl of Domremy,—a pastoral Jeanne,—sun-steeped in body and rather moon-blanced in spirit. The dramatic element was not lacking at Domremy, it is true, but it was not the drama which a fond imagination presents to fancy. The tragic motive, which finds its invariable climax at the Rouen martyrdom, is nearer to history, but, unfortunately, impossibly removed from the realm of a practical dramatic art, unless, indeed, that art returns to principles of dramatic construction which are at variance with our accepted traditions. Of that, anon.

Between these two extremes of Jeanne's career, with remnants of the

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one and forebodings of the other, there lies the period of her actual achievement. Her ascendant career was full to repletion of drama. The meeting with the Dauphin, the siege of Orleans, the triumphant coronation at Rheims, — all these have been the loadstones of dramatic effort. But they all suffer from a common limitation; they are hopelessly spectacular.

The great lesson of the difference between the drama and the spectacle was learned thoroughly by the only generation of dramatists who ever put the drama onto an unexceptionable plane of moral and artistic dignity,— the Attic tragic poets. The same lesson was unlearned equally well by the poets of the English Renaissance. To this false tradition we are native, and it is small wonder that the great public, that looming monster of unthinkable proportions and terrible mien, prefers the acrobat to the tragedian, for the spacious days of great Elizabeth have bequeathed to us a perfect Pandora box of excursions and alarms, but only one Hamlet.

If we would avoid, then, the apocalyptic Jeanne, we must focus on her at some other point. We must remember that she must still be regarded as quite human, even if she typifies, as she does, the race of supermen. Above all, she must be personal, and her personality must be so set that the setting shall not obscure the gem. At Vaucouleurs Jeanne was still the peasant girl. The home ties were still real. Her career was still before her. And yet, in her conquest of Robert de Baudricourt and Jean de Metz, she not only gave promise of the conquest of Charles VII and the French army, — she achieved an equal victory. The difference is hardly one of degree, even. Vaucouleurs, for the dramatist, is not only the epitome of France: it is France. But, considering Vaucouleurs as the epitome of France, we are acting in harmony with a sound principle of art. For the drama is the epitome of life and history, not — emphatically not — its mirror.

Another aspect of Jeanne as dramatic material recalls again the Attic tragedy; for, almost literally, her story has no love motive. She was no ascetic; she was healthy and sane, physically and mentally. Her abnormalities were her most prominent feature; yes, but they were an excess of sanity, not a lack of it. Her heart was set on service, and in order to serve she gladly took every means of insuring a maximum efficiency. Now, the love motive is the all but *sine qua non* of the Renaissance and modern drama. Without going into the musty atmosphere of academic theories on the subject, it is safe to say that the Greek drama includes a complete latitude of precedent in the matter. Antigone and Phedra are the extremes beyond which no one could or would go, and Antigone was more in love than Jeanne ever was. The contention which Aristophanes framed so cleverly for Æschylus could have found no more perfect embodiment in specific application

than Jeanne as a tragic heroine. Can a play which reverts to the sterner principles of the older drama be written sympathetically in our day? Two of the most notable plays of the present justify an emphatic affirmative. Mr. William Vaughn Moody's *The Faith Healer* is an excellent and signal example of a play, strictly contemporary in manner and theme, in which the love motive is reduced to a minimum of quantity and raised to a great dignity of reserve in quality. *The Servant in the House*, by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, perhaps the most hopeful shoot on all the dry branch of the English drama, is an even more convincing triumph of the possibilities of a subject-matter which does not include the conventional motive in any of its essential aspects. That both of these plays are signal examples of the return to Greek principles of composition is significant.

So matter brings us to form once more. Every attempt to found a dramatic practice on formulæ or dogmas is, of course, foredoomed to failure. "Greek form," the formulæ of mechanism, for the most part external, has filled the centuries with the dry bones of those who drank at the source, but not deep enough. On the other hand, who shall number the victims of the Juggernaut we call the stage, whose insatiable demand for playwrights always postulates an apprenticeship in the school of vicious practice as a guarantee of stage craft? Meanwhile the greatest modern technician of the drama was graduated from a country store in an obscure corner of Europe. There are eternal and valid principles in the drama, and they can be induced and applied, and even formulated, provided always that the currents of life are allowed to flow in channels which at least simulate nature. Every serious attempt will have at least the fruition of a good conscience, if only those channels are kept open.

The debated formulæ of unity are a case in point. It is no fetish of tradition which brings back ever and again the Greek law of unity in time and place. Rather, it is the very reverse. Unity is only another name for organic coherence and vitality, and has its sure reward in a cumulative power which is unmistakable. The winter sun will not melt ice at mid-day, however clear and bright it may be. But focus it with even an imperfect lens, and you have a conflagration. Again, the drama is a lens and not a mirror.

Action, then, may be justly and legitimately adapted from history without violence to the inner truth of detached facts. In order to conserve the principle of continuity of action, which is the unity of time, it is worth while to condense and focus the significant fragments of circumstantial actuality. To present the drama of history is not, and cannot be, the function of the historian; nor is it the function of the dramatist to perpetuate the irrelevant facts of history.

As for the unity of place, well, there is another problem in the incalculable. The 'practical' manager gambles — there is no other word for it — in acres of painted 'effects,' while the drama shivers without. They do those things better — not, this time, in France — in the simple outdoor theater below the Acropolis, in plain sight of all that is most sacred to the city. There the management can afford a little luxury,—solid marble, say, and a setting which is actually real(!). Because the gambling is eliminated, to make room for an actual and fair competition in the drama, there can be practical management.

Robert de Baudricourt was, in 1429, well on in the height of his career as a big man in a small place. Twice married, to his great financial advantage, he was enabled to realize the position of command to which his gifts entitled him. He is a refreshing figure in the story of the times, for he has neither the weakness nor the treachery which had brought France to her then deplorable state.

Jean de Metz was twenty-seven or thirty,—a hale and hearty soldier whose one distinction hitherto, aside from his prowess in arms, had been his proficiency in verbiage,—for he had, on one occasion, been fined two sols(!) for profanity.

Jean's friend and companion, Bertrand de Poulangy, was about thirty-five. He seems to have been of a contemplative turn of mind, not altogether in keeping with his profession of arms. Both Jean and Bertrand were men of some birth and position, although both were serving in humble capacities in the garrison at Vaucouleurs. Bertrand had known Jeanne and her family at Domremy.

Durand Lassois was the husband of an older cousin of Jeanne's. He was a small farmer or herdsman of Petit Burey, a small hamlet between Domremy and Vaucouleurs. He was enough older than Jeanne to explain her calling him familiarly 'uncle.'

Jeanne herself was, at this time, about seventeen years old. She was, to all appearances, a robust country girl, well grown, tall and strong. She had practiced no ascetic disciplines beyond her simple vow of chastity,—to hold during the period of her unique service. Her manner was frank without being forward. She wore a simple peasant's dress of red, with no other adornment, perhaps, than a heavy gold ring inscribed JESUS MARIA, given her by her parents as a charm. At the time of her first audience with the Dauphin, she wore a black doublet, a gray tunic, a black cap, boy's breeches, or long hose, and hair cut short. She must have left Vaucouleurs in just that costume.

*'Elle est plaisante en faits et dits,
Belle et blanche comme la rose.'*

SCENE: *Interior of the cottage of HENRI and CATHERINE LE ROYER at Vaucouleurs, a small fortified town in the valley of the Meuse, not far from Domremy.*

TIME: *Afternoon of February 23, 1429.*

PERSONS

ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, Captain of Vaucouleurs.

JEAN FOURNIER, Curé of Vaucouleurs.

JEAN DE METZ, BERTRAND DE POULANGY, men-at-arms.

DURAND LASOIS, kinsman to Jeanne.

HENRI LE ROYER, a burgher.

CATHERINE LE ROYER, his wife.

A little maidservant,

and

JEANNE D'ARC.

SCENE I. DARKNESS

The curtain discloses a room of simple comfort. On the right is a large open fireplace, hooded and capacious. On the left is a door leading to an inner room. Directly in the center of the rear of the stage is a door leading to the street. The one conspicuous object in the room is the Crucifix which hangs on the rear wall. The furniture is simple and substantial, and most of it appears to be of home manufacture. A suggestion of wood-carving here and there is the only attempt in decoration, for the room is that of people who have not yet fallen a prey to extraneous ornament.

CATHERINE LE ROYER is at work spinning. The little maid is brushing the hearth with a coarse birch broom. CATHERINE hums a hymn as she works. At length the maid speaks with some little hesitation.

Maid.—Mistress,—

Catherine.—Well, now what is it?

Maid.—You're so kind,—

You will not chide me for an idle thought?

Catherine.—An idle thought?

Maid.—Well, not so idle, neither;

My hands were busy, and I thought of work.

Catherine.—You thought of work?

Maid.—Yes, of all kinds of work.

You always work; you spin and sew and bake,
 While Master brings the corn and feeds the calves,
 Builds great stone walls about the town, and talks
 Of many things. Good Father Jean says Mass
 And cheers the sick folk. 'Sieur Robert,— even he
 Is ever busied with the garrison
 And paces night and day his battlements
 Like a great watch-hound.

Catherine.— We have need of him.

Maid.— Even I can wash the plates and clear the hearth,
 And I can spin,— and I can make good bread.
 I am not idle.

Catherine.— You're a chatterbox.

Maid.— But, Mistress, I — I — wonder of these folk
 Who stay with us. Have they no work to do?

Catherine.— Jeanne spins. I would that you spun half so well.

Maid.— Yes,— but she sits again, and never moves
 A finger,— just as if asleep,— but still
 Her eyes are open wide,— they're wide as day.
 And Master Lassois, too, has he no work?
 Has he no cows to milk, no little ones
 To keep?

Catherine.— Hush, child! You must not judge your elders.

Maid.— I know, they pray much at the church. That's good.

Catherine.— Yes, good. For they have need of prayer; and you
 And I no less. For there are greater works
 Than these you see, child. France is to be saved.
 Who knows but you, one day,— a woman then,—
 Shall say: 'I too helped—for I served Jeanne d'Arc'?

Maid.— To save France? I? But Master says she's foolish.
 'A foolish girl,' he said this very morning.

Catherine.— I've told you not to question Master's word.
 (*A heavy step is heard outside.*)

And here, methinks, he is.

(HENRI LE ROYER enters with a bundle of faggots which he deposits in a corner of the hearth. CATHERINE motions to the maid, who goes to the inner room, but turns with an inquiring look at the door.)

Catherine.— Safe home, good man?

Henri.— (*Throwing back his head and shoulders, nods.*)

A curse on all Burgundian swine, I say!

There's scarce a splinter left in the whole valley!
Four-legged swine root up the acorns, aye.
But these would root the oak trees of Lorraine,
If they had time. Oh, they are not content
With burning villages, and murdering men,
And raping women; they are swine indeed!
They glut their bellies to the smallest kernel:
They've burnt our woodpiles.

Catherine.— But the town⁷ was saved.

Henri.— Oh, yes, the town was saved. We beat 'em off!
Robert de Baudricourt can ring their snouts!

Catherine.— We thank God for the comfort that is left.
Think of our neighbors of Domremy. They
Had not a single roof to shelter them.

Henri.— They saved some cattle, though. But who can tell
Where the next blow will fall? Our walls are strong,
We've bread and water. But who knows the end?
England and Burgundy have more of both.
Orleans has found that out ere now.

Catherine.— The King,—
Has any messenger come through to-day?

Henri.— No, nor will any come.

Catherine.— Does he forget us?
Few towns are true to him as Vaucouleurs.

Henri.— Aye, true to the King! A noble King!
A sickly boy, too old for childish weakness,
Nor yet half grown a man,— nor ever will be!
What help can France rely upon from him?
A marriage bond with that Scotch baby! Aye,
A noble stroke! That will beat back the hordes
Of wolves that batten on us, will it not?
About the same time this demented girl
Shall crown the King at Rheims,— and not before!
(*He paces the room nervously.*)

Catherine.— Henri, she has such faith; she is so sure!
Only two hours ago St. Michael came —
Would I could see him!— but he came, she swore it,—
And promised that the King — ere mi-carême
Should welcome her,— that he should surely take
The crown from her at Rheims,— that Orleans

Should be delivered. Could you have been here,—
 Could you have seen the light but in her eyes! —
 It seemed I almost heard the voices, too.
 Henri,—

Henri.— Catherine,— oh, you will not hear me!
 Your head is turned like hers. The others say,—
 I do not say it, mind you, but they say,—

Catherine.— Who?

Henri.— You know that — everybody says it,—
 They say the same thing,— say she has a devil,—
 She is the devil. Can they all be wrong?

Catherine.— More wrong than she can be! She has lived here
 As one of us; we know her as she is.
 We know her pure.

Henri.— And simple.

Catherine.— Does she not
 Confess each morning, take the blessed Lord,
 And cling to Mary's altar? Oh, they're wrong!

Henri.— But my Catherine, will that alone suffice
 To prove her claim? The greatest kings and lords,—
 Captains and wise men,— they have done these things.
 Do they beat England back? For all we know
 Bedford himself receives the Sacrament
 As much as she, or any one in France.
 Have not the English priests as well as we?
 And Burgundy? Hell take them! What of that? —
 Will you put faith in dreams?

Catherine.— I put my faith
 In God's appointed means —

Henri.— And you do well!
 For God's appointed means to beat the English
 Are men, good fighting men! If I were there
 Or men like me! Robert de Baudricourt,—
 A general like him! Such men as we!
 Their Agincourt should run once more with blood,—
 Their own, this time! Till then — till then —

Catherine.— Henri,
 Jeanne is with 'Sieur Robert even at this moment!

Henri.— Jeanne is with 'Sieur Robert? Jeanne is with him?

Catherine.— Aye, 'twas the vision bade her go. She went.

Henri.— Jeanne gone to 'Sieur Robert ? What, to the Castle ?

Catherine.— Aye, to the Castle. Friend Durand went with her.

Henri.— Ah, Friend Durand ! Time was he was a man,

A herder of good cattle and a man.

Now he too follows visions. Who will tend

His cattle now ?

Catherine.— Who will save France ?

Henri.— Not he !

Nor any like him ! She has turned his head

And made a fool of him. Take care that you ——

Catherine.— You know just how he comes to follow her.

Oh, he pretends to bring her, but he follows.

She nursed his wife at childbirth, and he says

Strength flowed from her, strange power as from God.

Henri.— Aye, so he says. And still I say, Catherine,

'Tis one thing even so to raise from travail

A herdsman's wife: 'tis quite another thing

To raise the siege at Orleans. Baudricourt

Will be much moved by nursing !

Catherine.—

She will not

Advance that argument with him. 'Twill be

The visions. She must make him credit them.

Henri.— Which he will never do,— I tell you, never !

Nay, nay, the Captain is no man of visions.

His visions come on thundering hooves, in iron,

All iron, flame, and sword; they grip cold steel

To make it hot with blows till blood shall cool it.

His voices shriek like fiends in hell. D' you think

That he will listen to Jeanne's baby dreams ?

I'll call them baby dreams, if nothing worse.

Durand was a fool to take her to the castle.

He'll get himself distrusted, and the girl

Will be the worse for it. Lucky for her

If she escape the witches' dungeon. Nay,

I know the Captain.

Catherine.—

We cannot forsake her.

Henri.— Think you we can afford to brave the wrath

Of Baudricourt ? Come, have you thought of that ?

Catherine.— It may not come to that; you cannot tell.

She may have won him over.

Henri.— Won him over?
 Aye, and he may have thrown her from the gates.
 Women enough, he'll say, have marred the fate
 Of France already; should a peasant girl,
 A sotted peasant girl, from Lord-knows-where,
 Be added to the list? He has one use
 For women: let them help in the defense:—
 Wealth to be spent in walling Vaucouleurs:
 That's the demand he makes. Money, not dreams,
 And sturdy fighting sons, not angel voices!
 He'll ask her for men children!

Catherine.— If he does,
 The poor child will be broken-hearted.

Henri.— Aye,
 Perhaps she will. And what of that? Is she
 Exempt from human ills? Let her go home,
 Where she belongs. Why should we be disturbed
 By her?

Catherine.— Are you disturbed?

Henri.— I am not — yet.

(*A pause.*)

Well, they can hardly stay the afternoon.
 Soon we shall see.

Catherine.— Aye, we shall see indeed.

(*CATHERINE turns to her spinning again. Henri sits dejectedly before the fire. She hums cheerfully. He rises, turns the hourglass, and sits again. At length a slow step is heard outside. CATHERINE stops her wheel. HENRI raises his head. DURAND LASSOIS opens the door and enters, slowly, with eyes downcast. CATHERINE rises to meet him. He raises his hand and shakes his head.*)

Catherine.— Alone? And where is Jeanne?

Durand.— Oh, Jeanne is — safe.
 She's praying at the church. Poor girl, she needs it!

Catherine.— The 'Sieur de Baudricourt, and did he —?

Durand.— Nay
 I'll tell it all; there's little enough to tell.

Henri.— Quite so! The Captain was not moved with dreams.
 I thought as much.

Catherine.— Nay, Henri, hear the tale.
 Come, friend Durand!

(DURAND sits wearily on the low stool which she places before the fire.
HENRI sits down at left front.)

Catherine.—

How went the interview?

Durand.— Well, 'twas this way. Jeanne would go, first of all,
To pray. So first we turned us to the church,
And prayed at Mary's altar. Oh, it seemed
That Jeanne herself was like a burning candle,
A precious candle, tall and fair, of wax,—
Burning in one consuming flame. The light
Was in her eyes; they burned like evening stars,
The low-hung stars of seedtime, when the night
Longs for the day. Then, with no word, she turned
And left the place. We climbed the crooked street
Up to the castle gate. She saw no man,
Nor any passing thing. Nay,— once she turned,
Looked in my eyes, smiled, pressed my hand,— then on
She flew, more flew than walked, for all the steepness.
The outer guard were swarming at the gate.
As we drew near they stirred themselves. One called:
'Ho, 'tis the devil-maiden!' Then they laughed
And asked us what we would. I also heard
Things which I will not tell.

Catherine.—

Did Jeanne take note?

Durand.— No whit. It was as if she had not heard.

Well, as I asked for Baudricourt, out came
Young Bertrand de Poulangy, stilled their jeers,
And asked our errand. Could we see the captain?
Aye, surely. So he led us straightway in,
Up through the rock-hewn walls, past men-at-arms,
Up to the great hall. There the captain stood.

Catherine.— Alone?

Durand.—

Bertrand was there. I saw none other.

'My Captain,' said he, 'here is come Lassois,
Lassois of Petit Burey. He brings to you
The daughter of Jacques d'Arc, dean of Domremy,
Jacques d'Arc who came to you two years ago
About the payment of protection fees
Secured by Poignant to the Damoiseau.'
'Aye,' said the Captain, 'aye, a solid man.
Why sends he here the girl? He has strong sons

JEANNE D'ARC AT VAUCOULEURS

To come for him.' 'Nay, my Lord Baudricourt,'
 Said I, 'He sends her not. I bring her here
 To plead a cause with you.' Then he broke in:
 'A cause with me? I am no parish priest.
 Men plead with me; not girls. Has any one
 Of my watch dogs, these lusty brutes of mine,
 Been slipping leash? Come you for that? They know
 I keep them to protect the land, not spoil it.
 Your cause, girl, come!'

Then Jeanne stepped forth, one step,
 One single step, raised both her hands to him,
 And told her errand: — how the voices came,
 How France was to be saved, how the poor King
 Was to be crowned by her, how she must go
 To him at once,— Chinon must first be reached,—
 She must have convoy thither.

Catherine.— Told she this
 With stammering? Was she afraid? Say!

Durand.— Nay!
 Her words came like the ripened fruit which yields
 To the first touch.

Henri.— And Baudricourt, the while?

Durand.— The calm before the storm. Stock still he stood,
 Arms folded, his great eyebrows knit and gnarled,
 His iron jaw set like a wolf-trap sprung,—
 Till she demanded convoy,— then, ah then,
 The storm broke.

Catherine.— He abused her?

Durand.— All at once
 Her voice was drowned in his great grinding words:
 'Silence, you sotted girl! Think you the King,
 The King, nay think you I, his loyal vassal,
 Will risk France,— what is left of her,— to you?
 You're mad, stark mad!' Turning to me, 'Lassois,
 Give her a good sound beating! Do you hear?
 Cudgels are good for demons such as these.
 No use to waste exorcisms on her!
 To-morrow, take her to her father's house!
 And now, begone!

Catherine.— And Jeanne, what did she then ?

Henri.— What could she do ?

Durand.— Like an affrighted bird

Whose song is broken by the thunder, Jeanne
Swayed to the storm a minute, drooped her head,
Trembled, upraised her hands to him again,
Dropped them, and clung to me. . . .

So out we came,
Crushed, where in faith we entered. Once again
The jeers hissed out, and once again Bertrand
Brought silence with a word; but Jeanne heard not.
Her eyes were tear dimmed and her ears still rang
With that great clang of doom. So, down we came,
Down to the church. Her stumbling feet, she said,
Could go no further; I must leave her there,
And come to you.

Catherine.— Why, I must go to her!

(*She throws a cloak about her shoulders. HENRI springs up.*)

Henri.— You'll not, I trust, forget the Captain's words!

Remember, Durand, he is commander here.

Durand.— You think I'll beat her ? (*He smiles sadly.*)

Henri.— You must take her home!

Catherine.— Henri, that is to-morrow. Who can tell ?

Henri.— I can, for one! We will not mutiny

Against the Captain!

Catherine.— But the will of God ?

(*She opens the door to go out, but starts back at the sight of JEANNE about to enter. JEANNE crosses the threshold with infinite weariness. CATHERINE takes her in her arms, kisses her, removes her cloak, and helps her to a seat.*)

Catherine.— Come, dear, and rest yourself.

(*She kneels beside JEANNE, caressing her in motherly fashion. JEANNE seems not unconscious of her love, but is quite oblivious of everything else about. After a pause HENRI starts somewhat awkwardly, seeking an escape from the immediate situation.*)

Henri.— Well, there is work

For sober men to do.

Durand.— Can I help you ?

Henri.— Come, if you will.

(*HENRI goes out with more ostentation than is necessary. DURAND starts to follow, but turns first to CATHERINE.*)

Durand.—

You,— you can comfort her.

I have no words.

(*He follows HENRI, closing the door very softly after himself. CATHERINE turns to JEANNE, who at length smiles sadly at her and responds to her caress.*)

Jeanne.—

He told you?

Catherine.—

Everything.

Now, dear, we are alone, and you can rest.

(*A pause.*)

Jeanne.— I hope good Uncle Durand may not reap

More bitter fruits from this. He's been so kind!

Catherine.— The good man has no thought but for your mission.

No one will harm him.

Jeanne.—

He was told to beat me.

Catherine, must I go home?

Catherine.—

Nay, who can tell?

Surely our Lord will not desert you here,—

Here at the hour of promise.

Jeanne.—

'Twas a promise!

The promise that ere mi-carême I should

Be with the Dauphin at Chinon,— that I

Should crown him King at Rheims. Tell me, Catherine,

You do not doubt it?

Catherine.—

Doubt it? Nay, my Jeanne!

It is the promise of the living God!

Jeanne.— It is the prophecy to us foretold:

'France, by a woman ruined, shall be saved

By a virgin from the marches of Lorraine.'

A virgin from Lorraine,— 'tis I; 'tis I!

I am the one foretold! Have they not told me,—

The angel ministers of God,— sworn it to be? —

And now,— and now,—

Catherine.—

Nay, Jeanne, we cannot see

The ways of God. His blessed saints are not

The ministers of Baudricourt.

Jeanne.—

They will—

They must support me! — How I love you, dear!

You are so good to me,— the only friend

Whose faith is kin to mine.

Catherine.—

I am your friend.

There, dear, now rest you. We must wait for God.

Jeanne.— Wait, while the Dauphin yields before the storm
Of Englishmen? Rest? Rest? I cannot rest!
I cannot rest; I must set off to him!
Nay, dearest, let me go! I'll go on foot,—
I'll beat my way to him!

Catherine.— Nay, nay, Jeanne,— wait!

Jeanne.— 'Tis my commission! God has given me
The banner of Lord Christ and of His France!
To-morrow Baudricourt will force me back,—
Back to Domremy! There I will not go!
I cannot turn back now, Catherine! I cannot!
I must not!— God will keep me! Let me go!
St. Michael will attend me. He is strong,—
Stronger than Baudricourt! Nay, let me go!
It is God's will!

Catherine.— I cannot let you go.
God will provide a way. He will! He will!
Wait for the clearer vision.

Jeanne.— My Catherine,
You will not let me be forced back? You promise?
You'll help me?

Catherine.— In the name of God, I will!
Now rest you, dear. Sit still. Sit still awhile,
Till God's high saints shall make the vision clear.
Rest,— rest awhile.

(A pause. JEANNE is silent but not quieted. CATHERINE strokes her hair tenderly. At length JEANNE relaxes into a quieter tone.)

Jeanne.— Catherine, I trust in you.
You know I had a sister once, Catherine —
Like you. You're more than any sister,— more;
You are the mother of my soul. Catherine,
You know I'm sure the Blessed Queen of Heaven,
Mary, the Mother of Lord Christ, loves you.
She must love you! She was a mother, too.

Catherine.— I never had a child.

Jeanne.— My own poor mother,—
She has opposed me bitterly; each step
She fought my mission. To return to her?
Oh, but I cannot!

Catherine.— Dear, you shall go on!

Jeanne.— My father was against me. They conspired
To force me into marriage. Oh, you know.
I've told you all the story.

Catherine.— Yes, I know.
You must forget all that.

Jeanne.— Aye,— so I must.
Now I have you, the mother of my soul.

Catherine.— I am your friend; so are the saints of God.
Surely you can abide the promised time.
Now you must rest.

(A pause. JEANNE grows perceptibly more quiet. The maid peeps in cautiously at the inner door, and advances timidly. CATHERINE does not forbid her, and she comes close to JEANNE, who does not see her at first, but, on seeing her, smiles wearily and holds out a hand to her.)

Catherine.— I'm going to leave you here,
Just for a little, while I do an errand.

Jeanne.— And may I not go with you?

Catherine.— Better not.
'Tis but a nearby call. I'm only going
To comfort Mother Isabelle.

Jeanne.— How good
You are! You're good to every one!

Maid.— May I
Go with you?

Catherine.— Nay, you must stay here awhile,
And talk to Jeanne.

Maid.— What shall I say to her?

Jeanne.— You'll tell me all that you have done to-day.

Catherine.— Then, you may put some fresh loaves in a basket,
And take them to your mother. She must see
What bread you make.

Jeanne.— Such good bread, is it not!

Maid.— I'm glad you like it. I have only learned.

Can you make bread?

Catherine.— Now be good, both of you!

I'll not be long. *(She goes out.)*

Jeanne (dreamily).— What was your question, child?

Maid.— I asked if you could make bread. Can you?

Jeanne.—

Aye,

I can make bread.

Maid.— And do you like to make it?

Jeanne.— I'd liefer spin,— or — do — some — other — thing.

Maid.— What — other thing?

Jeanne.— Something I have to do.

Tell me, who is this Mother Isabelle?

Maid.— A poor old woman. What makes you ask that?

Jeanne.— 'Tis my own mother's name.

Maid.— Your mother's name?

What is your mother like?

Jeanne.— Oh, she — is like —

Like — many other mothers. She's not willing

To have her children leave her.

Maid.— Do they leave her?

My mother likes to have me live up here,

There are so many of us. But I go

To see her every day.

Jeanne.— Yes, that is right.

Maid.— When did you see your mother? Is it long

Since you have seen her?

Jeanne.— Aye, 'tis very long.

Maid.— And will you see her soon? When you go home

You'll see her, will you not?

Jeanne.— When — I — go — home?

Yes, child,— when — I — go —home. When — I — go —
home —

Maid.— When are you going home?

Jeanne.— Child, I don't know.

Maid.— Will you stay here? I like to have you here.

And mistress loves you, too,— and you love her.

Jeanne.— Aye, so I do. You must be good to her!

Child, do you hear? You must be good to her!

She is the very best friend in the world.

Maid.— You don't think she is better than a mother?

Jeanne.— Nay,— child,— I — don't —

Maid.— Have you a little sister?

Jeanne.— I had one. You must be a sister to me.

Maid.— A sister? I? And may I call you Jeanne?

Jeanne.— Yes, dear. Now run along!

Maid.— You'll not be lonesome?

Jeanne.— No. I must think.

Maid.— What must you think about?

(*She goes to JEANNE and throws her arms about her neck.*)

Jeanne, will you tell me? I heard mistress say

That you would save France. Jeanne, how can you do it?

Will you go fight with men?

Jeanne.— Aye, child, I will,

Maid.— How can you do it? Won't you be afraid?

Jeanne.— I don't think so.

Maid.— And will you see the King?

The King, in robes,— a gold crown on his head,—

And all the court,— see the fine ladies there.

Great ladies, all in silk? Will it be gay?

Will it be like a wedding at the castle?

Will it be like a wedding every day?

Will they be glad to see you? Tell me, Jeanne!

Jeanne.— I — do — not — know. But you must run along.

(*The little maid goes reluctantly, gets a basket, puts a fair clean cloth in it very neatly, and carefully puts in two loaves of fresh bread. Then she puts on a cape with a hood and takes the basket in her hand, but puts it down again and comes wistfully back to JEANNE and puts her arms about her. JEANNE returns the caress and kisses her.*)

Jeanne.— Good little sister mine!

Maid.—

Good bye, dear Jeanne!

Jeanne.— Good bye!

(*The child goes out very gravely, turning in the door to look wonderingly at JEANNE, who is already lost in brooding. A pause. JEANNE continues to stare fixedly into space. She cannot relax. She moves nervously, then holds herself rigid by an act of will. At length she breaks out:*)

I cannot rest! I cannot rest!

How can I rest? It is the will of God!

I must go on! I cannot disobey!

A virgin from the marches of Lorraine

A virgin from the marches of Lorraine —

I am that virgin:— it is prophesied!

God's blessed saints have given me their seal!

I am that virgin! —

God will not desert me!

(She rises with a hunted look.)

I must escape to-night!— Uncle Durand
To-morrow will be forced to take me back, —
Back to Domremy. There I will not go!
I can steal out alone. They must not see me. —
It will be dark. No one will see me go. —
I cannot wait.

(Dreamily.) Ere mi-carême the Dauphin
Shall welcome me as his deliverer.
He shall be crowned by me — by me — at Rheims —
Ere mi-carême,— there is no time to lose!
Orleans must be delivered! Orleans —
The city is sore pressed. Ten days ago
Seigneur d'Orval and that Scotch constable
Were beaten at Rouvray,— were overthrown —
There is no help. Orleans cannot be saved
Till God shall bring me there.

Aye, so he said,
Blessed St. Michael, God's high warrior,—
His very words,— till God shall bring me there.

It is so far! . . . The Dauphin at Chinon
Awaits me — 'waits me.— I must reach Chinon!
I'll find my way. St. Michael will attend me.
God will not let me lose my way.

Chinon—

(Staring abstractly before her, she looks about the room, seeing nothing until her gaze falls on the Crucifix. Fascinated, she goes towards it, falls on her knees, and is lost in passionate prayer.)

Slow Curtain

SCENE II

DAWN

(The curtain discloses JEANNE, who has been kneeling in an agony of prayer, sunken, exhausted under the Crucifix, with head bowed almost to the floor, and tightly clasped hands extended before her. After a time a violent battering resounds from the outer door, and the voice of JEAN DE METZ thunders:

Jean.— Henri! Henri! le Royer! Hey! where are you?

Come, open! What the devil do you mean?

(*JEAN pushes open the door and bursts like a thunder bolt into the room, without seeing JEANNE, who is roused by the violence of his entrance.*)

Jean.— Henri le Royer! Where the devil are you?

God's Blood! You'll pay for this when Baudricourt —

(*JEANNE is just rising in evident alarm as JEAN perceives her.*)

Ho! 'Tis the devil maiden! By the Rood!

And all alone! . . . Alone! . . . See here, you witch,

Tell me; where's old le Royer?

Jeanne.— I don't know.

Jean.— You don't know, hey? I'll be damned if you don't!

Come now! I'm not afraid of you! You hear?

I'm not afraid of you!

Jeanne.— Why should you be

Afraid of me?

Jean (*tapping his bosom*).— I've got a little charm

To turn your cursed spells. You understand?

You'd best behave yourself! Come now, ma mie,—

Just be a pleasant girl!

(*He advances towards her too familiarly. She simply raises her hand and he steps back, involuntarily crossing himself.*)

Jeanne.— Then keep your place!

Jean.— God! What a virtuous witch!

Jeanne.— What would you here?

Master Henri's gone out.

Jean.— Oh, never mind!

You'll find out soon enough when Baudricourt

Has finished dealing with you.

Jeanne.— Baudricourt?—

Jean.— Aye, Baudricourt. The Captain understands
Women like you. . . . But you're a pretty wench:

I'll say that for you; you're a pretty wench. . . .

See here, ma mie! You make it worth my while

To interest myself in you,— and then

Maybe I'll ask the Captain to extend

Your welcome for a day or two. Come now,

What do you say to that?

Jeanne.— What do you mean?

Jean.— He's my commander in the garrison;

But sometimes he confers upon himself
 The dignity of calling me his friend.
 You understand? Well, if his friend demands,—
 Demands? — Well, if his friend politely begs
 Consideration for another —friend,—
 Perhaps he may consider. Eh?

Jeanne.— You mean —

Jean.— Come, come, ma mie! You surely cannot mean
 That you expect the Captain to receive
 Young women who desert their father's house,
 And ask for convoy, military convoy,
 To guard them to the King! Do you suppose
 We keep a garrison for things like that?
 Of course you don't. I say, don't look so frightened!
 I'm harmless; I'm not going to denounce you; no.
 I merely want to make you understand
 That I can help you,— if you use me right.

Jeanne.— What do you want?

Jean.— I want you to be pleasant.
 Come, come, look here, ma mie! Why can't you smile?
 Just smile, at least, and be a pretty girl?

(He advances towards her, and tries to embrace her. She is forced back to the wall, but evades him, and then faces him.)

Jeanne.— Will you begone! You come here to insult me!
 Go!

(Jean staggers back in some embarrassment.)

Jean.— You mean that? You know what Baudricourt.—

Jeanne.— I know. Now leave me!

(JEAN looks at her in amazement. She stands with head erect and eyes flashing. He attempts to cover his retreat.)

Jean.— If you will be foolish—

(He backs to the door, but, being by nature both a fighter and a gentleman, however overlaid with grime, he cannot bring himself to making a coward's exit.)

I say,— I did not come here — to insult you. . . .

I have — misjudged — you.

Jeanne.— And you call yourself

A soldier! And the armies of our France
 Are filled,— nay, they are led by men like you!
 You, who attack defenseless girls, and then,

When God gives them the courage to oppose,
You lightly take your leave! Think you that so
You make amends? . . . Come, answer me!

Jean (after a pause, bewildered).— I did —

I did not know — that you — that you —

Jeanne.—

That I

Would dare oppose you. Mean you that? Come, say! —

'Tis what you mean, but you dare not admit

So cowardly a truth about yourself.

And France must look to men like you!

(She stands immovable and withers him with a gaze of terrible scorn. He is visibly moved to repentance, for he knows himself guilty of the specific charge brought against him. He has enough on his conscience, besides, to make his repentance urgent. His new tone has no reserve of self-esteem.)

Jean.—

Indeed,—

Indeed,— I wronged you,— wronged you bitterly;

And I would supplicate your pardon for it.

I have debased my office and myself.

I pray your pardon.

Jeanne.—

Do you mean those words?

Jean.— Aye, damoiselle, I do.

Jeanne.—

'Tis granted you.

(A pause. JEANNE waits for JEAN to go, but he lingers with considerable embarrassment, casting about in his mind for some scheme of further reparation.)

Jean.— The Captain is my friend. So much is true

Of my unbridled words. I will demand

Another hearing for you if you wish.

I can do that. I do not understand

What you desire of him, or why you urge

A mission with the King, but ne'er the less

I will go plead your cause.

Jeanne.—

It will be vain.

He has repulsed me once already. I —

I have no words for him other than those

Which he has heard. I thank you, though. Mayhap

You may yet serve me. But for now, farewell.

Jean.— Nay, damoiselle, what is your mission here?

Will you admit me, who affronted you,—

Admit me to your confidence? I am

A man of brawls and battles, born and bred
In camps and fortresses. Yourself have seen
I am unmannered,— worse than that. I am
Scarce better than the mongrel curs that snarl
For gutter prizes.

Jeanne.— You — would ask of me
A confidence? Your shame ennobles you!
There is a light in you beyond the dull
Uncertain glimmering of the gutter souls.—

Jean.— For that you may confide in me.

Jeanne.— I dare
Confide in you.

Jean.— I am a man unlearned
In mysteries of faith. My boyhood time
Would brook no priestly teaching. I have turned
What sacred words I know to blasphemy. . . .
I have a friend who understands these things: —
Bertrand, who will be 'Sieur de Poulangy.
Now he might understand.

Jeanne.— But he has known
My errand from the first, and understood
No word of it.

Jean.— But he converses of it
To all the priests in all the country round.
I tell you he is keen to ferret out
The flaws in priestly blades!

Jeanne.— What says he then
Of me?

Jean.— I have no words. I speed a bolt
Straight to the mark. My good blade finds the crevice
In my foe's armour. But I have no words.
The battle of the yea and nay and wherefore
Discomfits me.

Jeanne.— But you have heard him say
Something of me. What was it?

Jean.— Once to-day
I have affronted you. I would not twice
Offend you.

Jeanne.— Nay, what says he? The offense,
If such there be, is his, not yours. Come, say!

Jean.— He says,— he says,— that you are much misled —
 Misled by fiends of hell. He says that you
 Will find your own destruction. Furthermore,
 He says that every wise priest in the valley
 Is of the same opinion. I am sure
 That he misjudges you. But then, I am
 A man untrained in all such things.

Jeanne.— But why
 Do you oppose your little knowledge of me
 To that of learned clerks, and of Bertrand,
 Who, as you say, is wise in priestly things?

Jean.— Nay, nay, I only know that you yourself
 Have made me loathe myself. I know that you,
 Whom I affronted have forgiven me.
 I know that you who dare to brave the wrath
 Of Baudricourt,— who dare to grant to me
 One gracious word,— who dare to open thus
 One little corner of your heart to me,—
 I know that you are not bewitched of devils!
 You are of God!

Jeanne.— Do you believe in me?

Jean.— I do, I swear to you! Nay, nay, how can
 I swear? I have abused all words.

Jeanne.— You will
 Accept my mission? If I tell you all,
 You will believe me, aye, and act with me?
 Will you do so?

Jean.— I will do so!

Jeanne.— Then hear.

Do you know what I want of Baudricourt?

Jean.— Nay, nothing, beyond this, that you have asked
 For convoy to the King. What is your object
 Is much too deep for me. I only know
 That our poor King is walled out from his kingdom,
 And England swallows us in her great maw,
 Till we, men of Lorraine, are all but English.
 You have not come to make us Englishmen?

Jeanne.— Not I! I come to Vaucouleurs because
 It is a loyal town, the only one
 Loyal in all the valley of the Meuse.

I must have convoy to the Dauphin, first ——

Jean.— The Dauphin? What mean you? You mean the King?

Jeanne.— I mean the Dauphin. For he is the Dauphin,
And will be, will he not, till he is crowned,—
Crowned King of Rheims? Our France can own no king
Who is not crowned at Rheims, and there anointed
With holy oil! It is the ancient law!
God has appointed me, I know not why,
To bring the Dauphin from Chinon to Rheims,
And there to crown him King. Ere mi-carême
I must be at Chinon!

Jean.— Ere mi-carême?

'Tis far!

Jeanne.— Aye, but it is the will of God!
And it shall be! Think you that Baudricourt
Can overcome God's will? Help me or not,—
Oppose me if he will, I cannot fail!
I shall be there, even if I have to walk ——
Walk through Burgundian ravagers until
My feet are worn away, worn to my knees!
'Tis I alone must save France,— I alone!
No man in all this world, nor king nor duke,
Nay, nor the daughter of the Scottish King,
Can save France and her King, but only she
Whom God hath chosen for it. Think you I
Have sought this honor for myself? Do girls,—
Do peasant girls, go forth to crown the kings,
And lead the armies of our France? Nay, I
Had liefer far be spinning at my wheel,
Or sewing with my mother in my home,
But that it is God's will that I should go
And do this deed. My Lord has willed it so.

Jean.— Who is your lord?

Jeanne.— My Lord is God most high,
And He alone!

Jean.— Then I, I Jean de Metz,
Swear to you, Maid, that I, God helping me,
Will lead you to the King! When will you go?
(*He puts both hands in hers.*)

Jeanne.— To-day is better than to-morrow! If

JEANNE D'ARC AT VAUCOULEURS

You cannot go to-day, to-morrow will
 Be better than the next day! Only go!
 I have delayed so long! 'Tis now four years
 Since first the saints of God announced to me
 My mission. I have waited. I have dared
 No more than to defer it. Now the time
 Is all fulfilled, and you have come to me!
 St. Michael is a warrior like you.

He must have brought — he has brought you to me!

Jean.— Have you a horse?

Jeanne.— A horse? Not of my own.

And must I have one?

Jeanne.— Aye, of course you must;

And other things as well. I'll see to that.

(A violent knocking is heard at the door. JEANNE and JEAN are both recalled to their immediate positions. JEANNE goes to open and JEAN is taken aback at the entrance of BERTRAND DE POULANGY.)

Bertrand.— Well, sir, have you forgotten everything
 That you were sent for? Where's Henri le Royer?
 I thought the Captain ordered you to bring him
 Up to the castle. I'd have you understand
 The Captain's in a frenzy. He's accustomed
 To seeing people when he sends for them.

Jeanne.— Nay, 'Sieur Bertrand, Master Henri's not here,—
 He's not been here since he went out when I
 First came back from the castle.

Bertrand.— Has it taken
 So long for you to tell Jean that?

Jean.— Look here,
 Bertrand! I have some news for you.

Bertrand.— The Captain
 Will doubtless have some news for you, my Jean.

Jean.— Suppose we drop the Captain for a minute.

Bertrand.— Each minute makes the matter worse.

Jean.— See here,

Bertrand! We will go presently and find
 Henri le Royer, or whomever else
 The Captain may suppose that he desires;
 But first you will allow me to announce
 A matter of some import to you. I

Am going with Jeanne d'Arc to crown the King!

(BERTRAND is visibly staggered. He supposes that he knows JEAN DE METZ. He looks searchingly at JEANNE, but sees nothing which can explain the announcement.)

Bertrand.— You — are going with Jeanne d'Arc — to crown the King?

Jean.— Bertrand, I am. And you are going with us.

Bertrand.— Who told you this?

Jean.—

Who told me?

Jeanne.—

'Sieur Bertrand,

No one has told him, but he has believed

My mission, that is all.

Jean.— Bertrand, you're wrong.

All wrong about this girl. She is of God!

Bertrand.— And what know you of God? Nay, pardon me,

My Jean, but I had not supposed before

That you were moved by such things.

(He looks searchingly at JEANNE again.)

How know you

That she is what you say?

Jean.—

I'm sure of it!

Bertrand.— But how, Jean? That's a woman's reason. How?

Jean.— I'll tell you later.

Jeanne.—

Now go, both of you,

And do your errand.

Jean.—

I must tell the Captain.

Oh, never fear! He is my friend. He'll hear me!

And you, Bertrand, you'll hear me! And you'll go

With us!

Jeanne.— You must make haste! Please go!

(She opens the door for them. BERTRAND goes out. JEAN takes her hand reverently in both his own.)

Jean.— Good by! Keep up your courage! I'll return

With news for you. Bertrand will go with us.

You'll see! Good by!

Jeanne.—

Good by, my friend! Good by!

(JEAN hurries out. JEANNE looks after him a moment, then comes back into the room, her face radiant with hope. She opens wide her arms and lifts her eyes to heaven.)

Jeanne.— Mother, I thank thee! God has heard my prayer!

(She seems almost lost in ecstasy, when the door opens and CATHERINE

rushes breathless into the room. She is terribly frightened at something, and looks wonderingly at JEANNE, who turns and embraces her rapturously. CATHERINE mistakes the cause of JEANNE's embrace.)

Catherine.— Jeanne! Jeanne! What is it? Who was that I saw
Run from the door just now?

Jeanne.— Why, Jean de Metz.

Catherine.— 'Twas what I feared! Jeanne, Jeanne, what did he here?

Jeanne.— What did he here? Why, first he came to serve
A summons from the Captain on your husband.
Master Henri was not here, so he tarried
And had some words with me. Catherine, Catherine,
He will go with me to Chinon!

Catherine.— He? Jean de Metz?

Jeanne.— Aye, he has promised me.

Catherine.— Not Jean de Metz?

Jeanne.— Aye, Jean de Metz!

Catherine.— Dear girl, you do not know him.

Jeanne.— Indeed I know him! He has pledged himself,
His hand in mine, solemnly, before God,
To lead me to the Dauphin. Dear Catherine,
St. Michael brought him here! I know he did!

Catherine.— Dear, Jean de Metz is called the worst blasphemer
In Vaucouleurs. His ribald blasphemies
Once brought him into court. You cannot mean
That you will go with him?

Jeanne.— Of course I will!

Catherine.— It is a trap for you! You must not go!

It is a deep-laid plot against you, dear.

He saw his opportunity to minister

To his own passions. Jeanne, you must not go!

Jeanne.— Catherine, you do not know him. You may know

The Jean de Metz of yesterday,— the man

Who tried just now to tempt me to his ends.

You do not know the Jean who is my friend.

Catherine.— He tried to tempt you?

Jeanne.— Aye,— he called me pretty —

And said,— if I — would make it worth his while

To interest himself in me, he'd beg

Consideration for me from the Captain.

Catherine.— What did you then?

Jeanne.— Why, then I asked his meaning.

I soon found that out; then I turned on him
And scolded him, which seemed to do him good,
For he showed signs of manhood. After that
He asked about my mission. When I told him,—
He was another man, and promised me
Of his own will to go with me.

Catherine.— O Jeanne,

I cannot let you go with him! He will
Betray you! Nay, believe me, dear, he will!

Jeanne.— Catherine, I am not going with the man
You're warning me against. I say he's changed!
Besides, there is to be another.

Catherine.— Who?

Jeanne.— Well, it's Bertrand de Poulangy. Come now,
Does he blaspheme? Will you trust me with him?

Catherine.— Well, he's a little better.

(JEANNE smiles confidently, and takes CATHERINE'S hand in persuasive fashion.)

Jeanne.— My Catherine,

When first I asked for convoy from the Captain,
I scarce had thought of how I was to go.
I saw the court, I saw the King-to-be,
I saw the banners waving high; I heard
The martial trumpets blowing, till the skies
Resounded with God's victory for France.
I did not see the loneliness, the road
Beset with murderers and worse; wild nights
Without a roof to shelter me. I saw
Myself escorted to the glorious end,
And tenderly protected. My Catherine,
These things will never be. I come to see
That such is not God's way. If Baudricourt
Should soften towards me, even then, would he—
Could he — afford to send me guarded so,—
Secure from every ill? He could not do it. . .
God has provided two strong men for me,
Two men who know the way. Could I ask more?
They go with perfect faith in me. Can I
Have less than faith in them? Can you have less?

Believe me, dear, salvation will not come
 To France, till men have faith in God,— in God,
 And in the instruments God raises up
 To do his will.

Catherine.— Dear Jeanne, do you believe
 That these are instruments of God?

Jeanne.— I do.
 What's more, they are the perfect instruments.
 Chinon is many leagues from here. The road
 Is harrassed by marauders. We must travel
 In secrecy. An army would be needed
 To make a convoy safe. We three can steal
 Our way where numbers would invite attack
 And draw destruction. Three will be more swift
 Than thirty or three hundred. Three can fly
 Where more could only crawl. It is God's way!

Catherine.— You're not afraid to trust yourself to them?

Jeanne.— Why should I be? Is not my mission theirs?
 Come, dear, give me your faith as heretofore
 You have done! We shall soon be off. You must
 Stand by me still. I want your woman's love,—
 Perhaps the last that I shall ever know.
 I want to feel your arms supporting me
 As they have done before. Come, dear, have faith!

Catherine.— My Jeanne, your faith begins to kindle mine.
 I do believe in you! You know I do!
 I only thought to guard your womanhood
 From some betrayal. Faith omnipotent
 Must be your shield.

Jeanne.— Faith is omnipotent.
 But I must have your perfect love as well,—
 The love no breath of doubt can dim. Such love
 Is the one price of faith omnipotent,—
 And you must not withhold it.

Catherine.— And I will not!
 I do not doubt you, dear. I never doubted
 You or your mission. But I had not thought
 Of Jean de Metz — as God's appointed means
 To your success.

Jeanne.— You do accept him now?

Catherine.— I do. I must. Your faith compels me to.

Jeanne.— God bless you, dear.

(The two women embrace tenderly, as a final pledge of the union of their faith, although they have been affectionate in action throughout the scene.)

Catherine.— What will your kinsman say?

Jeanne.— What can he say?

(The door is flung wide open with violence, and HENRI projects himself into the room. The sight of JEANNE in CATHERINE'S arms excites him to evident resentment.)

Catherine (low, to JEANNE).— Be careful of your words!

Henri.— Now here's a state of things! The Captain sends

A special messenger for me, and I am summoned

Up to the castle on the instant.

Catherine.— Well?

Henri (looking with unnecessary directness at JEANNE).—

Well, would he summon me unless he had

Some private word for me? Can you surmise

What he intends? The Captain knows right well

On whom he can rely. He knows!

(HENRI goes to the inner room.)

Jeanne.— *Catherine,*—

The Captain —

Catherine.— Never fear! We must have faith!

Mayhap your Jean will intercept whatever

The Captain now intends. Rely on him!

Jeanne.— We must rely on God to help him.

Catherine.— Aye —

The Captain — may have changed his purpose towards you.

(Both women look cautiously towards the inner door, whence HENRI presently emerges, in his best doublet, which he smoothes with satisfaction. He opens the outer door, and turns for a parting shot, just as DURAND enters in some embarrassment.)

Henri.— He can rely on me! This house shall not

Be found in mutiny!

(HENRI goes out with determination.)

Durand.— Not for our sake!

My good Catherine, I never thought to bring

Misfortune on your house. When we came here,

And you extended hospitality —

Made your home like our own, — I only hoped

That you might share with us a recompense
Of favor.

Catherine.— Friend Durand, I had no thought
Of favor. I received you at the first
Just for yourself. And now I share with you
The cause which brought you.

Durand.— It may cost you dear.
What if the Captain's wrath be visited
On you?

Jeanne.— What have they done to merit wrath?

Durand.— Wrath is not always visited upon
The head that most deserves it.

Jeanne.— You don't know!
That is all changed!

Durand.— Has Baudricourt consented?

Jeanne.— He has not yet. He will! I know he will!
We have an advocate with Baudricourt,—
The Captain's friend, who has just gone to him
To plead our cause.

Durand.— Do you mean — Friend Henri?

Jeanne.— Nay, nay, but God has sent an advocate,—
A friend to us, aye, and to Baudricourt,—
And he has promised me, his hand in mine,
To guide me to the Dauphin! Do you hear?
To-day,— this very night,— we can be off,—
Off to the court, to Orleans, to Rheims!
Oh, my good uncle, what say you to that?
You will thank God with me!

Durand.— Who is this friend?

Jeanne.— His name is Jean. They call him Jean de Metz.
Oh, he's a soldier, and he knows the way.

Durand.— Jean? Jean de Metz?

Jeanne.— Aye, Jean de Metz? Nay, nay,
Not Jean de Metz.

Durand.— Aye, Jean de Metz? Nay, nay,—
Not Jean de Metz? Jeanne, tell me, are you mad?
Is he two men?

Jeanne.— Nay, nay, he is himself.

Durand.— If you are talking of the Jean de Metz
Now of the garrison, the Jean de Metz

Who's known the country 'round for blasphemy,
 The only Jean de Metz in Vaucouleurs,——
 If you mean him,— I cannot let you go.

Jeanne.— But, Uncle, what if he is not the man
 You take him for? What if I say he's changed?
 Catherine, just now, was sure he had a plot
 To ruin me,——

Durand.— And so he has, my child!
 You must not trust yourself to him! He is
 The terror of all mothers in the valley.

Jeanne.— Did I not say he's changed? You do not know
 The man who is my friend. I say he's changed!

Durand.— Changed? Changed? How changed? The leopard can-
 not change
 The spots men know him by!

Jeanne.— Nay, but he can!
 He does! Catherine believes it. Do you not,
 Catherine?

Catherine.— Good friend Durand, you are quite sure
 That my heart, like your own, is in Jeanne's mission
 You do not doubt my loyalty? I am
 A woman, too, and I have known this man,
 This Jean de Metz, if not in deed, at least
 By ill repute. When Jeanne told me this news,
 One minute since, I was as much opposed
 To her believing him, as her own mother,——
 As any mother could have been. I saw,
 Or thought I saw, his plot. I saw at once
 His opportunity to ruin her.
 But Jeanne has made me — see — see — something else.
 She says that he is changed. I was not here;
 I do not understand; but I believe.
 I do believe Jeanne, from my heart, I do!
 And I believe that Jean de Metz is changed.

Jeanne.— God bless you, dear!

Durand.— I am responsible
 For her at home. You're not responsible
 To any one.

Catherine.— I hold myself as much
 Responsible to God as you can be

To Jacques d'Arc or his wife!

Durand.— You would allow

Our Jeanne to go with him alone ——

Jeanne.— Alone ?

Oh, not alone! There is another one.

I had forgotten. Jean has pledged his friend

Bertrand — the one who helped us at the castle —

To go with us.

Durand.— Will Baudricourt release

Two of the best men of the garrison

For what he has refused to undertake

In his own right ?

Jeanne.— But Jean will bring him to it!

(She throws her arms about him.)

Come, Uncle, you cannot refuse consent!

Of all my kin you are the only one

To forward me in what I am ordained

Of God to do. You have believed in me

Thus far. Do not oppose me here. You must

Have faith in him whom God has brought to me!

I tell you he is changed. You must believe it!

I cannot prove it to you. Time will prove it!

Come, tell me you accept him!

Catherine.— You will not

Refuse the instruments God has raised up

For our salvation!

Durand.— You believe in him ?

Catherine.— Implicitly!

Durand.— Then — I — accept — him, too.

Jeanne.— God bless you, my good uncle! God will bless you!

And you, Catherine! What could I do without you ?

Now we are all united! Once again

We have a common faith, we three together!

And Jean is up there; and Bertrand is with him;

And Jean will win the Captain! Oh, he will!

God will not let him fail! Come, come, Catherine,

Let us beseech the Virgin! We must pray,—

Pray hard for Jean! He will need strength for this;

The Captain may resist him. Come, Catherine!

(The two women throw cloaks about their shoulders. CATHERINE is as

eager as JEANNE, but more contained. The high altitudes of faith are bracing to her, but not overpowering. She opens the door, and waits for JEANNE, who turns back to DURAND a moment.)

Jeanne.— Uncle, you must wait here. Some one will come.

You must wait here. You must be here to welcome
Whoever comes. Come on, Catherine! Good bye!

(The two women hurry out. DURAND is somewhat dazed by the rapidity and strange character of Divine Providence. He sits down to collect himself. At length he mutters:)

Durand.— It is impossible. . . . But I have promised.

(Presently the door opens. DURAND looks around, rather startled, not knowing whether he is to receive a visitation of wrath, or an apparition of faith. It is only the little maid, who comes in wonderingly, as to a strange place. She puts down her basket, lays off her cape, and looks about her.)

Maid.— It's only I. Were you expecting some one?

You looked as if you were. . . . I almost ran.

I wanted to see Jeanne.

Durand.— She's at the church.

Maid.— And mistress?

Durand.— She has gone, too. They've both gone.

They went to pray.

Maid.— Oh I don't understand

Why people pray so much. I know it's good
To pray. Mistress has said so. Father Jean
Tells us that all good people come to church
On Sundays. Must they go there every day?
Perhaps I am not old enough for that.

Durand.— Not yet.

Maid.— May I ask you a question?

Durand.— Yes.

Maid.— Will you tell me — perhaps I ought not ask —

Will you tell me — if Jeanne is really going
To see the King?

Durand.— I hope so, child, I hope so.

Maid.— But Jeanne is sure of it. She told me so.

Durand.— Did she? Then I suppose she must be going.

Maid.— But you're not sure of it?

Durand.— Well, now, — you see —

We are not sure of anything. You see —

Maid.— But Jeanne is sure!

Durand.— Yes, I suppose she is.

Maid.— If Jeanne is sure why can't we all be sure?

Durand.— Why? Oh,— well,— well,— we can be. Can we not?
(*He can endure cross-examination no longer. He rises.*)

I don't believe that you quite understand
What this is all about.

Maid.— No,— no,— I don't.

Durand.— Now I must go — and — see about — some things
I have to do. And you must stay right here.
If some one comes — you'll call me. I shall be
Right here at hand. You'll call me.

Maid.— Yes, I'll call you,
If some one comes. Do you know who is coming?

Durand.— No, child, I don't. But I shall be here.

Maid.— Yes.

(*He goes into the inner room. The child settles herself gravely to keep watch.*)

Maid.— I wonder who is coming,—

Oh, I wonder

What this is all about —

I wonder

who —

Slow Curtain

SCENE III

DAY

(*The curtain discloses the little maid sitting by the fire. She is lost in p thought. Presently she recalls the situation and looks about her.*)

Maid.— No one is come yet. . . .

There's somebody, now!

(*She slips from her seat, as a heavy step is heard outside. Just as she is about to open the outside door, it opens decisively, and HENRI enters.*)

Maid.— Oh! . . . Master.

Henri.— Where's your mistress?

Maid.— She's gone out,—

Gone to the church to pray,— and Jeanne is with her.

Henri.— Where is Durand Lassois? Is he with them?

Maid.— Master Lassois is in the other room.

Some one is coming.

Henri.— Some one coming? Who?

Maid.— I don't know. He told me to wait right here.

Henri.— Who told you? Lassois?

(*DURAND enters.*) Now see here, Durand,
What's this about somebody coming here?

Durand.— I only know Jeanne told me to await
Whoever came.

Henri.— Whoever came? Well, I
Have come. Will I do?

Now, my friend, Durand,
This has gone far enough! Listen to me!
I have no wish to be discourteous;
I am a common man; I see no visions;
Plain facts are good enough for me. To-day
You saw the Captain. Well, he ordered you
To beat Jeanne d'Arc and take her to her father.

(*The maid is thunderstruck; she wants to run away and hide, but cannot*
do.)

Durand.— Aye, so did he. The first — I will not do.
The second is to-morrow.

Henri.— Well, to-day
You'd best prepare for both. The Captain says
That you seemed not to hear the express commands
He laid on you. That's why he summoned me.
He orders me to make you understand
That his will is inflexible. You must
Obey commands. I am to see you do it.
Robert de Baudricourt relies on me.
When he commands a thing, that thing is done!

Durand.— But,— friend Henri,— suppose —

Henri.— Nay, nay, Durand,
We have had quite enough, more than enough
Of suppositions. Here are facts. The Captain
Has issued orders. They must be fulfilled!
Now, do you understand? I am your friend;
I would not injure you; you are my guest.
But here are orders from the Captain. He,
As I have said before, commands this town.

You took your case to him. He issues judgment.
You must comply.

Durand.— But if he should relent?

Henri.— Robert de Baudricourt relent? Durand,
Have you surrendered all your manhood's reason?
Are you bewitched with childishness?

Durand.— Have you
Lost all your sense of mercy,— nay, of justice?

Henri.— My first duty! A man must do his duty!

Durand.— If some one comes,— if some one comes to say
That this is all changed —

Henri.— Who will come? Durand,
This is all nonsense, nonsense! Do you hear?
No one will come, no one —

(There is an imperious knocking at the door. HENRI and DURAND are quite dumfounded. DURAND quickly recovers and gives HENRI a meaning glance. The knocking is repeated, even more ominously. The little maid summons her courage and goes in great trepidation to open. In stalks BAUDRICOURT with FATHER JEAN FOURNIER. HENRI gasps for words, but cannot speak.)

Baudricourt.— Where is Jeanne d'Arc?
(No answer.)

Where is Jeanne d'Arc? Come, tell me! Are you dumb?

Durand.— My Lord, Jeanne d'Arc is praying at the church.

Baudricourt.— Well, bring her here! Go! Do you understand?

(The little maid, glad of an opportunity to escape the awful manifestations of power, runs to the door.)

Maid.— I'll go. I'll go!

Baudricourt.— Be quick about it, then!

(She runs out. BAUDRICOURT paces the room like a wild beast. There seems to be nothing to say, but HENRI makes a feeble venture.)

Henri.— Will you sit down and rest yourself, my lord?

Baudricourt.— I am not weary. 'Tis no time for rest.

'Tis time for action. We will rest to-morrow.

(A pause. BAUDRICOURT is restive. At length his anger forces him to speak.)

To-day and very soon we shall dispose
Of this accursed girl!

Henri.— We shall, my Lord!

(A pause. BAUDRICOURT favors HENRI with a look of silent contempt.)

Presently BAUDRICOURT breaks out with new vigor, but in a more controlled manner. He addresses no one in particular.)

Baudricourt.— Is this maid of the Devil or of God ?

If there be virtue in our holy Church
And in her rites, we will now once for all
Determine! She may thank her saints for this,
That I am not a man of valor only.

I am as strong for justice as for war.

Henri.— You are, my lord.

Baudricourt.— Hear what I have to say!

If peasant girls have visions, I care not.
I care not if old men like this Lassois
Disport themselves with visions. But by God,
My garrison shall not be tampered with!
I have not chosen them, and moulded them
In discipline,— I have not made them brave,
Infused them with a valor like my own,—
And paid them for it, too, in solid coin,—
To have them sapped, suborned, demented, ruined!
Durand Lassois, do you know what this girl,
This mad, unbridled filly of yours here,
Has brought to pass? You know my Jean de Metz?
You all know who he is; you know his worth
To me, to Vaucouleurs, to all of us!
When I sent him to summon you, le Royer,
To hear my will, he, first of all, delayed.
When I had done with you, I summoned him,
To ask the reason for delay. You said
That you came on the instant of the summons.

Henri.— Aye, so I did, my Lord.

Baudricourt.— Well, I believe you.

I do not question you. But Master Jean,
The man I always trusted as myself,
The comrade of my heart, my own right hand,
What does he say? Talking with this Jeanne d'Arc!
And I must overlook it, and I will
When I have heard what came of it!

Henri.— Good Captain,

I am quite innocent of this! Believe me,
I have — I had — no knowledge that the maid

Had ever spoken with your Jean!

Baudricourt.— Look here,
I'm not accusing you! But my own Jean,—
My Jean de Metz — proposes to desert me!

Henri.— Desert you?

Baudricourt.— Aye, desert me! He must go
With Jeanne d'Arc to Chinon,— must go at once,—
To-day! What's more, Bertrand must go as well,—
Bertrand, who is the sanest man I have,
My man of judgment! By the love I bear them,
The friendship of good comrades, and all that,
I must release them, out of hand, to-day —
Relieve myself of them at once, dispatch them
With this same girl on this same devilment!
I have refused her once already! So.
But then I did not understand,— my eyes
Were closed to her! It is the will of God!
My will has heretofore been good enough
For moving Jean de Metz! The will of God!

(*The door opens, and JEANNE enters, followed by CATHERINE and the maid. JEANNE is calm.*)

Jeanne.— My Captain Baudricourt, you sent for me?

Baudricourt.— Aye, so I did. Now leave us, all of you!
Leave her alone with Father Jean and me!
The rest of you begone! At once!

Catherine.— My Lord,
May we go in the inner room, or must
We leave the house?

Baudricourt.— Go where you please, I care not!

(*HENRI goes out with alacrity, through the outer door. DURAND slowly edges towards the inner door. The little maid follows him, looking fearfully at JEANNE. CATHERINE stops for a desperate hand-clasp with JEANNE and then goes quietly after the others, turning at the door for a helpless look. BAUDRICOURT then closes the inner door securely, and comes back to the center of the room, where he faces JEANNE, who stands impassive.*)

Baudricourt.— Jeanne d'Arc, you came to plead a cause with me.

Jeanne.— I did.

Baudricourt.— And I dismissed you, and I ordered
A beating for you, for your insolence,
Which done, you were to straightway be returned

WILL HUTCHINS

To your own father.

(*He searches her with a penetrating look.*)

You do not appear

To have been beaten yet; not as I ordered.

(*A pause.*)

Have you bewitched this sotted cowherd here,
This mumbling good-for-naught who forwards you
In your mad schemes, that he dares disobey
My own express commands? Answer me that!

Jeanne.— I have bewitched nobody. I could not
Bewitch the smallest thing.

Baudricourt.— You have bewitched
The strongest man save one in Vaucouleurs!
You have bewitched my Jean de Metz,— the man
Who least of all is open to the charms
Of devilment. Think you to save yourself
From my commands by interposing him
Between my will and you? Think you that so
You will escape a beating? Think you that?
Do you know what can happen to a witch
Who strikes so at the heart of my command?
Think you that any beating will suffice
To sate my vengeance, just and holy vengeance,
Against attack like that?

Jeanne.— I have bewitched
Nobody. I am not a witch. I am
A simple peasant girl whom God ordains
To crown the King of France at Rheims: just that
And nothing more. It is the will of God.

Baudricourt.— The will of God! The will of God, indeed!

Jeanne.— It is the will of God that I shall go
To save the Dauphin from his enemies,
And crown him King anointed of the Lord
At Rheims. And it shall be! I have the seal
Of God's most blessed saints that it shall be!

Baudricourt.— Will you affront me with the saints of God?

Jeanne.— I will affront the enemies of France.
Are you of them?

Baudricourt.— Be silent, insolent!
Think you I come to bandy words with you?

Jeanne.— Why are you come ?

Baudricourt.— For judgment upon you !

Have you forgotten what I said just now ?

Will you disdain my words before my face ?

Will you bewitch me, too ? Do you forget

What you have done to Jean de Metz ?

Jeanne.— Ah, Jean,—

My good friend Jean de Metz,— my friend who pledged

Himself to urge my mission with you,— has

He not done so ? You could not use me thus

Had he persuaded you of that he knows.

Baudricourt.— He has persuaded me of this: that you

Must promptly be submitted to the test

By holy Church provided as the means

Of extirpating witchcraft ! Father Jean,

Your office.

Jeanne.— Nay, what office, Father Jean ?

Father Jean.— The office of our holy Church, Jeanne d'Arc,

Which God appoints for trial of the spirits

That trouble human souls.

Jeanne.— But, Father Jean

My soul is never troubled but by men

Who dare deny the will of God in me,

And counteract my mission. You cannot

Believe that I am one possessed of devils !

You have known me ! I have confessed to you ;

I have laid bare my soul before your eyes !

You know my innocence of such a sin

As this one here imputed ! You cannot

Believe this charge against me ! Your own hands

Have given me the Blessed Sacrament

Which I have still received in innocence !

Can you distrust me so ?

Father Jean.— I am ordained

To fill the ministries of holy Church,

And this is one of them.

Baudricourt.— Come, priest, have done

With parleying ! The witch is sore afraid

Of any test. That in itself appears

Strong evidence against her. To the office !

Jeanne.— I may resent the test. I do not fear it.

(FATHER JEAN *puts on the stole which he has brought with him, takes the Cross of his rosary in his right hand, raises it in the air, and solemnly repeats the form of conjuration.*)

Father Jean.— Art thou a thing of hell,— depart from me!

Art thou a thing of God,— draw near to me!

(JEANNE *quietly steps forward towards the priest, falls on her knees before him, crosses herself, and, as he lowers the Cross, kisses it devoutly. BAUDRICOURT is astounded by her action. She rises.*)

Baudricourt.— What does this mean?

Father Jean.—

The maid is innocent

Of witchcraft.

Jeanne.— Nay, my Captain Baudricourt,
Will you believe me now? You have imposed
This test on me. If you accept the verdict
That I am innocent, will you accept
My mission, too? It is the will of God!
You must believe that France cannot be saved
But by the means ordained of God. You know
The ancient rune: 'Tis known the country 'round:
'France, by a woman ruined, shall be saved
By a virgin from the marches of Lorraine.'
I am that virgin!

Baudricourt.— And I tell you, girl,
That you are mad! And what know you of France,
And her salvation? France is to be saved
By men, by fighting men!

Jeanne.— Aye, saved by men,
Men fighting under God, and led by her
Whom God ordains! What can your fighting men
Avail without my help? Orleans is lost
Unless I come,— lost, lost, unless I come
To bring deliverance from God! You know
What happened there ten days ago; you know
Seigneur d'Orval and that Scotch constable
Were beaten at Rouvray,— were overwhelmed —

Baudricourt.— What are you saying? The Seigneur d'Orval?
There was no such defeat.

Jeanne.— There was! There was!
The English beat them back! Did you not know?

Nay, nay,— I quite forgot. You did not know.

Baudricourt.— And how did you know? Not a messenger
Has come from Orleans these many days.

Jeanne.— St. Michael told it me.

Baudricourt.—

St. Michael?

Jeanne.—

Aye!

Baudricourt.— I say you're mad!

*(A violent knocking sounds from the outer door. JEANNE runs to open.
JEAN DE METZ rushes in breathless.)*

Jeanne.—

Jean!

Jean.—

Captain Baudricourt,

There is a messenger from Orleans,—

Jean Colet de Vienne —

Baudricourt.—

From Orleans?

Jean.— Aye, aye,— from Orleans! — Ten days he has

Been dodging the Burgundians,—

Baudricourt.—

His news?

Quick! Tell me, Jean, his news!

Jean.—

Seigneur d'Orval

Was overwhelmed by the English,— at Rouvray,—

Ten days ago,— with that Scotch constable!

The French defense is almost broken down —

Why, Captain,— what of that? 'Tis but one more

Of the long list! Why are you dazed?

Jeanne.—

Dear Jean,

Defeat is but the sign of victory!

It is God's vindication of our cause!

You are to go with me!

Jean.—

Has he said so?

Jeanne.— He will! He will!

Jean.—

How know you?

Jeanne.—

Oh, he will!

Father Jean.— My Lord de Baudricourt, this maiden has

A power which baffles us. The holy rites

Have proved that she is not of hell. What then?

There is no other way: she is of God.

Contend not you against the will of God!

Baudricourt.— Jean, will you leave me for this girl?

Jean.—

Nay, Captain,

'Tis not for any girl; it is for France!

Jeanne.— For God and France, my Captain!

Baudricourt (with deliberation).— You may go.

Jean (to JEANNE).— Wait here for me! We'll take the road to-night!
(*He runs out.*)

Baudricourt.— Come, father, let us go. (*To JEANNE*): I will return
With something for you, ere you go. You are
A brave girl. France needs men like you.

Jeanne.— My thanks
To you, good Captain!

(*BAUDRICOURT and FATHER JEAN go out. JEANNE runs to open the inner door.*)

Jeanne.— O Catherine! Catherine!

(*CATHERINE comes quickly, followed by the maid and DURAND. All three are overjoyed to find JEANNE still safe. JEANNE and CATHERINE fly to each other's arms.*)

Jeanne.— He has consented! Oh, he has, Catherine!

Durand.— How happened it? Came he for that?

Jeanne.— Not he!
But God has won him over!

(*HENRI enters from outside, prepared to preserve the dignity of the occasion.*)

Durand.— He relents,
My friend Henri, your Baudricourt relents!
(*HENRI gasps again.*)

Catherine.— Oh, it is glorious! But tell me, Jeanne,—
For what did Father Jean come with him?

Jeanne.— Dear,
He came — he came — to try me for a witch,—
To put the rites of conjuration on me.

Catherine.— Jeanne, nay!

Jeanne.— Aye, dear, to try me for a witch!
I had, it seems, bewitched my Jean de Metz.

Catherine.— And Father Jean —

Jeanne.— It was demanded of him.
But still he should have known,— he should have known
That I was innocent.

Catherine.— A witch indeed!

Jeanne.— I had confessed to him. I had received
From his own hands the Blessed Sacrament!

Maid.— And are you going to the King, Jeanne? Say?

Henri.— Hush, child, you must not bother Jeanne!

Jeanne.—

Yes, dear.

Maid.— My sister Jeanne is going to the King!

My sister Jeanne is going to the King!

(She dances about in a whirlwind of joy.)

Jeanne (to CATHERINE).— God interposed for me to prove that I

Was His appointed one. ~ A message came

Proving to him that what I said was true.

And Jean de Metz was God's good messenger!

Maid.— Who was it who was coming? Tell me, Jeanne?

Jeanne.— Who was it, little sister mine? It was —

It was Jean Colet de Vienne, but one

Called Jean de Metz came for him. Do you see?

Maid.— And has he come?

Jeanne.—

Yes, dear, he's come and gone.

Catherine.— Must you be off to-night?

Jeanne.—

Yes, dear, at once.

Catherine.— To-night?

Jeanne.—

We must avail ourselves of darkness,

To cover us. Chinon is many leagues

From here, and mi-carême is near at hand.

We must fulfill the prophecy!

Durand.—

But Jeanne,

Will not God bring to pass His prophecies?

Jeanne.— Aye, Uncle, that he will! But through ourselves!

We must be off to-night!

Durand.—

You have no horse.

Jeanne.— But Jean will bring me one. Just you trust him!

It was the thing he promised first of all.

Durand.— You must have food.

Catherine.—

I will attend to that.

(A feminine thought strikes CATHERINE.)

But, Jeanne, what will you wear before the King?

(A rap is heard at the door. HENRI, as the head of an important family who are receiving distinguished visitors, goes to open. BERTRAND enters, dressed for the journey, and bearing a bundle which he hands to CATHERINE.)

Jeanne.— My good Bertrand! And you are going, too!

Are you prepared?

Bertrand.—

I am prepared. A soldier

Is always ready for the road. But you,—

You,— damoiselle,— have something yet to do.

Catherine.— What is this bundle?

Bertrand.—

Some — some — needful things —

For her. She is not ready for the road.

Jeanne.— I am not ready? Pray, Bertrand, why not?

Bertrand.— You cannot,— as you are,— set out upon

A journey such as this must be.

Jeanne (taking the bundle).—

Why not?

(She opens the bundle, looks at its contents for a minute, looks at CATHERINE, then at BERTRAND, who is very busy fixing his spur. The little maid takes a furtive peep.)

Maid.— O Jeanne, men's clothes! What will you do with them?

Catherine.— Hush, child! Jeanne, dear,— you ——

Jeanne.—

He is right, Catherine.

Come, dear, it must be done!

Catherine.—

Well, if it must ——

(JEANNE resolutely gathers up the bundle and goes to the inner room, followed by CATHERINE.)

Henri (to BERTRAND).— Remember, sir, what we expect of you!

This is a great responsibility.

Bertrand.— We shall take care.

Durand.—

I have no fear for her.

These good men can be trusted. They are trained

To danger; they are trained. I have no fear.

And God most high will still deliver them.

Jean (outside).— Whoa, there! Stand still, I say! You'll get your fill

Of going, soon enough! Stand still, I say!

(All hurry to the door and look out, except BERTRAND, who has seen horses before.)

Henri.— A fine one, too!

(JEAN enters, ready for the road.)

Henri.—

A fine horse, that, I say!

Jean.— Oh, she will do. Have you some saddle-bags?

Henri.— Some saddle-bags?

Jean.—

I said, some saddle-bags!

Say, have you any? That is all we lack.

You must have some about.

Henri (very painfully).—

Perhaps — I have.

Jean.— Well, go and see! There is no time to lose.

(HENRI goes out rather heavily.)

Jean.— (to DURAND) Now, my good man, you must not fear for her.
God helping us, we will attend the maid.

Durand.— I have no fear.

Jean.— Bertrand, the Captain says
That he will send Richard, the archer, with us.

Bertrand.— A good man. We may need a man or two
For company.

Jean.— Jean Colet de Vienne
Is going with us. Says he must return
Without delay. Give me a man like that!

Bertrand.— I notice you do not return at once,—
Not always.

Jean.— I? What mean you?

Bertrand.— Oh, no matter.

(HENRI re-enters with some rather dilapidated saddle-bags, which he carefully hands to JEAN.)

Henri.— Will these do?

Jean.— I suppose they will, in lieu
Of better ones. They must, in fact. Have you
No better ones to give her?

Henri.— Now, I say,
These are good saddle-bags! They're good enough.

(A portentous knock is heard at the door. The maid runs to open.
BAUDRICOURT enters, bearing a sword.)

Henri.— Welcome, my Lord de Baudricourt, you see
We are all busied in this enterprise.

Our Jeanne must be equipped quite properly!

Baudricourt (to JEAN).— Are you supplied with gold?

Jean.— I have my own
Small savings, and Bertrand has his.

Baudricourt.— You'd best
Take more than that? The King is not weighed down
With gold, as I have heard. Gold has its uses.
So take this purse.

Jean.— My thanks to you, good Captain!
This is for France and Jeanne d'Arc, not for me.

Durand.— My Lord de Baudricourt, accept my thanks
For this. I am a herdsman; I cannot
Give gold to any one; I have no gold.
I have a wife and little ones to feed.

I have my faith alone to give,— and prayer.
I pray that God may recompense your kindness.

Baudricourt.— It is for France I do it. You have wrought
More than your portion of this labor. France
May yet thank you with praises.

Maid.— Oh! O Jeanne!

(*CATHERINE enters, followed by JEANNE in her masculine attire, with her hair cut about her ears. Everybody except the little maid strives to look unconscious of the alteration.*)

Maid.— O Jeanne, what have you done with all your hair?

Catherine.— Hush, child! Come, Jeanne, where are your bags?
We must put food in them. Are these her bags?

Jean.— Aye, mistress, these are hers; they are the best
We have for her; perhaps they'll do.

Catherine.— How long
Shall you be on the road?

Jean.— I cannot tell.
Perhaps a week, perhaps two weeks.

Catherine.— So long?
Can I provision you for such a time?
You cannot take so much.

Jean.— Some simple things,—
Plain loaves of bread,— some dried meat if you have it.

Maid.— Let her take some of my bread, mistress, please!

(*CATHERINE and the Maid proceed to pack the saddle-bags. Meanwhile BAUDRICOURT steps forward with his sword.*)

Baudricourt.— Jeanne d'Arc, here is a sword for you. You have,
I dare to say, what Father Jean describes —
In words of holy writ,— I think they are,—
The sword — how is it? — sword of the spirit; — aye,
That's it. You have that sword, and you can use it.
But you will need another sword as well
If you propose to fight the English. They
Have swords, the English have, and they know how
To swing them. Do you think that you could swing
A heavy blade in battle?

Jean.— Nay, the maid
Will be the power behind our blades. I know
That French blades will be keener from this day,
French arrows swifter, aye, and French men, too,

Keener and swifter both.

Jeanne.— For this good blade

I thank you. 'Tis a gift I had not asked,

But not for that less welcome. I shall use it.

Baudricourt.— To point the way to victory? Or will you,
Maid as you are, put men to death?

Jeanne.— Nay, captain,

I would not hurt the smallest thing. I would

Not hurt an Englishman. But I will point

The way for them to England with this blade!

God grant I may do so! (*To JEAN.*) But come, my friend,

Help me to put my sword on. Tell me how

It goes. Like that?

Jean.— Nay, nay, it goes not so.

There! That's the way. Mind you don't trip yourself!

Bertrand.— Nay, Jean, the maid can wear a blade as well

As you or I.

Jeanne (*drawing the sword and holding it high in the air*).—

The sword of God and France!

Henri.— The sword of Captain Baudricourt, as well.

Baudricourt.— Nay, nay, le Royer! 'Tis no sword of mine.

'Tis her sword now,— the sword of God and France,—

As she has said.

Jeanne.— The sword of God and France!

(*She hangs the sword by her side.*)

Catherine, Catherine, are you not ready yet?

We must be off!

Catherine.— Nay, dear, there's time enough.

Jeanne.— Catherine, you do not think I'm leaving you

Without a pang? You know we must be off!

You would not keep me —

Catherine.— Nay, my Jeanne, but I —

I see the dangers.

Maid.— Will you come again?

You'll come back, Jeanne, when you have seen the King,

And beaten all the English, will you not?

Jeanne (*kissing the child, who clings to her*).— I — hope so,— dear.

Maid.— You — hope so? Don't you know?

I thought — that you were sure of things?

Jeanne.— I am —

Quite sure that I will come back,—if — I can.

(To DURAND.) Uncle, how can I thank you? You have been

My sure support. Our God will bless you for it.

Durand.—Nay, Jeanne, 'tis you have strengthened me. Your faith

Has been our sure support. God bless you, dear!

Jeanne (to BAUDRICOURT).—My Captain, I am greatly in your debt.

But for your goodness, I might even now

Be on the road alone, without a guide,

With none but God and God's high saints to lead

And care for me.

Baudricourt.— Would you go so?

Jeanne.— I would!

Jean.— 'Twas what she told me, Captain: she would go

On foot to find the King if so she must!

Baudricourt.— Our France needs men like you!

(*The Angelus rings from the church.*)

Jeanne.— The Angelus!

God's benediction on our journey! Pray!

Pray, all of you!

(JEANNE, CATHERINE, and the maid, with DURAND, kneel. *The others stand with bowed heads. There is no sound save the measured reverberation of the bell. As the last stroke dies away, the kneelers rise.*)

Jeanne.— We must be off! Come on!

(*Throwing her arms about CATHERINE.*)

God bless you, dear,—the mother of my soul!

Catherine.— God keep you, Jeanne,—his instrument!

Maid.—

Good by,

Dear Jeanne!

Jeanne (kissing her again).— Good by, dear!

Maid.—

You'll come back?

Jeanne.—

Some day.

(JEAN and BERTRAND stand ready. JEAN takes the saddle-bags over his arm. JEANNE stands between them, with a hand on the shoulder of each.)

Jeanne.— My two strong men! God has been good to me!

Baudricourt.— I know them. You can trust them!

Jeanne.—

That I can!

Baudricourt.— Go! Go! And come what may!

Jeanne.—

Come on! Come on!

(BAUDRICOURT leads the way out. JEAN and BERTRAND come next, and DURAND, perceiving that JEANNE wishes to linger a moment, motions

JEANNE D'ARC AT VAUCOULEURS

HENRI out and follows him. JEANNE comes to the door with CATHERINE and the maid, who go out. JEANNE steps back to the Crucifix for a moment of prayer, then goes out, turning for a lingering survey of the room,— a quick, silent farewell to private life.)

Voices outside.—There, up with you!

They'll meet us at the gate.

All ready?

Aye!

We're off!

Good luck to you!

God bless you!

—bless you!

Good by, Jeanne!

Good by!

Good by!

Good by!

Good by!

They're gone.

Good by!

(The room remains empty. For the first time it appears that the twilight has fallen. There is a whole minute of silence, then, with no warning, there sounds from the castle the splendid song of trumpets, mellowed by the distance. It is the assembly, and the song of deliverance for France.)

Curtain

HORACE'S SATIRE, I, ix

Translated into English quantitative hexameters

BY THOMAS EWING, JR.

STROLLING along *Via Sacra* as with me is a custom,
Thinking upon trifles, absorbed in keen cogitation,
I ran across a fellow whose name I barely remembered,
And, my hand being seized, 'How fares my choice among all
things?'

'Cheerfully, as times are,' quoth I, 'and your ready servant.'
Feeling him still atow, 'What more?' I ask, to detach him.
'You know us,' said he, 'for we're a savant.' 'That attracts me
Strongly to you,' said I. Perishing to be freed of the nuisance,
I hurry, then stop awhile; in the ear of my body servant
Whisper a word, anything; with sweat running off to the ankles.
Then how keenly, Bolane, the heat of thy huffy temper
I envied, sulking; whilst he, in an endless effusion
Was rattling on with praise of the streets, city. As not an answer
Would I deign to bestow, he exclaimed, 'You long to escape me.
'This was clear at the start. Never hope! I'll faithfully serve you;
I mean here and now to follow you.' 'How can it aid you
So to follow? I call on a friend, one down of an illness,
Over Tiber, against Cæsar's gardens; you're not acquainted.'
'I'm not occupied, and at a walk good; I will attend you.'
I lay back my ears as a peevish jade of a donkey
Feeling too big a burden upon her.

He got a fresh start.

'I know for myself not Viscus nor Varius you'd
Deem any more of a friend. For who, at the writing of verses,
Rivals me in number or ease; and who at a dance is
Featlier? In song I fill Hermogenes full of envy.'
Here I slipped in a word edgewise: 'Have you not a mother,
Or some near relative to regard you?' 'No, not a person.
'They all lie at rest.' 'Happy ones! I only remain then.
So end me also; for my sad fate is upon me,
Just as a Sabine witch foretold whilst I was an infant:

*"This boy not poison dire, nor a sword shall bring to destruction,
Pleurisy, consumption, nor gout that makes many men limp;
Some fine day a braggart must end him; wherefore a blow-hard
He if wise will avoid, when he has passed adolescence."*

We were come to the temple of Vesta, half of the morning
Stolen away. Then he was held with a bond for appearance
In court, and, failing, must be completely defeated.
'If you love, aid me,' he cried. 'My life is a forfeit,
If the statutes I know, or a form for addressing a prætor.
I hurry, you know where.' Said he, 'I'm painfully weighing
Which to renounce, my cause or you.' 'Me!' 'Not for a moment,'
He said, stalking along; whilst I (as a tug with a captor
Is never easy), follow.

'How does Mæcenas affect you?'

He opens up again. 'Makes few friends, shrewdly selected.
Nobody so turns luck to account. As your coadjutor
I'd be great, able to second your claim to preferment.
Only bring us together, from that day I am assured you'd
Brush any rival aside.' 'But we live lives very unlike
What you plainly assure. No household's freer of envy;
'Tis rid of all intrigue. It annoys not me if a comrade
Surpass me in wealth or learning, since to his own place
Each is assigned.' 'Immense! 'Tis scarcely believable.' 'And yet
So 'tis.' 'You but fan the desire I felt to be stationed
Snugly beside him.' 'A wish is enough; your worthiness only
Would carry him by storm. He's easily taken a captive.
That's why he's difficult of approach.' 'I'll not let a chance slip.
I'll bribe his servants at the doorway; barred of an entrance
One day go another, nor cease not seeking occasions;
Watch at the street-crossings to follow him. Life to a mortal
Yields no bounty without great labor.'

Lo, at the moment

Fuscus Aristius encounters us, a friend very dear, who
Knew the fellow well enough. We stop to salute. 'Whither onward'
And 'Whence come,' we ask in a breath. I jerk at a coat sleeve,
And pinch his limp arm that lifeless hangs; then a-winking
I begin and a-nodding that he save me, but the jester
Laughing affects not to note. My bile wells hotly within me.
'There's some private affair (though I don't clearly recall what)

You said you'd discuss.' 'Quite true; but wait for a season.
Here's a sabbath which falls on a thirtieth day with a new moon.
Would'st to the circumcised Jew offer affront?' 'Not a scruple
Hampers me,' quoth I. 'But me, I'm flatly a weakling.
So pray excuse me for a time.' 'How blackly the day broke
For me this morning!' The sinner forthwith fled away and
Left me prone to the knife.

As luck would have it the plaintiff
Meets us who thunders: 'Now where thou rascally caitiff?'
And, 'Witness for me at the court?' I gladly assenting
Turn my ear to be touched. Off they scuffle. All is in uproar.
Crowds run about every way.

Apollo had come to the rescue.

THE SONGS OF NAPLES

BY THOMAS D. BERGEN

WHEN John Evelyn passed through the Elysian Fields 'so celebrated by the Poetes,' as he says, 'nor unworthily for their situation and verdure being full of myrtils, lentisc, bayes, and sweet shrubs and having a most delightful prospect toward the Tyrrhene Sea'; he further observed that the Phloegrean Fields form one of the most 'delicious plaines in the world; the oranges, lemons, pomegranads, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually greene trees; for the summer is here eternal. They are certainly places of uncommon amoenitie, as their yet tempting site and other circumstances of natural curiosities easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful aboades.' He concludes these remarks by declaring that the 'country-people are so jovial and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in prayse of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the fields with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial all of which I attribute to the excellent quality of the air.'

A few years before Evelyn visited Italy (in 1644) an Eastern traveler, Pietro della Valle wrote as follows concerning one of the most alluring figures of seventeenth century Naples,—

'Whoever has seen or heard, as I have, Signora Adriana in her youthful years, with that beauty which all the world knows of, sitting among the nets on the seashore at Posilipo, with her gilded harp in her hand, must needs confess that even in our times there are sirens on these shores; but beneficent sirens, adorned with beauty as well as virtue, and not, like the ancient ones, malevolent and man-killing.' She was always known as *La bella Adriana*. Born on the Posilipo, in 1580, sister of the Neapolitan Boccaccio, G. B. Basile (whose delightful tales form the chief literary monument of his native dialect), this sunny-haired mistress of the harp, lute, and the oboe, at an early age enchained all hearts alike by the sweetness of her voice and by her gentle spirit. Poets and nobles vied with each other in composing sonnets and madrigals in her honor. A daughter of hers, born at Mantua, where she was living with her husband at the court of Vincenzo Gonzaga, was named Leonora, best known, however, among her intimates as *l'Adrianella*.

She it was whom Milton so greatly admired during his stay at Rome where he met her at the musical court that she held there. The early days of *La bella Adriana* were passed at Naples, where we may fancy her in dalliance singing under her cool pergolas or in the felucca of the Carafa, pleasuring up and down the bay from Santa Lucia to Mergellina, as was then the universal wont of the aristocracy. One recalls the glorious afternoons when the velvety flanks of Vesuvius stand out in rich relief against the hills of Nola and the Neapolitan Apennines. We see Sorrento in a saffron haze nestling among its orangeries and its luminous olive orchards shimmering in the perlaceous distance; and the glaucous wavelets run in to shore before the sunset breeze with sparkling and tremulous laughter. The air holds evanescent whiffs of spicy clove pinks wafted down from terraced Posilipan herbaries. By mid-January the entire hillside glows with the rosy flush of almonds in bloom, and in February the laggard almond flame fades when peaches and apricots begin to blow. This is a familiar setting for the open air music that so completely permeates Naples.

Guess as veraciously as we may we are not historically aware much before *La bella Adriana's* day of this innate and imperious love of music that sways Neapolitans of all degree from the noble lady at her harp or lute to the Pan-like lad fluting away upon his syrinx, as in the old Theocritan days. Gentle and simple alike these quintessentially gay people are now little less enthralled than Evelyn's husbandman, whose remote agrestic descendant I have often met in my walks afield about the herby slopes of Falernus, busy with a handmade flute while his straying herd cropped the sparse clumps of golden broom. What have very appositely been called 'these buttercup motifs' hold for some of us a more lasting allure than the statliest music heard at courts; and there are to my mind certain pageants that lose none of their delicate appeal to the imaginative senses because they are humble and ungilded, because healths are drunk out of rudely painted loving cups of flimsy majolica instead of from myrrhine beakers. Under the half shade spread by a holm oak, or in the carmine afterglow before fireflies rise to taper the dusk, the grimy goatherd pipes industriously, all unconscious of his art, with only a crust of bread and a wage of a franc each month. Perhaps our little Phloegrean flutist has heard a few of the more popular airs. His ear may not recall all the notes; and one finds that instinctively he has filled in the vacant intervals by others, which, far from clashing, are usually harmonious graftings upon the original stock. Even in the myriad cases where improvisation proper does not occur the vocal rendering of reckless dithyrambs composed by Neapolitans makes its own personal appeal; so that, after all, though the words be those of the cleverly intuitive bards of

to-day (Salvatore di Giacomo or Ferdinando Russo) and the music be composed by contemporary authors, still one never misses the quaver of unmistakably barbaric pathos which is almost the sole inheritance of our little goatherd. Perhaps the chief charm of these glad Cyrenaics is this curiously blended mood woven in and out with strangely assorting threads.

What one means when he speaks of the charm of Naples is not at all a quality communicable through the medium of a half hour spent in listening to a score of ragged urchins singing between their divings for coppers before the newly arrived foreigner who looks complacently down from the deck of a liner that is being slowly warped to her berth amid the wheezy din of an accordion played in a bumboat at the vessel's side, the snorting of whistles, crepitating anchor chains, and the uproar of stewards pulling luggage about from pillar to post with frantic energy. The flashing figures of a tarantella danced by professionals in a hotel lobby at Naples or Sorrento cannot adequately interpret what I fancy constitutes the permanent fascination of Neapolitan life. Several years of close contact with the various strata of society there leads me to look askance at most of the jejune, nugatory impressions of the place and its people,—those journalistic gushings which English and Americans commonly chronicle. For him who chooses to absent himself from his hotel for a bit there is a Naples by day so joyous and full of life, so noisy, so variegated that the appreciative Rambler could hardly imagine crepuscular and nocturnal Naples to be even fuller of appeal to his every sense of color and of sound. The latter is a far more mysterious and compelling place than is its diurnal self. Redolent of the sort of thing which we associate with the Arabian Nights, it is vividly Levantine, un-Italian, un-European. Every typical quality such as squalor and vice, the sordid destitution of the wretcheder quarters, as well as the splendor and luxury of the patrician precincts,—all these chieftest characteristics stand out in sharper relief by night than by day. Not until he has made Naples his familiar, not until he has leisurely haunted the *café* of all degrees from that pivotal rallying ground of the gilded youth and foreign element about town—Gambrinus Halle—to the tiny room areek with smoke that cuts the throat of any one not an *habitué*, is one a fit reporter of the local manners and customs. In the latter resort, the *clientele* of cabbies, butlers, gamesters, butchers, hatters, jolly tars, and the like, the stranger finds a predominantly musical note; and on every side he is hemmed in by it. Just across the piazza one makes out the unending line of carriages drawn up as near to San Carlo as they can be crowded; and while their masters and mistresses are applauding a first night of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* (let us say) the coachmen come together in social knots to discuss servant hall gossip

as they sip cups of bitter coffee. Then some of them adjourn to the cellar-like Fenice hard by, where they will listen to an act or two of a sprightly burletta or to the macabre ditties of Maldacea or to Gennaro Pasquariello or Peppino Villani in their irresistibly droll, half-topical, half-sentimental songs in dialect. If, now, you turn down some obscure alley you will inevitably find yourself before long on a squat, rush-bottomed chair just within the door of a tiny wineshop. Here you may eat with satisfaction a steaming plate of spaghetti crowned by its scarlet sauce, and a plate of fummy *stufato*. You linger over this and a 'Mezzo rosso' or a bottle of Malmsey or amber Velletri as there drop in all sorts and conditions of people to eat, drink, and enjoy the singing of some Gitana-like Peppine or Margheri accompanied by a mandolin-playing brother or two. When she takes the saucer about for coppers she smilingly asks whether there is any favorite song that you would like her to sing. I found that upon all such occasions an unfailing open sesame to the popular repertory was to ask for a very old air called 'La Palommella Rossa,' which is woven in and out of the scenes of the most delightful Neapolitan comedy known to me. Not infrequently one or more of those at table join in the choruses; and late one evening after the performance, the first violin of a certain theater at the request of a few of us accompanied a girl's voice through several of the better known melodies. Then the rest of the orchestra fell in with our enthusiasm and joined in the accompaniment. How well one visualizes the cramped pit, the wee boxes, and the ridiculously diminutive stage! Banishing from our mind's eye all our customary and conventional pictures of the snug Santa Lucia, and its waterfront laid out in trig closes and topiarian parterres about palatial caravanseries, again we call up the marinorama painted on the drop curtain before which she sang,—a typical scene representing the waterfront from the shipping and pharos as far as the old Santa Lucia of beloved though unsanitary days. Behind looms in the violescent haze of an August night the din and shadowy bulk of Vesuvius, rosy-tipped at the crater's lip, and over its Pompeian flank a full harvest moon slowly sailing up into the mellow air. Again we hear the melodious scraping of the violins, the bass voice of the viol, the piping of a flute, the shrilling of a fife, and occasionally the plangent boom of a big drum. But let us look at the real scene. From the mole, jutting into the open roadstead, one enjoys a parti-colored myriorama of like extension all along the shore. A very forest of masts wave to and fro in the tar-drenched air of the *porto piccolo*. The coastwise craft that we see dancing over the waters of the opalescent bay gather here to discharge cargo, to load or to take refuge from persistent siroccos and occasional offshore blows. Xebecs, smacks, ponderous *barconi*, luggers of laten

rig, dapper sloops, battered *polacche*, stubby *tartane*, trig *martingane* creak and strain against each other on the oily, livid swash of the inner harbor beneath the *cielo ridente* that we love so well. Puffs of thin air blow away the tarry stench of the port and we get whiffs of melrose and other fragrances from the green, garden-dappled hillsides and rosaries up above. Men and women, boys and girls, in all manner of dress and undress, are occupied in doing everything from steeving to pitching pennies at a crack, from hanging out the family wash to singing and dancing like the true corybants they are as an outward-bound steamer pushes its nose around the mole. We cannot think of these gay unfortunates,—navvies, thimble-riggers, vagabonds, tatterdemalions, lazzaroni, what you will — without seeing how necessary a part of the picture they are and have been from those distant Italiote days as far back of the Roman days as we are from Tiberius himself. The Phoenician galleys and caravels once filled up the inner basin and were uncargoed by as rakish and dusky a band as that which we see there to-day; or tacked back and forth across the gulf; or drowsed listlessly becalmed,—

‘The popped sails dozed on the yard’

then as now. The cittern and pandoura of those days kept the time for their pyrrhic dances on the Parthenopean littoral in just as sad-sweet barbaresque measure as banjo, guitar, mandolin to-day

‘In April’s ivory moonlight beneath the chestnut shade’

keep that of breakdown or saraband, saltarello or Provençal rigadon or farandolle, sesquidilla, tango or malagueña. Then as now the air was full of dulcifluous music and of algal and spicy and sulphurous odors. Amphorae and barilets were ready broached two thousand years ago by lovers of the nutty Vesuvian and Phloegrean vintages. Vendors, quacks, singers, saltimbancos, itinerants, and traffickers of every imaginable profession for long ages thronged up and down the crenulations of the shore from the islet of Megaris (now crowned by the ruinous Castel dell’Ovo) to the site now occupied by the church wherein the Amalfitan Masaniello was cut off from further obstructing the march of Spanish usurpation. The same amethystine dawns come out from behind Vesuvius; the same golden noons wrap sea and shore in a weft of iridescent gossamer: the same sunsets lie upon those hills and upon the translucent bay in all their glory of umbery gold and tintured grain of pomegranate: the same nights unfold, now moonless and starshot, now bathed in light so that from Sorrento to Ischia, from Capri to Posilipo the water is one pulsating shield of silver; ‘that magic clair de lune of Verlain’s, shimmerings of pallid light upon the marble gods and goddesses in the sleeping silence of the starproof trees,’ drenched with the scent of lemon bloom;

‘The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.’

There are the *café's* that we recall scattered all over the city, most of them tucked away in lurid nooks primevally steeped in a fetid and malefic atmosphere of gray, steamy light. But they are not all of this sort; and one which always holds an intimate place in the recollection of one who knows it well, is an almost ideal resort except in the din of winter when the nacreous spindrift flies from the manes of the cavalloni in at the window. This is the *Café delle Sirene*. Its deep-bowered pergola rises from the water just below the somber, romantic pile known as the Castel Donn' Anna, the alga-green steps of which are swept by the purling eddies of the sea itself. By day it is merely a beautiful ruin which the sun gilds so that it becomes a chryselephantine landmark to the fisherboats. But by night it looks up a mountain of blackness washed by the phosphorescent wavelets beneath. When the wind is in the south the swell floods into the cavern of the sub-structure with an amphoric, canorous boom that wellnigh smothers the mandolins at our side.

However, we know it best in mid-May when myriad fireflies begin to glint along the hedgerows with their elfin lamps and in the graperies of Posilipo; and when the only sounds beside the pulsing sweep of the water about the phantom-like Castello or the savage croonings of a vinedresser returning late from work or the quavering refrain of a fisherman whose boat rises and falls in the corruscant glare of the cresset at the prow. The harmony of nature, land, and water seems here to be complete. It is a place of dreams. A prose poet justly said, ‘The sea at Posilipo is that which God made for poets, for dreamers, for lovers of that ideal which informs and transmutes existence. When God made us our fair gulf, listen to what the sacrilegious legend said,—“Be glad for that which is given thee; and if thou canst not be, die beneath the seagreen waves.”’

This, then, is the place to hear our songs; and midway in one's dinner two men appear from some sort of ‘umbrageous grot or cave of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine lays forth her purple grape.’ One is ungainly, stout, and quite blind; but when he smiles you are reassured. The other is a vinegary soul, an accompanist on the guitar who passes a grimy plate at discreet intervals. Our old blind man usually toddles up to the parapet just over the water and thrums his mandolin for some moments. I never heard a melodist of his standing put the truly pathematic feeling into his music that my old blind man does when, facing out to sea, he gives song

after song of those for which we care the most. He has just the amount of tremulous regret in his notes that is in all south European popular music. The tearless pathos of his '*O Sole Mio*' is one of the most unforgettable joys of one's ramblings throughout this region which has for so many centuries held captive the sympathies of its chief visitors. Serenades and barcarolles world without end as well as the simpler loge lays and canzonets would he give ranging in point of time all the way from the classic '*Fenesta che lucive*' to the '*Napulitana*' and the '*Nannina Bella*,' which for depth of lyric emotion seem to me unsurpassed among the whole congeries of roundelays, chansons, virelays, canzonette, or canciones. Is it any wonder that Salvator Rosa made this music as popular in Rome as he did his irresistible impersonations of impromptu roles,— music that entices an unconditional response from the listener, be he ever so phlegmatic?

I never forget what Oliver Yorke says by way of preface to the unique medley of wisdom and wit, Father Prout's pages on the songs of Italy. In direct reference to these enchanting distillations of melody we are told how fond he was of ballad singing, how he had 'in his youth visited almost every part of the continent and had made the songs of each country the subject of a most diligent investigation.' Therefore 'he visited all Europe,' to use Edmund Burke's words, 'not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or to collate manuscripts,— but to pick up the popular tunes and make a collection of song books; to cull from the minstrelsy of the cottage and select from the bacchanalian jovialities of the vintage; to compare and collate the Tipperary bagpipe with the Cremona fiddle; to remember the forgotten and attend to the neglected ballads of foreign nations, and to blend in one harmonious system the traditionary songs of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of melody.'

So true is it that the gay fanfare of life as experienced by these passionate victims of uncalm is best mirrored in their songs that to hear, for example, '*Nun mi Guardate Chiù*,' or '*Uocchie che raggiunate*' sung as I used to hear them under the following circumstances was in itself worth whole chapters a historian of psychological bent might compose in interpreting the Parthenopesque temperament. In the office where I used to be there was a counting-room in the rear of the main one. It was lighted by only one window that opened directly upon an inner, rather dingy courtyard. The ample balcony of the adjacent apartment, dwelt in by a laundress, hung over this courtyard; and one day our youngest clerk whistled to attract the notice of one of the girls who was singing over her tub that lilting tune, '*A Lavannara de' Antignano*.' The youth was a count of a very fine family

whom we all petted because of his naïve way of initiating himself into his duties by running errands with lavender-tinted gloves, magnificent stick, irreproachable hats, and suits from the royal tailor. His wheedling whistle made the girl with peachblow in her cheeks look over the parapet of the balcony and from my unseen coign of vantage I heard what words passed between them. The industrious apprentice elicited the facts that her name was Margherita, and that at certain hours her mistress was out of the house. This gave young Otto a chance nearly every day when the office was quite empty at the lunch hour to sing duets with her of the lustrous and patulous eyes with a verve and grace that I have seldom heard equaled, and, surely, never before attempted under like conditions! Their voices were wonderfully matched and for weeks I enjoyed (and they, too, quite as much) a feast of all the blithest canzoni. One can recall few scenes more simply joyous and full of charm than that of the stripling aristocrat with the saramenically beautiful *lavannara* artlessly carolling away, regardless of cheque-cashing or suds.

One long wanted to these tuneful occasions could with ease multiply instances. For example, one might try to call up the midsummer nights at Anacapri, where one shared in dancing and singing under the moon and in full view of the myriad twinkling lights of Naples with her sister suburbs. The baker's son, the barber's son, the chemist's son, and the son and daughter of every one else in that unspoiled community were gathered together. There would be instruments in plenty, two or three violins, a guitar or so, a few mandolins, and an old woman in the background to stamp time and flash the castanets or thwack the ribboned tambourine. Those were halycon revels, prolonged until the sea breeze fluttered through the crisp tendrilled vineyard and the canescent bay below us became wrapped in the blottesque mists of daybreak. Then there was the merry coterie of operatives in an English armor-plate foundry near Naples. Their day's work done, they would gladly visit one's house and pass the evening in singing and playing with admirable taste and keen brio. This was, of course, for the love of the music. No people are more spontaneously generous than the Latins; and if instances to the contrary come to mind one must attribute them to some especial lack of tact or to the pinch of poverty which is nearly always upon these meridional folk. This recalls an evening in the Cascine at Florence near which a friend and I one superb evening were strolling after dinner. Before a hotel we met two roving musicians. Of them one sung in a thin but remarkably sympathetic voice. The other played a weird little flute. I asked them to come with us and we took them to the far end of the Cascine where we made them go through their whole repertory with frequent repetitions of favorite airs. When they were quite throat weary,

in the gathering Arno mist we gave them a sum as large to them as it was small compared with the pleasure they had given us. When we refused to let them return to us some of the money they asked us to a wineshop to drink with them.

The somewhat wistful and tenuous *rispetti* and *strambotti* and *stornelli* of Tuscany do not more truly interpret the normal spirit of the genial silvans and simple vintagers of the north region. The Neapolitan canzoni breathe a sunnier, fierier passion, a more potent witchery than that which we feel in the threadier Tuscan melodies which we hear in the tiny wine-shops of Arezzo or of the Casentino. In Tuscany they trillingly sing of the flax, of the lily, in Naples they rhapsodize pomegranate flowers and the moon-kissed waves curling at the feet of Posilipo. The songs of the South throb with a sense of intense joy and of intense grief; and so boundingly kaleidoscopic are the expressions of passion in them that one is carried quite out of himself.

There is a place where a slanting road winds a few miles out of upper Naples to the Monastery of Camaldoli. At the city's edge one passed where he

Vedea composti in fila li alberelli
sul cielo azzurro come il fior di lino,
dritti, con rari fogliem e lunghi e snelli,
quali eran cari a Pietro Perugino.

'Saw avened in rows the little trees, the sky between azure as flower of flax, wandlike, few-leaved, and slender quite,—the kind to Perugino specially dear.' Part of this prospect was prosaically placed into corded areas for clothes which were being washed and wrung and hung to dry amid a chorus of airs broken only by lapses into story-telling. Naturally enough the 'Lavannara de' Antignano' is a great favorite on the site of its birth where it has already become a classic. The mercurial traits which most result in alienating one from Neapolitans in every walk of life the longer he knows them only serve the more to instill their songs and themselves when singing them with a poetry alike genuine and convincing. And I think that these light-hearted gluttons, victims of a life replete with trickeries, picaresque quixotries, flamboyancy, prandiolotry, trivialism, sensuousness, scandalmongering, grotesquery, and thrasonical puppetries and harlequinades of a thousand sorts, and amazing and inordinate love of Goliardy, and native humors exhibited in numberless more or less repulsive and rococo ways,—that they themselves, I say, for that moment or hour of song quite cast aside their sordid, inglorious, animalistic selves and become for that blithe interval as joyous embodiments of poetry as one can imagine.

Poet Lore

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NUMBER III

THE GRANDFATHER *

(Drama in Five Acts)

BY PEREZ GALDÓS

(Given for the first time in the Teatro Español, February 14, 1904)

Translated from the Spanish by Elizabeth Wallace

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

DON RODRIGO DE ARISTA-POTESTAD, Count of Albrit

DOLLY (Dorotea) } his grand-daughters
NELL (Leonora) }

LUCRETIA, Countess of Láin, daughter in law to the count, and mother
of Nell and Dolly

VENANCIO, former tenant of Albrit and owner of ' La Pardina '

GREGORIA, his wife

DON Pfo CORONADO, tutor to the girls

SENÉN, former servant of Láin, later an official

The Priest. (DON CARMELO)

The Doctor. (SALVADOR ANGULO)

The Mayor. (DON JOSÉ MONEDERO)

(The action takes place in a city by the sea, in northern Spain, called for convenience Ferusa. The principal scenes of the play take place in La Pardina, the lordly domain which once belonged to the Counts of Albrit. Time, nineteenth century.)

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(A shady grove in the lordly domain called La Pardina. In the background a broad avenue, which is the main road leading from the grounds at the right, the porch of the house is very ancient, of venerable and noble architecture, bearing the coat of arms of Laín and Potestad: on the left a cypress hedge broken by a rustic gate through which can be seen an orchard. Great trees shade the scene with heavy arching foliage. Near the porch a round stone table, chairs, and rustic benches. It is daytime. Summer)

SCENE I

*Gregoria (emptying flowers and plants from a basket, and heaping them on the table. VENANCIO comes in from the back).—*Venancio! Here you are at last!

*Venancio (out of breath, wiping the perspiration from his forehead).—*Brr! It's hot!

*Gregoria.—*Rest awhile. *(With curiosity.)* And what have you found out? Is it true what they say? Is the countess really coming to Jerusa?

*Venancio (with ill humor).—*Yes. Did you ever know bad news that didn't come true?

*Gregoria (anxiously).—*And when does she come?

*Venancio.—*To-day. But don't worry. She'll put up at the mayor's house.

*Gregoria.—*That's better. But—if the count should come too, it would be a case of mixing fire and water. I wonder if they come at the same time by chance, or if they have planned this meeting to talk over family matters. Because the death of the young count must have mixed up things a good deal.

*Venancio.—*What do I know about it? The Countess Lucretia comes for the same reason she always does, to get a glimpse of her daughters.

*Gregoria.—*Oh! She's a gay one! She keeps them here in this out of the way place so that she can have a good time and carry on as she pleases in wicked Paris or wicked England. Gad-about! That's what she is, Venancio. I can easily understand why her father in law, the Count of Albrit, who is one of the finest gentlemen of Spain, and every one knows it, should hate this good for nothing foreigner with whom the young count fell so madly in love, peace be to his soul! What I don't understand is why the old count should come here when he knows he'll have to run into her. Perhaps he doesn't know it? What do you think?

*Venancio (turning over the flowers in the basket).—*I think that they both have their claws sharpened—yes, I believe that. We'll see the hair

flying soon, both white and red, and there'll be scratching too, for if the Count Don Rodrigo loves his daughter in law as though she were the toothache, she entertains the same sentiments for him.

Gregoria.—Of course we'll have to lodge the count.

Venancio.—And feed him too, that's sure!

Gregoria.—Every one knows that he didn't bring back from America the yellow dust he went to find.

Venancio.—No he didn't bring back anything but his skin. When he went out there he had already lost all his fortune. He hoped to make another from the gold mines left to him by his grandfather—the one who was viceroy. But they gave him only promises, and he has come back poor as a rat, sick, half blind, with nothing to his account but his years, and he has more than seventy of those. Then his son had to die, and he had planned such a great future for him!

Gregoria.—Poor old gentleman! Venancio, we'll have to help him.

Venancio.—Yes, yes. We can't have people saying that we're heathen. But who would have thought of it! Us, Gregoria, giving food to the great, the powerful Count of Albrit, who has a whole string of kings and princes for ancestors, who less than twenty years ago owned the whole of Lاین, Jerusa, and Polán! Don't tell me the world doesn't move.

Gregoria.—I've just thought of why the count is coming to see his grand-daughters. I have it, Venancio. He feels the need of some affection that will console his lonely soul.

Venancio.—Maybe. (*Remembering.*) Do you know who can tell us a thing or two about this queer business? Senén.

Gregoria.—He arrived in Jerusa yesterday. The girls told me that they had seen him and that he's become quite a gentleman.

Venancio.—A state official—a functionary they call him now. He was a servant of the countess, who, to reward him for his faithful services, has given him recommendations, and pushed his interests.

Gregoria.—They say that she protects him, because he was a sort of go-between for her and her—

Venancio.—Careful, Gregoria.

Gregoria.—Et cetera—in her little love affairs. But it's a fact that every time the countess comes here she has Senén in tow. Now she's sending a letter of introduction to so and so; now it's the card to the sheriff; now it's the note to the minister, or to the devil himself, for all I know.

Venancio.—Senén is clever: he can go through the eye of a needle.

Gregoria (*quickly*).—I think I hear his voice.

Venancio.—Yes, you're right (*looking in background*). There he goes—

gossiping with José Maria. Well, he's slow! And he was to tell me——

Gregoria.—Call him! (*They go back.*)

Venancio (calling).—Senén, hello there, Senén!

Gregoria (impatiently).—He pays no attention. What a stupid! Go and get him, for heaven's sake. (*Venancio goes out, GREGORIA remains in the background, her back to the audience. DOLLY and NELL appear coming from the orchard. They don't want VENANCIO and GREGORIA to see them. They come in on tiptoe. DOLLY goes ahead as though exploring.*)

SCENE II

Nell.—Be careful, Dolly—if they see us.

Dolly.—They'll make us go into the house.

Nell (in a low tone).—Say, can't we go into the grove through the court yard?

Dolly.—It would be better to go by the avenue.

Nell.—But these idiots will cut off our way.

Dolly.—Wait a minute.

Nell (looking at GREGORIA).—If they should go ——

Dolly (who has gone on ahead exploring, turning back frightened).—They're coming!

Nell.—Let's run back! (*They run quickly to the orchard.*)

Dolly.—This way. Let's go to the pond.

Nell.—Yes, as far away as we can. (*They exit left.*)

SCENE III

(GREGORIA, VENANCIO, SENÉN)

Venancio (leading Senén in by the arm).—You rascal, you were trying to get away from me!

Gregoria.—So here you are, at last.

Senén.—My cousin was keeping me with stories about the way his mother in law abuses him.—Hello, Gregoria! Good looking as ever!

Gregoria. And how fine you look. What kind of perfumery do you use? It smells good. You've become a regular swell.

Senén.—One has to put on some style. One owes it to one's position.

Venancio (impatiently).—Well, what's the news?

Senén.—The countess will arrive at Laín by the twelve-five train. I've had a telegram. I've just taken it to the mayor, who didn't know when she was coming.

Venancio.—The town will give her a big reception.

Senén.—An enthusiastic ovation. (*He is careful to use elegant language.*) It would be a sad thing indeed if proper honors were not rendered to the illustrious lady by whose influence Jerusa has obtained a telegraph station, the new high road to Forbés, not to mention the two pardons granted to——

Gregoria.—Oh, yes, it's all right to have a celebration ——

Venancio.—And what about the count?

Senén.—His lordship was to reach Polan last night or this morning, by the first train, so that I don't understand, my dear Venancio, why he isn't here already.

Venancio.—Nor I neither, Senén. You who know everything, you who have lived in the bosom of the family; you know its customs, how every one thinks; its dissensions and its quarrels. Tell us, are Don Rodrigo and his daughter in law meeting here by chance, or could it be that——

Senén (*giving himself an air of importance*).—It's known to me that the old Albrit who, since the death of his son until now, has not budged from Valencia, wrote to the countess ——

Venancio (*laughing*).—Asking her for money.

Senén.—Man alive, no. He proposed an interview with the countess in order to speak of some very serious matters.

Gregoria.—Family affairs. And since the countess does not want to have any altercations in Madrid, since there might be a scandal there and everybody know about it—it might even get into the newspapers—she proposed this out of the way place where we live like Simple Simons, and if there is an outbreak it will keep quiet, and they can wash their dirty linen in the house. What do you think of that, my fine gentleman? Don't you see I know a thing or two?

Venancio.—My wife is no fool.

Senén (*smiling and gallant*).—She knows Greek and Latin; she's a talented lady.

Gregoria.—We will see, my boy. Why don't you tell us why the widowed countess and the grandfather like each other so little? You know all about it. It must be a long story. Is everything they say about your former mistress true? Tell us.

Senén (*emphatically*). Permit me, my dear friends, to say no harm of my benefactress. All I can say to you is that she has a tender heart, and is frank and generous, even to excess. She makes no pretensions to virtues she does not possess. She is unconventional, but she is sorry for the poor and she consoles the afflicted. And as for culture, there is

no one like her. She speaks four languages, and in each one of them she knows how to be charming and fascinating.

Venancio.—All those languages, and as many more that she might know would not be enough in which to tell the scandals that are told of her in simple Spanish.

Gregoria.—Don't let's wait any longer, Venancio, for if the count comes we have got to think about arranging for his lodging.

Senén (remembering with anxiety and some disgust something which he has forgotten).—Dear me, dear me, what a head I have, Lord, what a head!

Venancio.—What's the matter?

Senén.—With all this gossip I forgot the message from the mayor.

Gregoria.—For us?

Senén.—Yes; that you should take the children to him immediately so that the countess should see them as soon as she arrives.

Venancio.—Of course; then she will dine there.

Senén.—Are they having their lessons?

Gregoria.—No, to-day their lessons were very short. That poor Don Pío had to dismiss the class because they have sent word to him that his own daughters were quarrelling again.

Venancio.—They are probably in the orchard.

Gregoria.—No.

Venancio (going towards left).—Let's see.

Gregoria.—No, they are not there. I was in the orchard all morning. They must be up on the hill, as that is their favorite walk. (*She points to the right.*)

Venancio.—You must hurry and find them.

Senén.—If you would like I will go. Don't they know yet that their mamma is coming to-day?

Gregoria. No, they don't know it. Poor little girls!

Senén.—Then I will tell them. I will go now.

Venancio.—You will surely find them in the upper woods on the path to Polán.

Gregoria (taking up her basket of flowers).—Go, and bring them back quickly.

Venancio.—And we will be in the house.

Gregoria.—Yes, as it is getting late and we have got to get ready.

Senén.—Good by, then. (*He goes out back.*)

Venancio (seeing him going).—He is a gay bird!

Gregoria.—Oh, he isn't a bad sort.

(*Venancio picks up another basket and gathers the flowers that are left upon the table, placing them in it, and they both go into the house.*)

SCENE IV

(NELL and DOLLY appear in the gateway and await the disappearance of GREGORIA and VENANCIO before they come out front.)

Nell.—Thank heaven, that they left us a free field.

Dolly.—What shall we do? Shall we go to the woods?

Nell.—Oh, dear, no, I am tired. (*She sits down on the ground.*)

Dolly.—And I am tired of being still. I feel like running. (*She runs and jumps, going up and down stage.*)

Nell.—You never get tired, Dolly.

Dolly.—I would like this very minute to climb that big oak and go out on the very highest branch.

Nell.—You would tear your dress.

Dolly.—I would sew it again. I know how to sew as well as you do. What shall I climb?

Nell.—Oh, that isn't proper. One would say that we were village children.

Dolly (*hanging from a branch, swinging back and forth*).—To be one of the village children, or seem like one of them, do you think that would make any difference to me? Tell me, Nell, would you go barefoot?

Nell.—No, indeed.

Dolly.—I would and I would laugh at the shoemakers. What are you doing? (*Seeing that NELL has seated herself and taken out a book.*)

Nell.—I want to go over my history lesson. We have played enough. Let's study a little now. Remember, Dolly, Don Pío told you yesterday that you don't know one bit of ancient or modern history, and in a very polite way he called you an idiot.

Dolly.—He is an idiot himself. I know one thing better than he does. I know that I don't know anything, and Don Pío doesn't know that he doesn't know anything.

Nell.—That is true, but we ought to study some, if for no other reason than to see how teacher will look when we answer well. He is a dear, simple soul. Come on, now, let's study a little. Do you know, there's an awful string of those Gothic kings?

Dolly (*letting the branch fly back*).—What do I care about them? There're about a million of them and they have names that prick like thorns when you try to remember them.

Nell.—There is not one of them so disgusting and unpleasant as that Mr. Mauregato.

Dolly.—Oh, he was a brute! (*She sits down beside her sister.*)

Nell.—I should say he was. They had to give him a hundred maidens each year in order to keep him from getting angry.

Dolly.—Because he was on a diet, as Don Carmelo says. The truth is that this horrid history gives us a thousand details which are of no importance to me at all.

Nell.—But, Dolly dear, education; don't you want to be educated?

Dolly.—Well, the truth is that I am disgusted with education since I have seen how it has affected Senén. Do you remember when he was here two months ago thinking that mamma was coming?

Nell.—Yes, and all the time he was harping on the middle ages and heaven knows what else.

Dolly.—What have we to do with the middle ages or anything of that sort, and what difference does it make to us whether Cleopatra had the toothache or not?

Nell.—Or that Doña Urraca was pricked with thistles?

Dolly.—But after all we must learn something, since mamma in all her letters tells us that we must learn, that we must be dilligent.

Nell.—Mamma idolizes us, but she never takes us with her (*sadly*). I wonder why!

Dolly.—Because, because,—she has already told us. Because we were so delicate when we were little that she wants us to get strong in the country air.

Nell.—Mamma always knows what she is doing. Surely she will take us with her when we are a little older. But here we are wasting time chattering and we haven't studied a single word.

Dolly.—Oh, it is such a beautiful day.

Nell (*giving the history book to her sister*).—Take it. Read out loud, and then we can both learn at the same time.

Dolly (*takes the book and jumps up*).—Give it to me here. Do you know what I have just thought of? That the birds ought to learn too. We oughtn't to be selfish about it. (*She throws the book up into the air. The book describes a curve and falls open on a branch.*)

Nell.—What are you doing, you little fool?

Dolly.—You see what I am doing.

Nell.—Well, you have done it. How are we going to get it now?

Dolly.—We don't have to get it. The birds will learn what was done to Alexander the Great and to Mr. Attila, and to Muza the Moor.

Nell.—You have gone crazy. If only some little boy would come along we could get him to climb up and get it.

Dolly (*going over to the tree as though to climb it*).—I will climb up.

Nell (pulling her by the skirt).—No, no, you may hurt yourself.

Dolly.—Wait a minute; I will throw stones and see if I cannot knock it down.

Nell.—There is a little wind; perhaps the book will fly.

Dolly.—Oh no, it is too heavy (*throwing stones*). Come down here, tumble down, little book!

Nell (*hearing steps*).—That is enough, *Dolly*, somebody's coming. You ought to be ashamed. They will say you are a village tomboy.

Dolly.—I don't care.

Nell.—Hush! (*Looking back*.) There comes a gentleman. A man, look, look! (*The Count of Albrit appears at the end of the avenue, walking slowly*.)

Dolly.—I don't see him.

Nell.—Look at him; he stopped to look at us and he is standing as still as a statue. See! he is looking straight at us. (*The count stands immovable in the background, looking at them*.)

SCENE V

(*NELL, DOLLY, and the COUNT of ALBRIT. He is a handsome and noble old man; with long white beard, and large frame slightly bowed. He wears a rather shabby traveling suit. He has thick boots and he leans on a gnarled cane. He shows in every line the unhappy ruin of a distinguished personality*.)

Nell (*looking at him with fear*).—He is a poor old man! Why does he look at us that way? Is he going to hurt us? Do you know, I am really afraid.

Dolly.—So am I. Perhaps he is a beggar.

Nell.—If we had some pennies we would give them to him. He doesn't move.

Dolly.—He is looking at us so queerly.

Nell.—Let's speak to him. You speak to him. Say to him, "Mr. Beggar——"

Dolly.—He isn't a beggar! He looks much better than that! O *Nell*, I know who it is!

Nell.—And I too. I have seen him somewhere. (*Seeing that the count takes a few steps towards them*.) Oh, oh, he is coming this way; he holds out his hands to us. (*The two come close together, as though to protect each other*.)

Dolly.—And he seems to be crying, poor gentleman.

Count (with a grave voice, coming forward).—My dear children, do not be afraid of me. Are you Leonora and Dorotea?

Nell.—Yes, sir. Those are our names.

Count (coming up to them).—Then embrace me; I am your grandfather. Don't you know me? Alas! years have passed since you saw me the last time. Then you were little bits of things and so pretty. How well I remember your cunning ways! (*He embraces them and kisses them on the forehead.*)

Dolly.—Dear grandfather!

Nell.—I was just saying, I know him.

Dolly.—We knew you by your photograph.

Count.—And I knew you by your voices. I don't know what there is in the quality of your little voices that touched my heart, and why is it, I wonder, that the two sound like one? Let me look at you closely. Are your faces as much alike as are your voices? (*Looking at their faces closely.*) Children, I am almost blind.

Nell.—Do you know, grandfather dear, we were afraid of you.

Count.—Afraid of me, who love you?

Dolly.—Senén told us last night that you were coming, but we didn't know you were coming so soon.

Nell.—Why didn't you come in the Polán coach?

Count.—I preferred to come on foot, supported by this stick; walking slowly and thinking of old times. Ah, I know all the roads and paths of this country; the rocks, the trees, the hills all know me well. Even the birds seem to be the same that I knew when I was a boy. I was nursed amidst this beautiful nature. What a joy it is, and what a pain, to live again in my past! It seems as though everything about me saw me and recognized me, and as though everything, from the great sea to the tiniest insect, everything that lives, is standing, waiting, I scarcely know how to say it, is stopping and looking to see the unhappy Count of Albrit pass by. (*The two girls sigh.*)

Dolly.—Lean on my arm, grandfather dear. (*Each one takes one of his arms.*)

Nell.—And let us go into the house.

Count (with deep emotion).—Ah, now I am again in the Pardina. Oh, infinite sadness, bitterest irony of things!

(*He remains standing in a state of ecstasy, as though moved by inward prayer.*)

SCENE VI

(*The COUNT, NELL, and DOLLY. SENÉN, coming in hurriedly from the background.*)

Senén. The count here! And with the children! And I looking for them everywhere in the hill. Welcome, Count of Albrit, to the home of your ancestors. What a handsome picture your lordship makes between those two little angels.

Count.—Who is speaking to me?

Nell.—It is Senén, grandpapa.

Dolly.—Don't you remember?

Senén.—Senén Corchado. He who was — and I am not ashamed to say it — the servant of the Count of Laín.

Count (joyfully).—Oh, yes, yes. You say you were, you are still! I am glad to meet you here.

Senén.—I come from Durante where I have a position, to offer my respects to your excellency and to the Countess of Laín, who is also to arrive to-day.

Nell.—Is mamma coming?

(*Both girls drop the count's arm and jump about joyfully.*)

Dolly.—Joy, what joy!

Nell.—Why, we didn't know anything about it. Did you know it, grandfather dear?

Count (thoughtfully).—Yes.

Dolly (taking again the count's arm).—Come, let's go quickly.

Nell (anxiously).—We will have to dress up.

Senén.—The young ladies are to go to the house of the mayor to await there the coming of their mamma, and I will hasten to Venancio, to tell him to come out to receive your lordship. (*He goes hastily into the house.*)

Nell.—But is mamma going to the mayor's house?

Count.—So it seems.

Dolly.—Why doesn't she come to the Pardina with us?

Count.—This old barracks would not be grand enough to suit your mother.

SCENE VII

(*The COUNT, NELL, DOLLY, VENANCIO, GREGORIA, and SENÉN*)

Venancio (humbly kissing the count's hand).—Oh, your lordship! and you didn't let us know, so that we could come out and receive you.

Gregoria (kissing his hand).—Welcome to your lordship.

Venancio.—And may you enter your house with blessings.

Count (with lordly kindliness).—Thanks, thanks, my good Venancio, my faithful Gregoria. I am glad to see you looking so well. I say, “see you” (*looking at them attentively*), but I don’t see anything very well unless it is large.

Venancio.—Will your lordship come in?

Count.—No, wait. I will rest here. (*They bring him a rustic chair; he sits down; they group around him.*) Let me feel again and be refreshed again, by ancient friendships (*looking at the foliage which surrounds him*). Here I am again in the midst of these ancient trees which used to shade the plays of my childhood. You are older than I, much older. But time does not diminish your greatness nor your beauty. The generations which have grown in your shadow pass away and die, but you, immovable, see us pass, fall, and die. (*He falls into meditation. They all sigh.*)

Gregoria.—My lord, I do not forget that you are very fond of good coffee. I will go and make some immediately.

Nell.—And serve it to him here.

Dolly.—Yes, yes, hurry!

Gregoria.—I am going. (*She enters the house.*)

Senén.—Too bad we didn’t know beforehand that the count was coming. The town would have prepared a fine welcome for him.

Count.—For me! Jerusa?

Senén.—We would have had music, the band. We would have had green arches, and the council would have invited your lordship.

Count (with bitterness).—I know the kind of homage which, when I deserved it, and was in a position to receive it, was given to me. Yes, I know it. But to-day it would seem but a cruel mockery. Before I was as old and as poor as I am to-day I had the opportunity of appreciating the ingratitude of my compatriots, the inhabitants of Jerusa. Twenty years ago, the last time that I was here, the tenants who had succeeded in becoming, heaven knows how, the owners of my lands, the parvenu gentlemen, children of my cooks or of my stable boys, received me with cold disdain, and this filled me with sadness and bitterness. They told me that the town had become civilized. It was a mushroom civilization, and as poor a fit as the frock coat which the yokel buys in a ready-made shop.

Nell.—Grandfather dear, your town doesn’t forget the benefits it has received from you.

Dolly.—Of course it doesn’t. The principal street of Jerusa is called De Potestad.

Venancio.—The fountain near the church is called the Fountain of the Good Count.

Senén (emphatically).—And to prove that it isn't fair to accuse Jerusa of the sin of ingratitude we have to-day an eloquent proof, your lordship.

Count.—What?

Venancio.—Having known in time of the arrival of the Countess of Lain, there will be an enthusiastic reception for her.

Nell.—Truly?

Senén.—Which will correspond in a measure to what we owe to a person who has done so much for the prosperity of this town. The mayor will go out to meet her.

Count.—And they will have fireworks. Yes, it's all very characteristic.

Dolly.—Music, fireworks! Oh what fun.

Count.—Yes, yes, you'll see it all. You'll enjoy it very much.

Nell.—Will you come too, grandfather?

Count.—I?

Dolly.—Why not?

Nell.—Don't you want to see mamma?

Count.—Here in the Pardina I shall have the pleasure of seeing her.

Venancio.—It's because his lordship does not like to go down into the town. Isn't that so, your lordship?

Count.—Yes.

Senén.—And would you not like to see and admire the improvements which have been accomplished in the last few years?

Count (humorously alluding to his blindness).—I would much rather see them than admire them.

Venancio (pointing to the left).—With the last additions Jerusa almost comes up to the grounds of the Pardina.

Count.—In my days, from this little height where the orchard lies, part of the town could be seen.

Nell.—Nowadays we can see better, because they have cut down the trees.

Senén (looking at his watch).—Begging your lordship's permission I would say that it is time for the young ladies to get ready if they wish to be present at the triumphal entry of their mother.

Count.—Yes, yes, children, it's time.

Nell.—We'll dress in a twinkling.

Dolly.—Shall we get there in time?

Nell.—We'll be back in a moment, grandfather dear.

Dolly.—And we'll bring mamma with us.

Count (kisses them affectionately).—Good by, my children; enjoy yourselves. Good by.

Venancio (hurrying them).—Come on; quick, quick.

Senén.—And I too, your lordship, if you wish nothing more, I will retire. (*He approaches the count familiarly*).

Count.—You are probably one of the ones appointed to set off the rockets. Go quickly. Do not fail in your duty.

Senén.—If your lordship needs me.

Count.—No, thanks. And I am glad that you are going away. I don't wish to offend you, Seneca, I mean *Senén*; shall I go on?

Senén.—Nothing that your lordship may say could offend me.

Count.—Well, I want you to go because, young man, you use a kind of perfumery that I don't like; strong perfumery always makes me ill. Pardon me (*he holds out his hand*)—pardon me for dismissing you so summarily.

Senén (somewhat disconcerted).—My lord, a few little drops of heliotrope—

Count.—Forget that I have said anything. Good by.

Senén (aside as he goes out).—The old lion of Albrit is getting full of notions.

SCENE VIII

(COUNT and VENANCIO)

Venancio (affectionately).—Does your lordship feel well?

Count (breathing with difficulty).—Not very. I feel too much emotion upon finding myself in the *Pardina* again. I can scarcely breathe. I long, and yet I fear to go into the house. It seems to me that in the rooms the ghosts of those I have loved might come to meet me. (*Passing his hands over his eyes.*) Memories cloud my mind; my emotions overcome me. I ought not to have come. No, I ought not to have come!

Venancio.—The memories of this house ought to be pleasant to your lordship.

Count.—They can be so no longer.

Venancio.—It was here your lordship was born. It is here you passed your childhood.

Count.—It is here that I was powerful and great.

Venancio.—You were called—and rightly—the first gentleman of Spain.

Count.—And to-day, the first gentleman of Spain—he who gave to all

with a large generosity—comes to ask you hospitality. Vicissitudes and changes which I do not wish to recall; this revolution which makes and unmakes estates and families; which changes everything, has made you owner of the Pardina. And I come here begging a lodging; not like its lord, but like a poor mendicant without a home; abandoned by the world. If you take me in you know that you must do so in pure charity, without remuneration; without recompense. I am poor; I have lost everything.

Venancio.—But this is always your lordship's house, and we, to-day as yesterday, are your servants.

Count.—I thank you. Believe me that I thank you from my very soul. But I understand that you are simply paying a debt and that you pay it as a Christian should. Everything that you are; everything that you have acquired, you owe to my protection.

Venancio.—Without doubt. But first, in what room would your lordship like to sleep?

Count.—Upstairs; in the bedroom that was my mother's.

Venancio (vexed).—The one off the large hall? It's full of stuff.

Count.—Well, take out the stuff and put me there.

Venancio.—My lord, it is all torn up.

Count (beginning to grow angry).—Is that the way you begin?

Venancio.—Well, you see it's this way. We have turned it into a drying room. We hang up the beans there.

Count (more angry).—Put the beans somewhere else. Is my person of so little importance that it does not deserve a slight inconvenience on the part of the lady gardeners?

Venancio (not quite resigned).—All right, my lord, that is, if——

Count.—More excuses? Must I order you? Alas for me! (*Striking the arm of the chair with his hand.*) Ah, I forget that now I am the guest of my inferiors. *Venancio*, I ought to submit to destiny. I ought to forget myself, and I cannot. My spirit each day grows more bitter with the loss of my sight. I cannot dominate my tyrannical impulses. I am a person accustomed to command. Authority is essential to me. By heavens! put up with me, or send me from my house, I should say, from yours.

SCENE IX

(*The COUNT, VENANCIO, the PRIEST. Later, GREGORIA. The priest DON CARMELO is fat and jovial. He comes on the stage from the back and goes towards the COUNT with wide open arms*)

Priest.—Dear friend and master; my beloved Don Rodrigo.

Count (embracing him).—Carmelo, my friend; come to my arms.

Priest.—What a happy surprise; what a pleasure!

Count.—But my dear fellow, how fat you are, and how well!

Priest (laughing).—In this part of the country, your lordship, it doesn't seem to make one thin to do penance.

Count.—You doing penance! That is a joke. But I know that you never condemn your poor flock to——

Venancio (jokingly).—We have a parish priest who is worth more than he weighs.

Count.—And you absolve them all! You will permit me to speak familiarly with you because of old times.

Priest (modestly).—You would offend me if you did not, your lordship.

Count (very affectionately).—Very well, Carmelo, very well. Sit down beside me. How they do pass. How they do fly, these years! I wonder if I could guess? You must be about fifty?

Priest.—I have been fifty for three years.

Venancio.—So have I. We are contemporaries.

Count.—It couldn't be less. You were twenty-six when——

Priest.—When my father died. It was owing to the count's generosity that I was able to finish my course in theology and law.

Count (with quick delicacy).—Upon my word, I had forgotten that.

Priest.—But I have not.

Gregoria (bringing a tray with coffee).—Here's the coffee. (*She places it on the table.*)

Count.—This is nice. (*He takes a cup.*) Carmelo, let me serve you.

Gregoria. The young ladies are finishing dressing. We will go immediately.

Count.—Don't let them wait. It must be time. (*To the priest, giving him sugar.*) You like it pretty sweet, if I remember?

Priest.—What a memory you have!

Count.—It doesn't have much exercise in remembering favors done to me, and so I am losing it as I have my eyesight.

Gregoria.—Will your lordship have anything more?

Count.—No, thank you. (*Exit Gregoria.*)

Priest (sipping the coffee).—Well, your lordship, what do you think of your little grand-daughters? This is the first time you have seen them since your return from America?

Count.—Yes.

Priest.—They're little angels; and how pretty, how charming. They quite steal one's heart. (*The count remains silent; during the pause Don*

Carmelo looks at him.) God has made of them a charming little pair; for the joy and pride of their mother — and of yours.

Count (as though suddenly awakening).—What were you saying? Oh, yes, that the little ones are witches.

Priest (trying to find out the reason for the count's presence in Jerusa).—I quite understand your impatience to see them. To this desire to know the children, to embrace them and to bless them, we owe the honor of your being here at Jerusa.

Count.—I have come to Jerusa principally for— (*to Venancio with authority, but kindly*) Will you—

Venancio.—My lord.

Count.—Will you do me the favor of leaving us alone?

(*Exit Venancio.*)

SCENE X

(*The COUNT and the PRIEST*)

Priest.—Senén has already told me that you and the countess have agreed to meet here. (*His great curiosity moves him to try to see the thought of the count.*) Here you can talk over calmly questions of interest (*pause: the count remains silent*) or others matters, whatever they may be.

Count.—Speaking of the children, I would say to you, my dear Carmelo, that my first impression upon seeing them and hearing them was — it certainly was excellent. As you say, I felt great pride and joy. I thought I noted a perfect harmony; more than that, a sameness in the timber of their voices. As I do not see their faces very well, they seem to me two exact reproductions of the same type. Could it be possible that their characters, their souls are alike also?

Priest (after a moment of perplexity).—Oh, no, Don Rodrigo, neither their voices nor their faces are alike. And much less their characters.

Count (with great interest).—Then, if they are different, the one must be better than the other. Tell me, you who have seen a good deal of them, which of the two is the more intelligent; which has the purer heart; is the more honest and generous.

Priest.—By my faith, the answer is rather difficult: both are good, docile, intelligent, with noble hearts; sometimes a little troublesome and mischievous, but very modest; well trained in elementary principles; fearing God—

Count.—These are the things that they have in common, yes, I understand. But what are the differences?

Priest.—Well, there is a difference. It's like this. Dolly always takes the initiative in mischief. Nell seems to be a little more inclined to serious things. She has a little more foresight. Dolly has a vivid imagination; an impetuous will. Nell is more thoughtful; more steady and consistent than the other in her likes. But what can I tell you, Don Rodrigo, since you are to be with them every day? You will understand their differences better than any one.

Count.—That is the very thing that has brought me here.

Priest.—You came to——?

Count.—To study them; to begin a detailed analysis of their characters. I cannot tell you the reasons for this just now. (*Changing his tone*) But Carmelo, why don't you stay and dine with me to-day?

Priest.—Oh no: to-day is the day, Count of Albrit, that you come to my house to do penance with the poor priest.

Count.—I accept. Yes, I accept. At what time?

Priest.—At one, promptly.

SCENE XI

(COUNT, the PRIEST, a physician, young, of sympathetic manners and intelligent looks. He comes from the house. Wears a long coat and derby hat)

Priest.—O doctor, come. (*Introducing him*) Salvadór Angulo, our just graduated doctor.

Count (taking his hand).—A great pleasure, I assure you.

Doctor.—I come to present my respects to the Lord of Jerusa and Polán.

Count (trying to remember).—Angulo, Angulo, I seem to recall——

Priest.—A son of Bonifacio Angulo, who was nicknamed Cachorro, gamekeeper in the mountains of Laín.

Count.—Oh, yes, Cachorro; a simple-minded, faithful servant. I remember him perfectly. (*He again extends his hand, which the doctor kisses.*)

Priest.—And I trust you have not forgotten, your lordship, that you also paid for this young fellow's education in Valladolid.

Count.—I?

Doctor.—For which I owe his lordship the little that I am and the little that I am worth.

Count.—I did not remember that; upon my word, I had forgotten it.

Priest.—And you must know also—I do not say it because he is here—that this young fellow is already famous in medical science.

Doctor.—I beg of you, Don Carmelo!

Count (affectionately).—Good, my son. Embrace me. (*He embraces him.*) Forgive me if I treat you familiarly. I cannot get over the habit of familiarity since I came into Jerusa. (*The doctor sits down with expressions of respect.*)

Priest.—I quite understand why you come in such elegant attire, little doctor.

Doctor.—Yes, I belong to the committee which has been appointed to present its compliments to the countess.

Count.—Ah! (*To the priest.*) Are you not going?

Priest. A little later. Although there will probably be a number of broken heads. I wouldn't want the countess to think I was discourteous.

Count.—Yes. It wouldn't do to have such an important person absent at this ceremony.

Priest.—Listen, Salvador, as soon as the function is over, come back as fast as you can to the house, and you will have the honor of dining with the count and with me.

Doctor.—Thank you, what a great honor!

Count (joyfully).—What a good opportunity to consult him calmly.

Doctor.—You are suffering.

Count.—No it's not that. You know my little grand-daughters. You have perhaps attended them when they were sick.

Doctor.—Nell and Dolly enjoy a state of health that is absolutely plebian and provincial. I have come to see them once or twice for little illnesses that had no special importance.

Count.—But they have perhaps been enough for you, a careful observer, to have learned something about their temperament; to have found out what peculiarities each one may have.

Doctor.—I understand. But, to tell the truth, I have never noticed any special differences between them.

Priest.—Well, at my house, at the dinner table, we can have a long, satisfactory talk. (*Sound of rockets.*)

Count (rising).—They're here.

Doctor.—Yes, they're coming. (*Distant music is heard.*)

Priest (going to the left, to the spot from which can be seen the town of Jerusa).—From here you can see it all. What a crowd. They seem crazy. (*The count with great emotion rises and tries to see what is happening in the town.*)

Doctor.—Look, your lordship, over here. (*Leading him.*)

Count.—No, I cannot see, but I hear, I hear.

Priest.—The carriages are arriving at the mayor's house. (*Music and noise of the people are heard nearer.*)

Count (with sudden emotion. Apostrophising the town).—Ah, Lucretia Richmond arrives at last in Jerusa. At last you are here: how I have longed for this moment! You and I alone face to face! I know not which is worse; you who parade before the world with impunity your shame, or the servile and obsequious town which celebrates your coming. (*Sound of bells is heard.*) They are ringing now for you and in a short while they will call to prayers. (*With exaltation, raising his voice.*) Poor foolish town, she who comes to you is a monster of wickedness; an infamous forger: Do not welcome her; do not receive her; stone her and throw her out. (*The priest and the doctor, startled at the wild language of the count, remain silent. They try to take him away from the scene and to lead him into the house.*)

ACT II

(*Large room in the Pardina. The left and part of the background is taken up by a large corner window, with elaborately carved frame. Through the window can be seen trees and the sky. In the background a large door which opens into the hall and on to other rooms of the house; small door on the right. The whole room is marked by the characteristics of a lordly residence that is old and fallen into decay. Tables, chairs, and other furniture are of mahogany and oak black with age. It is daytime.*)

SCENE I

(*NELL, DOLLY, DON CORONADO are seated about a large table on which are papers, ink, and school books*)

Dolly (striking the table).—And I don't know a single word. Well, I like that. I only needed that to make me——

Don Pío (appealing to her emulation).—Nell wouldn't say that, for she wants to learn.

Nell. Yes, I would, I'd say the same. I only needed that to make me——

Don Pío (with feigned but unconvincing severity).—Very well, very well; here are two refined young girls, born to enter the best society, and who are satisfied with being two little knownothings.

Dolly.—We don't want to know anything.

Nell.—We want to be savages.

Don Pío.—Oh, my dears! The heiresses of the counties of Albrit and Lain want to be savages?

Dolly (gently pulling him by one ear).—Yes, yes, cross old teacher.

Don Pío.—Come now, Dolly; another little bit of history. Let us try it.

Dolly (leaning her elbows on the table, her face in her hands looking at him smiling).—Nice Don Pío, how handsome you must have been.

Don Pío (touching the ruler with his fingers).—Miss Dolly, behave yourself.

Nell.—Your complexion is like a rose. If you weren't old and we didn't know you, we would say that you were painted.

Don Pío.—Nell, behave yourself. I paint myself?

Dolly.—Tell us something. Is it true that when you were a young man you used to break many hearts?

Don Pío (touching again with a quick movement the ruler which is his special way of calling them to order).—Order, children, let us go on with the lesson.

Nell.—We have been told that you won hearts without saying a word.

Dolly.—And that you had dozens of chances.

Don Pío.—Chances? Oh, no, I was thrown over every time. Women are not to be trusted.

Nell (striking him gently in the neck).—Men are much worse. Don't you talk that way about us.

Don Pío.—You are very naughty and lazy to-day. (*Trying to get angry.*) By my life, if you don't begin to work, I tell you, I swear to you, I'll—

Nell.—What?

Don Pío.—I'll get angry.

Dolly.—Now we're afraid. We're trembling.

Nell.—Why don't you touch the—

Don Pío.—Order now, behave yourselves. Tell me something about Themistocles.

Dolly.—Oh, yes, he was the one who cut off the head of a bad woman whom they called Medusa.

Don Pío (lifting his hands to his head).—In the name of all the saints in heaven, don't mix up history with mythology!

Nell.—If one's a lie, the other is too.

Dolly.—And it's all the same to us.

Don Pío.—What is the matter with you to-day? Silence, now. Now tell me the principal facts in the life of Themistocles.

Dolly.—We don't like to meddle in other people's lives.

Don Pío (reciting).—Themistocles, a great Grecian, native of Thebes, conqueror of the Macedonians (*correcting himself*)—Oh, no, I'm confusing him with Epaminondas. What's the matter with my head?

Nell.—Oh, you don't know it! you don't know it!

Dolly.—We have a teacher who's a dummy.

Don Pío (Sorrowfully).—It's because you make me crazy with your playing and with your foolishness. (*Gravely.*) So, we can't go on.

Nell.—That's what I say; we can't go on.

Dolly.—Let's be little donkeys and go out into the meadow and eat grass.

Don Pío.—My conscience will not permit me to deceive the countess, who without doubt believes that I am teaching you something and that you are learning it.

Dolly (putting on the spectacles of CORONADO which are lying on the table).—Dear Don Pío, we are so stupid.

Don Pío (trying to get his glasses).—Be careful or you will break them, my child.

Nell.—Nice Don Pío, don't you think it would be better if we should all three go to take a little walk down by the beach?

Don Pío.—That's a fine idea! Wasting the whole blessed day, even the hours consecrated to education. Most delightful, young ladies, most delightful! Do you take me for a figurehead, or a silly ape? I, who represent knowledge? I who am here to inculcate in you—

Dolly.—Dear Don Pío, you don't inculcate anything in us and we're going.

Nell.—We'll go on with the lesson when we're at the beach.

Dolly.—With the sea before us we shall study about the voyage of Columbus to America.

Don Pío (sighing with discouragement).—Oh, what girls! No one can do anything with them. Well, I give up, but first let's have a little grammar lesson.

Nell (touching the ruler).—Hurrah for Coronado!

Dolly (reciting by heart).—Grammar is the art of speaking Spanish correctly.

Don Pío.—Let us go on. Dolly, tell me what is a participle.

Dolly (phlegmatically).—I don't want to.

Nell.—Participle? A participle is something that is part of the principal.

Don Pío (with gestures which take the place of energy).—You are stupid

little girls. You haven't the respect for yourselves that I see in other little girls. Lord! Other little girls are serious and dilligent and try to learn in order to shine in their examinations, so that their parents can listen to them with open-mouthed astonishment.

Dolly.—We don't want to shine, and we don't want to see mother with her mouth open. Oh, what a funny teacher you are!

Nell.—My dear Coronado, if you're not good we will make you get down on your knees.

Don Pío.—Enough of that; but why should it be so hard for you to remember such easy things? You will soon be aristocratic young ladies, and when your mother takes you into society you ought to shine. Just imagine, in society they will talk of the participle and you won't even know what it is. My pupils will make a nice showing! People will say, where in the world did the countess find these two ninnies? Yes, they'll say that, and they'll laugh at you and the young men won't like you.

Dolly.—The young men will like us even though we don't know what a participle is, nor a conjunction, nor anything of that sort.

Nell.—If we are pretty and stylish you'll see if they won't like us!

Don Pío.—Yes, yes, pretty little donkeys.

Nell (leaning on the table idly and looking at him mockingly).—Do you know, teacher, that I have discovered something. You have very handsome eyes.

Dolly.—Yes, they look like two suns that shine a good deal.

Don Pío (crossing his arms).—That's right, make fun of me as much as you want.

Nell.—We are not making fun of you, we are confiding in you.

Dolly.—No indeed, it's because we like you, teacher, because you're very good and you're never ill natured.

Nell (stroking his beard).—You are a nice old Don Pío. That's the reason we like you so much. We are your little friends.

Don Pío (a little confused).—Now you're flattering me, you little deceivers.

Dolly.—Tell me something. Is it true that you have several daughters?

Don Pío (sighing profoundly).—Yes, several.

Nell.—Are they pretty?

Don Pío.—Not as pretty as the two I am looking at.

Dolly.—Are they fond of you?

Don Pío (sighing deeply again).—Fond of me; those girls——

Nell.—I have been told that they don't care very much for you. If that's so, never mind, because we love you dearly.

Dolly.—And do you like us? (*DON Pío, deeply moved, makes an affirmative sign.*)

Nell.—Why he idolizes us. So, we study when the notion takes us; and when we don't want to, we play.

Dolly.—And that's what we are going to do to-day.

Nell.—First we'll take a little walk, and then we'll go to see mamma.

Dolly (*hearing voices in the background*).—It seems to me I hear grandfather's voice.

Nell (*looking back*).—No, it's Don Carmelo.

Dolly (*looking also*).—And the mayor. Mother has sent them to look for us.

SCENE II

(*The same; the PRIEST, DOCTOR, the MAYOR*)

Priest (*smiling*).—Well, young ladies, have you studied your lessons?

Doctor (*looking sympathetically at the teacher, who is gathering up books and papers*).—They are going to give poor Don Pío a chance to breathe.

Nell (*making a very graceful and elegant bow to the mayor*).—The Mayor of Jerusa. (*DOLLY makes a bow also.*)

Mayor (*answering with another bow*).—Young ladies.

Dolly.—Are you going to take us to the house where mamma is?

Priest.—No, Miss Dolly.

Dolly.—Why not?

Priest.—Because the countess is coming to the Pardina.

Nell.—Oh what joy!

Dolly.—When?

Priest.—In a moment.

Nell (*impatient to go*).—Can't we go to meet her?

Priest.—Is that a little excuse to run and play? But, my children, you are old enough now to be more serious.

Dolly.—What a nuisance, shut up all day long.

Doctor.—Let them alone, Don Carmelo. Let them go out; let them play.

Dolly (*good naturedly*).—I wager, Sir Priest, that you yourself run away sometimes; when you don't go out preaching you go out hunting, and in the evenings you can't give up the billiard table.

Priest (*laughing*).—Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you're too bright for me. Go, and leave us in peace.

Doctor.—Go to meet your mother.

Nell and Dolly.—Let's run, let's live. (*They run out at the back; each one taking an arm of DON PIO, who follows them with the quick, short step of an old man.*)

SCENE III

(PRIEST, DOCTOR, MAYOR, VENANCIO)

Venancio (saluting with respect).—Your Honor, this is a proud day for my house.

Mayor.—I come as a friend. I am not here officially.

Venancio.—Yes, I understand; as a friend of the Count of Albrit; once my master, now my guest.

Mayor.—We would be very sorry indeed not to see him.

Venancio.—He will be back in a moment from his walk. He waited for you until ten o'clock. He was very much agitated all morning, walking up and down like a caged lion.

Doctor.—I hope that the good news which we bring him from the countess will calm him.

Venancio.—Then the countess consents?

Mayor (fatuously).—Thanks to me.

Priest.—The interview will be held here.

Venancio.—At what time?

Doctor.—At twelve.

Mayor.—The cause of discord between them must be exceedingly serious, gentlemen, when Lucretia, who is never afraid to solve the most problematic questions of morals in the face of the world, trembles before this poor, sick old man, who is almost blind.

Priest.—What makes you think that it is a question of morals? We discount all the stories that are told hereabouts; exaggerated as they are by malice, envy, fondness for gossip.

Doctor.—Discount them as much as you will, there will always remain——

Priest.—What?

Doctor.—The naked truth.

Mayor.—Not naked, by Jove. It's too much dressed!

Venancio (who is looking back).—Silence, they're coming.

Priest.—Who?

Venancio.—The countess and her daughters.

SCENE IV

(*Same; LUCRETIA, NELL, and DOLLY*)

Venancio (*kissing the countess' hand*).—The countess is welcome.

Lucretia.—I am glad to see you. But I cannot come joyfully into this gloomy house. (*She looks gloomily about her.*)

Nell.—Dear mamma, this is our house.

Lucretia.—Yes, yes, I didn't mean that. This old house is very dear to me because it is where my little girls have their nest. (*She sits down in the armchair, the girls stand beside her on either side.*)

Nell.—It would be a nice nest if we could keep you here with us.

Dolly.—And smother you with our kisses.

Mayor.—These adorable creatures would like to imprison their illustrious mother.

Priest.—We would be only too glad of that.

Lucretia.—I shouldn't object to the imprisonment, providing that public manifestations should be suppressed.

Priest.—Her ladyship will have to resign herself to the affectionate demonstrations of a loving population. You can't say that the Jerusanos have treated you badly.

Mayor.—There is always a joyful welcome here for the Countess of Lain.

Doctor.—It is as I told your ladyship, we have overcome your repugnance to entering the Pardina and I do not hesitate to assure you that you will be grateful to us for it.

Lucretia (*sighing*).—Yes, I am in the Pardina. I have taken the first step and—— (*suddenly deciding not to express her thought before the girls*) May I ask if the Count of Albrit, who showed such an ardent desire to talk with me, is at home?

Nell.—No, he is not, but he will soon be back from his short walk.

Doctor.—Perhaps we ought to tell him.

Mayor.—Yes, he should be notified that the countess is waiting for him.

Dolly.—Mamma, do you want us to go and look for him?

Lucretia.—Would you have to go very far?

Nell.—Oh, no, he's probably at the foot of the hill.

Venancio.—Yes, there you will surely find him.

Dolly.—Let's go. (*She kisses her mother.*)

Doctor.—I will accompany them.

Lucretia.—Thanks, doctor.

Nell (*kisses her mother*).—You'll see, we'll bring him back very soon. (*The doctor and the girls go out. VENANCIO follows.*)

SCENE V

(LUCRETIA, the PRIEST, and the MAYOR)

Lucretia (anxiously with deep interest).—Tell me, Don Carmelo, have you seen him to-day?

Priest.—No, my lady.

Mayor.—Put away this childish fear, your ladyship. It is much better that you should talk together and have it out, like good friends.

Priest.—A frank understanding is often the result of discussion or even of a quarrel.

Lucretia (looking down).—It seems very difficult. (*She directs an inquiring look at the priest.*) The priest of Jerusa is not as frank with me as I deserve. He does not dare to repeat the horrible things that my father in law has said of me.

Priest.—Horrible things! Upon my word, not that. Yesterday, while dining at my house (*anxiously, without deciding to be sincere*) he said something about his son, your illustrious husband, who is dead. He spoke of his many virtues, his unusual merits. He wept a little.

Lucretia.—And what else?

Priest.—He showed a very great fondness for his grand-daughters. When Angelo and I heard him talking of them it seemed almost an exaggeration of paternal affection.

Lucretia.—It wouldn't be strange if misfortune should embitter his proud and haughty soul and drive the good Don Rodrigo to madness.

Priest.—I wouldn't go so far as to say that. I simply note the fact that the count needs the most delicate care and attention.

Lucretia.—He will have that. I shall tell Venancio that while he remains at the Pardina he must be cared for; he must be looked after with all solicitude and kindness.

Mayor.—And if I can be of any service—

Lucretia (to the priest).—You were saying, Don Carmelo?

Priest.—Nothing further, my lady, the count said nothing more except to ask me anxiously to arrange for this interview. Not being able to see you last night, I commissioned the mayor and the doctor to make the arrangements. You have been kind enough to accede to their request.

Mayor.—And when we arrive here to see his lordship we are told that he has gone out to walk.

Lucretia (with interest, but anxiously).—Alone?

Priest.—I think not.

Lucretia.—With whom?

Priest.—I don't remember. (*VENANCIO comes in right.*) Venancio, who did you say went walking with the count?

SCENE VI

(*The same; VENANCIO; later SENÉN*)

Venancio.—It was Senén. But before reaching the cross roads the count sent him away saying that he wanted to walk alone. Senén came back, and——

Lucretia (quickly).—Is he here?

Venancio.—It was on purpose to tell you that he wished to be received by your ladyship that I have come.

Lucretia (surprised and with a certain repugnance).—Now? (*Changing her mind.*) Yes, yes, I will see him. (*SENÉN appears right; and bowing remains near the door.*)

Mayor (aside to the priest).—Who's this fellow?

Priest.—An old servant of Lain.

Mayor.—Oh, yes, probably a depository of secrets. Are we in the way?

Priest.—I think we are.

Mayor (aloud to LUCRETIA).—Don Rodrigo will soon be here, your ladyship.

Lucretia.—Are you going to leave me?

Priest.—We will not leave the Pardina.

Mayor.—We shall come back.

Priest.—Courage, your ladyship, do not be afraid of the lion.

Lucretia (looking at SENÉN).—I shall first have to speak to this dog. (*The mayor and the priest go out back; VENANCIO follows them.*)

SCENE VII

(*LUCRETIA, and SENÉN, who remains at a respectful distance from her*)

Lucretia (standing looks at him with interest, but without hiding her contempt).—I know already that you have seen the old man and that you have talked with him.

Senén (keeping his distance).—My enemies have told you.

Lucretia (hiding her fear).—What difference does it make to me? All I will have to do will be to give him something so that he can live, and leave me in peace.

Senén.—I doubt it; as he is proud he will not take alms; since he is over scrupulous and quarrelsome he will want a scandal.

Lucretia (trembling).—A scandal, what do you mean? Has he told you?

Senén (mysteriously).—He has told me nothing. A friend of mine who used to live in Valencia with the count told me this; that since the death of his son, may God keep him in peace, all he has done has been to ferret out the past, the misdeeds of the past.

Lucretia.—Like a ragman hunting in the garbage. (*Anxiously*) He'll come back to you. He'll ask you a thousand things. He knows that you are my servant.

Senén (coming closer).—Your ladyship will always have in me a faithful servant.

Lucretia (trying to get away from the perfume which emanates from SENÉN she pretends she has a cold and uses her handkerchief).—I know that; I have confidence in you.

Senén.—I serve your ladyship disinterestedly in everything which you ask, whatever it may be, but I trust that your ladyship will not forget that her humble *protégé*, the poor Senén, does not deserve to remain half way in his career.

Lucretia.—What do you mean? Do you want more? You are becoming a chronic beggar.

Senén (coming closer; countess goes back).—Your ladyship will pardon me. The expenses of living, which each day are greater, oblige me to trouble you.

Lucretia.—Do you refer to a promotion?

Senén.—Yes, my lady.

Lucretia (displeased).—But I can do nothing more.

Senén (calmly).—The Marquis of Pescara, who has a great deal of influence, will give me the promotion if only your excellency will speak to him, or send him word.

Lucretia.—You are asking a perfectly absurd thing; ridiculous! (*Aside, going further away.*) To have to endure this reptile! To hear him! To smell him! And simply because I am afraid of him!

Senén (still calm, even in his servility).—If your ladyship does not wish to do a kindness to her faithful servant, then consider that I said nothing.

Lucretia (wishing to terminate the interview).—Well, all right, it shall be done. But it is very doubtful if I shall see Richard.

Senén (officially).—You will see him to-morrow.

*Lucretia (with sudden interest, coming close to him, forgetting the heliotrope).—*Where? What do you mean? Where?

Senén. At the Veralba. Is not your ladyship going to-morrow to the country house of the Donestève?

Lucretia.—Yes. And there you think—— How do you know that Richard will be in Veralba?

Senén.—I say what I know. I can prove it.

Lucretia.—Oh, you know it through his valet, who is your cousin. Are you sure?

Senén.—Absolutely. Will your ladyship promise me to ask the marquis for my promotion?

*Lucretia (goes still further back, ashamed of having kept up a familiar conversation with her servant).—*Yes, yes, I promise not to forget the affair. I'll do what I can, with the understanding that you repay me with perfect loyalty.

*Senén (with the air of loyal devotion).—*My lady!

*Lucretia (with her handkerchief to her nose).—*You may go now; your demands, perfumed as they are, give me the headache.

*Venancio (coming quickly from back).—*My lady, the count is just now coming into the Pardina.

*Lucretia (with sudden fear).—*Heavens! is he coming here?

*Venancia (looking back).—*He is coming this way.

*Lucretia (to SENÉN).—*Go, quickly!

Venancio.—Go out this way. (*He makes him go out right.*) Would your ladyship like me to meet him and to tell him ——

*Lucretia (very much disturbed).—*Yes, yes, don't let him come; tell him that it would be better to-morrow.

Venancio.—Here he is now.

*Lucretia (resigning herself).—*There is no help; there is no way out of it now. (*Strengthening herself.*) Let him come. I'll not be afraid of him. (*She becomes apparently calm; the count appears at the door and takes off his hat. As he enters exit VENANCIO and closes the door.*)

SCENE VIII

(*LUCRETIA, the COUNT*)

Count.—Countess. (*He bows respectfully; she bows coldly.*) I thank you for your kindness in having consented to this interview.

Lucretia.—It was my sacred duty to accede to your request, here or

anywhere else. I say, duty, for during a short period of time I was called your daughter.

Count.—Those times are past. You were, in a way, an accident. By birth you were a foreigner, even more so by your feelings. You never identified yourself with my family nor with the Spanish character. Against my will my beloved son chose you as his wife, the daughter of an Irishman settled in the United States, who had come here in the oil business. (*Sighing.*) America has indeed been fatal to me. Then, as every one knows, I opposed the marriage of the Count of Lain. I struggled with his obstinacy and his blindness. I was conquered. Time and you have shown me to be right. You, by rendering my son unhappy and hastening his death.

Lucretia (angry, but still fearful).—That is not the truth, count.

Count (coldly).—What I say is the truth. My poor son died of exhaustion from the fever which the scandalous conduct of his wife brought on. Every one knows that.

Lucretia (proudly, rising).—Be careful of what you say. You are making yourself the echo of vile calumnies.

Count (with gentleness).—Lucretia, it may possibly be that I am mistaken and that you are better than I think you are. You would convince me of this error if you showed any impulse to confess to me the truth.

Lucretia (embarrassed).—The truth?

Count.—Yes; it's a very delicate matter concerning which I should like to question you.

Lucretia.—When?

Count.—Now.

Lucretia (in fear).—Question me? Do you think I am a criminal?

Count.—I think you are.

Lucretia (panic stricken).—This is insupportable. I cannot endure it.

Count.—No, no. You cannot refuse to answer me. What I am going to ask is most grave, and the very fact that I am the one to ask, and that you are the one to answer, should give it a certain solemnity. It is not I who am speaking to you now, it is your dead husband; it is my son, who lives again in me. (*Pause.*) Sit down.

Lucretia.—Have pity sir, you are torturing me.

Count (sits down in front of Lucretia).—Pardon me. It is necessary. You will have to suffer, Lucretia. (*Pause.* *LUCRETIA dares not look at him.*) Upon returning to Cadiz from my unfortunate voyage I was given a letter from Raphael in which he expressed his sadness, his deep bitterness. For him life had lost all interest; he was ill and in his despair did

not want to get well. He was dying of melancholy, of the loss of all his illusions, and also of the shame of seeing his name betrayed.

Lucretia (looking up at him).

Count.—My son had been separated from his wife for a year.

Lucretia.—Has any one ever said that it was my fault?

Count.—Don't interrupt me. It is your turn to listen. Raphael did not tell me anything definite. He simply expressed his state of mind without giving any cause for it. Naturally when I received the letter I went immediately to Valencia.

Lucretia.—Alas!

Count (deeply moved).—Two hours before arriving my son had died. A sudden collapse, and then death, and all in a few hours. (*He weeps; pause.*) He died in the room of an inn, still dressed lying on the bed; attended by hired servants. Oh, God, the pity of it!

Lucretia (very much moved, sobbing).—Even though you may not believe it, count, I loved him.

Count (with sudden anger, wiping his tears).—That is a lie. If you loved him, why did you not run to his side the moment you knew he was sick?

Lucretia (uncertainly).—Because—I don't know, the complications that come into one's life—I——

Count.—Let me finish. You can easily understand my despair when I found him dead. (*He crosses his hands, sobbing.*) Oh, this terrible pain, this agonizing sorrow of my old age; harder than all other ills I had ever endured. To see him dead! To speak to him without receiving an answer! He could not return my caresses, not even by a movement, nor a look, nor with his voice. All, all was plunged in the awful silence of death.

Lucretia (a prey to intense emotion, sobs; pressing her handkerchief against her eyes).—It was horrible! fearful! You have no heart; you don't know what it is; weep. (*He notices that she is weeping. Pause.*) What a comfort it would be if now we could weep together, you and I, for this beloved one. (*LUCRETIA takes one or two steps towards him; there is a movement as though they would embrace; they hesitate: the COUNT turns away.*)

Lucretia (returning to her chair).—My tears are sincere.

Count.—Naturally, seeing my sorrow, and you are not made of bronze. (*LUCRETIA bows her head; silence.*) You are silent. (*He rises.*) Now I see, now I see the unhappy Lucretia in the attitude which she ought to take; that of resigned submission awaiting the sentence of justice. (*Pause.*) Will you confess that your conduct towards my son, at least at certain times in his life, was not what it should have been?

Lucretia (timidly).—I confess it. But I ought to say something for my own justification.

Count.—I am listening.

Lucretia.—My infidelities towards Raphael were a long time ago.

Count.—They date from the second or third year of your marriage. At the end of the first year the son was born to whom they gave my name. He died in three or four months.

Lucretia.—You are right.

Count.—After some time, I don't know exactly how long, since this happened during my residence in America, the Countess of Laín began to tread the broad road.

Lucretia (trying desperately to beat a retreat).—If you had found your son alive I am sure he would not have judged me so harshly.

Count.—He was more harsh than I am; he was implacable.

Lucretia.—In his last moments?

Count.—In his last moments. Believe what I say.

Lucretia (stupefied).—But you have just told me——

Count.—That I found him dead; yes.

Lucretia (pause; they look at each other).—And then——

Count.—The dead speak.

Lucretia (hesitating between credulity and superstitious fear).—Raphael?

Count.—Desperate, maddened, I remained I know not how long beside the body of my poor son, without thinking of anything but of him and the vast mystery of death. After a while I began to notice what was around me; to look at his clothes; at the furniture which he had used, at the room. (*Pause. LUCRETIA listens to him with anxious expectation.*) In the room there was a table covered with books and papers, and among them there lay a letter.

Lucretia (trembling).—A letter?

Count.—Yes. Raphael was writing it when he was taken ill. Death came quickly; attacked him with fury; he called; they came to his help; all was in vain. The letter remained there half written, and there it was, alive, speaking. It was himself. I read it without taking it up, without touching it; leaning over the table as I would have leaned over his bed if I had found him alive. The letter says——

Lucretia (breathless; her mouth dry).—Was it for me?

Count.—Yes.

Lucretia.—Give it to me. (*The count shakes his head.*) Then how am I to know what is in it?

Count.—It suffices that I repeat its contents. I know it by heart.

THE GRANDFATHER

Lucretia.—That is not enough. I must read it. I must see the handwriting.

Count.—That is not necessary. I do not lie. You know that well. It begins with bitter complaints which tell of married unhappiness. Then follow these solemn words (*repeating them word for word*). 'I warn you that if you do not send me my daughter immediately I shall take steps to claim her legally. I want her at my side. The other girl, the one who is not my daughter, according to your own declaration in the letter which you wrote to your lover, the painter Carlos Eraul, dead a year ago, I will leave to you; I give her to you, I throw her in your face.' (*Pause.*)

Lucretia (stupefied).—It said that? It says that?

Count.—Do you doubt it?

Lucretia.—I don't doubt; I don't know. (*Seizing an idea.*) Perhaps the letter is forged. Some enemy of mine might have written it in order to slander me.

Count (with a gesture as though taking out the letter).—My son wrote it.

Lucretia (turning away).—No, no, I don't want to see it. Horrible!

Count.—But you do not deny—

Lucretia (deciding to deny it).—Yes. I do deny it entirely.

Count.—And I, fool that I was, I hoped to find in you a soul large enough to complete my son's revelation, telling me—

Lucretia (frightened).—What?

Count (severely simple).—Telling me which of the two children is the one which usurps my name; which one personifies my dishonor.

Lucretia.—Oh, infamous! It is not true.

side? Yes, weep (*believing that gentleness may be more efficacious*). Perhaps my words are too severe; perhaps I question you too tyrannically. It is hard to overcome the natural bluntness of my character. Pardon me. (*Gently.*) I do not command now, I do not accuse; I am not the judge; I am the friend, the father. And as such I beg of you that you deliver me from this awful doubt. (*LUCRETIA silent; biting her handkerchief.*) Courage; one word is sufficient; say that word and I shall say nothing more. The truth, Lucretia, the truth is the only thing that can save us.

Lucretia (after a terrible struggle; rises suddenly and as though beside herself; walks feverishly up and down the room).—This is too much. Where can I fly? Where can I go to hide myself? Pity me!

Count.—Do you not answer me?

Lucretia (fiercely with unbroken resolution, standing before him.)—Never!

Count.—Are you in earnest?

Lucretia.—Never! I shall die first.

Count (with calm authority).—Then, what you do not wish to tell me I shall find out.

Lucretia.—How?

Count.—Ah, that is my affair.

Lucretia.—Poor old man; your madness inspires pity.

Count.—Your madness inspires none in me. One does not pity the corrupt, those who are steeped in sin.

Lucretia (angry; discomposed).—Ha, you dare to insult me? Albrít? You belong to a race of madmen, of burlesque knights, who wear nothing but pasteboard honor. What would become of the old lion if I did not help him? But I am generous; I will forgive his insults; I will see that he does not die in an almshouse, or dragging his weary feet along the highway.

Count (with supreme contempt).—Lucretia Richmond, perhaps God may pardon you; I too would pardon you if forgiveness and contempt could go together.

Lucretia (going to the door).—It is enough. (*To the girls who half open the door without daring to come in.*)—You may come in.

SCENE IX

(*LUCRETIA, the COUNT, NELL and DOLLY, who run to embrace their mother. Behind them are GREGORIA and VENANCIO. A little later the PRIEST and the DOCTOR.*)

Lucretia.—My precious ones; give me a thousand kisses. (*They kiss her.*)

Nell (*noticing her face*).—Mother dear, you've been crying.

Lucretia.—Your grandfather and I have been reviving sad memories.

Dolly (*looking at the count, who remains immovable*).—Grandfather has been crying too. (*She comes up to him.*)

Count.—Come, embrace me. (*They both come to him; embrace him.*)

Lucretia (*aside to GREGORIA and VENANCIO*).—You will watch over him and take care of him, but keep an eye on him all the time.

Dolly (*to the count*).—This evening we'll take a walk.

Count.—Yes, yes, I don't want to be separated from you; we'll talk together; we'll study together.

Nell.—You will teach us arithmetic and history.

Count.—History; no, that you will teach me. (*The priest and the doctor come in, back; they both come up to LUCRETIA.*)

Priest.—How was it? Is there a reconciliation?

Lucretia.—Impossible. But I would recommend you to be very watchful. (*To the doctor*) And you, Doctor Angulo, I would especially recommend that you observe him—

Priest.—Poor gentleman.

Doctor.—Don't be anxious; I will look after him particularly. (*He crosses over to salute the count.*)

Priest.—Do you insist upon leaving us?

Lucretia.—I must be in Veralba to-day. (*As though going out.*)

Nell.—Mother dear, shall we go home with you? Or shall we stay a little while with grandfather?

Lucretia.—Whatever your grandfather wishes.

Count.—If your mother is going away this evening, you ought to stay with her until she goes.

Doctor.—And how are you feeling, your lordship?

Count.—Very badly.

Doctor.—Your eyesight?

Count.—Yes; all the morning I have noticed a darkness; a vagueness in objects as I look at them. (*Looking about as though trying to see.*) I can scarcely distinguish— (*he looks at LUCRETIA, who proudly returns his look.*) My growing blindness keeps me from seeing anything now but large things,—the sky, the sea. But I can see Lucretia, for she is monstrous! (*His voice dies out; he remains immovable and rigid; profound silence; they all look at him.*)

ACT III

(*The same setting as in Act II*)

SCENE I

(GREGORIA is putting the room in order. The COUNT seated in a profound study. NELL and DOLLY)

Gregoria.—My lord (*the count does not hear; he remains lost in thought and talks to himself. GREGORIA comes up to him*). Your lordship, don't you hear me? Have your thoughts gone wool gathering?

Count.—The truth; the truth; I want the truth.

Gregoria (*lifting her voice*).—Your lordship! (NELL and DOLLY come running in right; behind them DON PÍO.)

Nell.—Grandfather dear!

Dolly.—Are you coming to take a walk with us? (*They both kiss him.*)

Count (*coming out of his deep study*).—No, to-day you can't go walking, my children; there's a storm coming. (*He looks towards the window.*) It's raining now. (*Sky grows dark; distant thunder is heard.*)

Nell.—It seems to be thundering.

Don Pío (*coming forward respectfully and timidly*).—Good day to your lordship.

Count.—Poor Coronado; these naughty children weary you; and did they know their lessons to-day?

Don Pío (*with noble sincerity*).—Your lordship, not a single word, and I am telling the truth.

Count (*gayly*).—What monkeys you are; kiss me again, little dunces.

Dolly.—Now you hear what he says, Don Pío.

Don Pío.—I am listening. And I don't forget what his lordship said to you last night; that it wasn't worth while to put anything else in the young ladies' heads.

Nell.—And that what we need is to have our wills educated.

Count.—Yes, that's what I said.

Dolly.—I don't like to know what's in books; I like things.

Count.—That's right.

Don Pío.—And with the permission of his lordship, I would like to ask, 'What are things, Miss Dolly?'

Dolly.—Why, just things.

Nell.—Yes, things.

Count.—Yes, my children, another teacher much less gentle than your Don Pío is going to teach you the art of living. She is called experience (*changing his tone*). Come, to-day the lessons are over. Coronado, you may go.

Don Pío.—All you will have to do this evening will be to go over your history lesson a little.

Count (rising, he leads DON PÍO aside).—No, you and I will go over the history. Come back in a little while. I have something to say to you. (*DON PÍO bows and goes out. The count indicates to GREGORIA that she is to go out also.*)

SCENE II

(COUNT, NELL and DOLLY)

Nell.—Now we're all alone, we three. (*DOLLY runs to the window.*)

Count.—We two, you mean—— I say it because you—— What are you doing, Dolly?

Dolly.—I am looking at the sky; how black it is; we are going to have a regular deluge.

Count.—All the better. A deluge wouldn't be out of place.

Nell.—What are you saying?

Count.—Come here, Dolly. (*Dolly comes near.*) I was saying that you, although you are two (*he points to one after another*) seem to me to be but one. (*The children look puzzled.*) What do you think of that? I mean to say that in you there is something more than enough.

Dolly.—Something more than enough? Now I understand it less than ever.

Nell.—Grandfather means to say that in both of us, not in one alone, there is both bad and good.

Dolly.—And that there's more than enough of the bad.

Count.—And that you must cast it away from you.

Nell.—Or perhaps it might mean that one of us is bad and the other good.

Count.—Perhaps.

Nell.—In that case, I am the bad one and Dolly's the good one.

Dolly.—No, no, I am the bad one. Because I am always inventing mischief.

Count (tormented by a thought).—Come close to me, little ones; I want to see your faces better. (*They stand one at each side of him and the count*

puts his arms around them; the three heads are very close together.) Yes, this way, so. *(Looking with fixed attention.)* I can't see well. *(Discouraged.)* My poor old sight is going, going, when most I need it. And no matter how much I look at you I see no difference between you.

Nell.—They say that we look alike; but Dolly is a little darker than I am; not quite so fair.

Count *(deeply interested)*.—And you both have black hair, very black, haven't you?

Dolly.—Mine is a little darker than Nell's.

Nell.—There's another difference between us. My nose isn't quite so flat.

Dolly.—And my mouth is larger than yours.

Count.—And your teeth?

Nell.—We both have very pretty ones. I don't mean to praise ourselves.

Dolly.—But I have one eye-tooth that's a little prominent; it sticks out a little; feel it grandfather. *(She touches her mouth with the count's finger.)*

Count.—That's true. Quite true.

Nell.—There are some other differences.

Count.—When I look at your eyes with my dim ones they seem to me equally pretty. Nell, do me the favor to look at your sister's eyes; and you Dolly, look at Nell's. Tell me the exact color.

Nell.—Dolly's eyes are black.

Dolly.—Nell's eyes are black. But mine are blacker.

Count *(with anxious interest)*.—Yours blacker, Dolly? Have they perhaps a green cast?

Nell.—I think they have; a bluish green.

Dolly *(looking closely at her sister's eyes)*.—Yours have little golden gleams. Yes, and a little green too.

Count.—But they're black. Your papa's eyes were as black as a raven's wing.

Nell.—Papa was very handsome.

Count *(sighing)*.—Do you remember him?

Dolly.—Why shouldn't we remember him?

Nell.—Poor father; he was so fond of us.

Dolly.—He adored us.

Count.—When did you see him for the last time?

Nell.—I think it was two years ago, when he went to Paris. That time they took us out of school.

Count.—Did he say good by to you?

Dolly.—Yes, indeed, he said he would come back very soon; and he never came back. Then he went to Valencia.

Nell.—Mamma started for Paris too, but she stayed in Barcelona. She didn't take us with her.

Dolly.—When she came back to Madrid she was very unhappy. I suppose because papa was away.

Count.—And how do you know she was unhappy?

Nell.—Because she was never at home; and that was a sure sign that she was bored. We used to eat all alone.

Count.—And was it then that they brought you here?

Dolly.—Yes, grandfather.

Count.—Tell me something else. Were you very fond of your papa?

Nell.—Very.

Count.—I have an idea that one of you cared for him less than the other.

Both (*protesting*).—Oh, no, indeed! We both loved him alike.

Count (*after a pause; looking at them with eyes that can see so little*).—And do you think that he was equally fond of you both?

Dolly.—Of course he was.

Count.—Are you sure of that?

Nell.—Of course we're sure. He used to write us little letters from Paris.

Count.—To each one separately.

Dolly.—No, to both of us together; and he used to say, 'Little flowers of my soul, the only stars in my sky.' But he never wrote us from Valencia.

Nell.—No, we didn't receive a single letter from Valencia. We used to write to him but he never answered. (*Long pause; the count rests his forehead upon his hands, which rest upon his cane; and he remains a long while in deep meditation*).

Dolly.—Grandfather, are you sleepy?

Count (*sighing, lifts his head and rubs his eyes*).—No, this isn't sleep; it is thought. (*Noise of the storm, the rain beats upon the window panes; the thunder is louder*).

Nell (*running to the balcony*).—What a storm!

Count (*aside; thoughtfully*).—I could tell nothing from their features. (*Encouraged*) Perhaps their characters will speak. (*Aloud*) Little ones!

Dolly.—Grandfather, may I go out on the balcony to gather the hail?

Nell (*quickly*).—Oh, no, I'm chilly, don't open the window.

Dolly (mockingly).—Oh, what a delicate little child you have become! (*To the count*) Shall I open the window?

Count.—Do what your sister tells you.

Nell.—Don't let her open it. This winter I caught an awful cold and it was all her fault.

Dolly.—It was *her* fault. Because she *would* go out on the day of the big snow storm.

Nell.—No, it was her fault; I stayed two hours in the woods making snowballs.

Dolly (aggressively).—Did you call *those* snowballs?

Nell.—And then I had to spend two hours more in the square, drawing the church tower and the snowy trees.

Dolly.—You didn't either.

Nell (excited).—Yes, I did.

Dolly (both of them a little angry).—You're not telling the truth.

Nell.—Grandfather, she says that I told a story.

Count.—And you never tell an untruth? It isn't in your nature, Nell.

Dolly.—She told me yesterday that I was a story teller.

Count.—And what did you do?

Dolly.—I began to laugh.

Nell.—Well, I won't stand having any one say that I tell stories. (*She begins to cry.*)

Count.—Are you crying, Nell?

Dolly (laughing).—It's all nonsense, grandfather.

Nell.—I'm very sensitive; and it just takes a little thing to offend my dignity.

Count.—Your dignity!

Dolly.—What's the matter with her is that she's jealous!

Count.—Why?

Dolly (with mischievous gayety).—Because everybody likes me better.

Nell.—I'm not jealous.

Count.—Come, Nell, don't cry. There's nothing the matter. And you, Dolly, don't laugh; don't you see you have hurt her feelings?

Nell.—It's always that way. She laughs at everything.

Count (to himself).—Nell has dignity. She must be the one. (*To Dolly with some severity.*) Dolly, I told you that you musn't laugh.

Dolly.—But it seems so funny.

Count (to Nell, caressing her).—You have a noble nature, Nell, one can see in you good blood, good race. Come, now, make up with each other.

Nell.—I don't want to.

Dolly (*mockingly*).—Nor I either.

Count.—That laugh, Dolly, seems to me a little coarse.

Dolly.—All right then. (*A sudden transition; she becomes serious; she goes back; sits down, and resting her elbows on a little table, she remains immovable, in a sad attitude, expressing shame or remorse.*)

Nell (*in a low tone to the count*).—Dolly is hurt; you called her coarse. And that makes her feel badly. Poor little girl!

Count.—Tell me, my child; have you ever noticed in Dolly any signs of—

Nell.—Of what?

Count.—Of coarseness, of a vulgar nature?

Nell.—No, grandfather. What are you thinking about? Dolly isn't vulgar. I thought you said it as a joke. Dolly is very refined.

Count.—Are you fond of her?

Nell.—I love her with all my heart.

Count.—And weren't you angry with her when she told you that you didn't tell the truth?

Nell.—Oh, no, that's nothing. We quarrel, and then we make up in a minute. Dolly is an angel. She ought to be a little more serious sometimes. I love her; we love each other. I want to go and hug her and beg her to forgive me.

Count.—Another sign of nobility. Nell, you are noble. Come to me (*embraces her*). And your sister, where is she?

Nell.—Over there. She's angry. Call her and forgive her.

Count.—Tell me something first. You were saying something a little while ago about your pictures, or drawings.

Nell.—It's Dolly who draws, she has a great talent for it.

Count (*gloomily*).—Dolly!

Nell.—Why, didn't you know it? She is an artist.

Count.—What do you say?

Nell.—She draws and makes lovely water colors. Haven't you seen her album?

Count.—Dolly, come here, my child. (*DOLLY comes slowly, led by NELL.*) So you're the one—

Dolly (*childishly*).—Don't pay any attention to what she says, grandfather. I was just making sketches. We used to go out to the country and I copied everything that I saw in my album; trees, houses, and animals.

Count.—Who taught you? (*DOLLY shrugs her shoulders.*)

Nell.—Nobody. What she knows she learned by herself, just looking at things.

Count (*with agitation which he cannot conceal*).—Tell me, do you feel an intense fondness for painting? Do you feel a longing in your soul to reproduce everything that you see?

Dolly.—Yes, grandfather.

Nell.—Ever since she was a little child she has been sketching.

Count (*to NELL*).—And you do not draw?

Nell.—I'm too stupid; I can't make anything.

Count (*bitterly*).—So you're an artist, Dolly; you. Then—— (*He puts his hands to his head.*)

Nell.—I'll show you her album. (*She runs out, right.*)

Count (*rising in agitation he walks up and down*).—Then she is the one! She is the false one! Cursed art!

Dolly (*frightened; following him*).—Grandfather dear, what's the matter?

Count.—Leave me alone; unhappy creature, why were you born?

Dolly (*anxiously*).—Why was I born? (*sorrowfully*.) You're right; if you don't care for me, then why should I live?

Count (*stopping, takes her by the arms and looks at her fixedly*).—Do you think you live for my sake, for the sake of the unhappy Count of Albrit?

Dolly.—Yes, I do.

Count.—Do you care for me?

Dolly.—Of course I do. Give me the chance to prove it.

Count (*aside, beginning to walk again*).—She is trying to get my affection by flattery. (*Aloud.*) Well, my dear girl, we shall await the proof. Do you love me? Do you love me truly?

Dolly.—More than you think for.

Count.—Do you love me more than your sister loves me?

Dolly.—Oh, more? No. Poor Nell, I would offend her if I would say that she loved you less than I do. Both of us are your grandchildren and we love you just alike.

Count (*aside, thoughtfully*).—This sounds like nobility of soul.

Nell (*coming in quickly with the album*).—Here it is.

Count (*aside*).—What if Dolly should, after all, be the legitimate one and Nell the intruder? O God, give me light! (*The two girls turn the leaves of the album.*)

Nell.—Not this one; it isn't finished.

Dolly.—Nor this one; it is the worst one I have done.

Count (*absentmindedly*).—I may be on a false track as far as the art is

concerned. (*Puzzled.*) Oh, heavens! I ask for light. (*There is sudden flash of lightning.*)

Nell.—Look at this one; it is the church tower.

Count (*much moved. Going away from them.*).—Leave me alone, I don't want to see anything; keep your book. (*A loud stroke of thunder is heard; rain and hail beat furiously against the window panes.*)

Nell (*letting her book fall*).—Gracious, what a stroke!

Dolly.—Isn't it fearful? (*The room grows dark.*)

Count (*wildly. Going up and down the stage*).—Which of the two is frightened by the storm?

Nell.—I am. (*Both children stand together at a distance from the count.*)

Dolly.—I am.

Count (*in great agitation listening to the voices of his grandchildren*).—Which of the two is speaking to me?

Nell.—I, grandfather.

Dolly.—I. (*The two voices are heard simultaneously.*)

Count.—It's only one voice.

Nell.—It's I.

Dolly.—It's I. (*Simultaneously.*)

Count (*irritated; he takes a few steps towards the children*).—Which is it? Who is it, for heavens sake! I heard but one voice. Which one of you said, it is I?

Dolly (*in fear; getting closer to her sister, and further away from the count*).—Grandfather, don't scold us.

Nell.—We are afraid of you. (*The thunder sounds more distinctly.*)

Count (*angrily*).—Which of you is afraid of me?

Nell and Dolly.—I.

Count (*overcome*).—Which one, tell me?

Nell (*trembling*).—We are afraid of the storm.

Dolly.—We're not afraid of you.

Count (*his momentary madness turns suddenly into weariness. He falls into a chair*).—The storm is in my soul. (*The two come running to his side.*) Do you know what storm it is that I have here? It is called ~~doubt~~. Come, my children, embrace me.

SCENE III

(COUNT, NELL, DOLLY, PRIEST, DOCTOR, VENANCIO, GREGORIA)

Priest.—How is your lordship feeling?

Count.—Very well, thank you, very well.

Doctor (looking at the sky).—Thank heaven! it is passing.

Count.—What?

Venancio.—The storm, your lordship. It's going towards the east.

Count.—No, it's not passing; it is still in all its fury.

Priest (from the window, which is now lighted up by the sun).—The sky is clearing; the sun is shining.

Count.—For me it is darkest night; lighted up once in a while by flashes of lightning.

Venancio (aside to the priest).—You see how he raves?

Doctor.—Your lordship, I recommend to you again that you put out of your mind every idea of—

Count (bitterly interrupting him).—Silence! Do you want to take from me the only thing that remains to me of my ancient possessions?

Priest.—Oh, no.

Count.—You are taking from me the power of thought; you are encouraging this policy of prohibitions and restrictions that these (*indicates VENANCIO and GREGORIO*) are practicing on me.

Venancio.—That we are practicing, your lordship?

Priest.—What does this mean, Venancio?

Count.—Let me go on. Listen to this example of a perfect system. When I arrived at the Pardina my good friend and former servant Venancio gave me for my service a quick, intelligent boy who was to be my valet. All my life I have had such a servant; it would have seemed impossible to have gotten along without him. Well, to-day I do get along without him; for to-day they have taken the servant away from me, and yet you see I am in good trim.

Nell.—He will come back surely.

Dolly.—How did they dare to do it?

Venancio (choosing his words).—Your lordship; it is because—

Gregoria (excusing herself).—We had to send him to cut grass on the lawn. (*The priest and the doctor look at each other in disgust.*)

Count.—You probably sent him to cut it for me. Listen: You are all the time saying that you are poor; but I know that you will soon be very rich. I see you on the way to wealth; especially if Gregoria persists in practicing on me the sublime art of economy.

Gregoria (frightened).—What is your lordship saying?

Priest.—What has happened?

Count.—Nothing. Only that Gregoria, who is always anxious to save, has suppressed my favorite drink, good coffee.

Gregoria.—Permit me, your lordship, to say that——

Count.—Yes, that you served me some this morning. It was nothing but dishwater, warmed over and half cold. I couldn't drink it. The miserable coffee, the broken and dirty china, disgusted me.

Priest (angrily).—This is impossible!

Nell.—*Gregoria*, it seems incredible.

Dolly (indignant).—What a perfect shame!

Venancio (confused and trying to excuse himself).—Gentlemen, the state of the case is this——

Doctor.—The count must have good coffee. I order it.

Priest.—And I too.

Doctor.—Such is also the desire of the countess.

Priest.—If you can't give it to him here, we can have some made in my house and sent to him.

Dolly.—That is not necessary, Don Carmelo, as long as I am here. Is it true, grandfather dear, that you haven't breakfasted? (*Resolutely*) I am going to the kitchen immediately.

Gregoria (holding her back).—That's my business. The young ladies must get dressed now.

Count.—What for?

Venancio.—They are going to the mayor's house, for he has invited them.

Gregoria.—To-day is the birthday of the mayor's wife.

Nell.—Oh, yes, of course we'll go.

Dolly.—I am not going; I have to keep house.

Priest.—Oh, no, you must go. The mayor told me he was coming for you both.

Dolly.—I said I was not going.

Nell.—Well I am.

Count (aside to the priest and doctor).—Now you see; they're not alike. The difference in their actions indicates perhaps a greater difference in their souls. (*Aloud.*) Let them be, let them be. Let each follow the dictates of her heart. (*He bids them an affectionate good by.*) Do whatever you like best, my children; here there is no discipline; no subjection; I declare you absolutely free and mistress of your own wills.

Dolly.—Let's go. (*The girls go out right.*)

Count (to GREGORIA).—And you stay here. I have something to say to you.

Priest (aside to the doctor).—The girls have gone. Now is the time to try to reason with him.

SCENE IV

(COUNT, PRIEST, DOCTOR, VENANCIO, and GREGORIA)

Count.—I have sent them away because I don't want those innocent children to be saddened by my complaints. (*To VENANCIO and GREGORIA, with severe dignity.*) The bread of your house is dry and hard like your hearts.

Venancio.—When you asked us for a home your lordship ought to have considered——

Count.—Of course, I take into consideration that you haven't a single spark of generosity in your darkened, avaricious minds. You are not Christians, nor have you any nobility of soul, which is something that even those of humble origin may have. You have no delicacy of sentiment, because instead of giving me comfort in my fallen greatness, you have trod me under foot. You who in the warmth, in the shelter of my house rose from the state of animals to that of being persons. You are rich, but you don't know how to be rich. I shall know how to be poor, and when you have worn me out by your cruelty, then I shall go from this house, whose very stones will weep at the misfortunes of Albrit.

Priest.—Oh, no!

Doctor.—And how would it do if we would find a more worthy lodging for your lordship?

Venancio.—I trust his lordship will not forget that the Pardina is my property?

Count (politely, but with sarcasm).—Yes, it is yours. You do not need to remind me of it. You will have the pleasure of seeing me leave; but that shall not be until I have found the truth for which I am searching.

Venancio (with quick interest. All show the same interest).—Is your lordship seeking a truth in the Pardina?

Count.—Yes. A truth that does not concern you.

Venancio.—And couldn't your lordship seek it anywhere else?

Count.—No. Because truth has hidden itself in the house of ingratitude, and in its hiding place I shall hunt it out.

Venancio.—The lion of Albrit is a good hunter; but these preserves are well guarded.

Count.—Who guards them?

Venancio.—In the first place, the Countess of Laín; the lawful guardian of her children, who are the owners of the ground which we cultivate. In the second place, I, who own this house.

Count (severely).—What do you mean?

Venancio.—Your Excellency has heard me; I have nothing more to say.

Priest (aside to VENANCIO).—For God's sake be prudent!

Count (angrily rising up).—Silence! It is not fitting that you speak discourteously any longer to your master.

Venancio.—I have no master.

Doctor (aside to VENANCIO. Holding him).—Careful, careful.

Venancio.—I am speaking to my guest, and I simply want to warn him, without malice, without strong words and with all respect that——

Count.—What?

Venancio.—That the gentlemen present, his good friends, and this humble servant, propose to take your lordship——

Count.—Where?

Venancio.—To a very much more convenient lodging than the Pardina.

Count (angrily).—Oh, I understand you now. My heart tells me the villainy you contemplate; you want to shut me up in an asylum. In an insane asylum, perhaps.

Priest (conciliatingly).—Do not get angry, your lordship, and listen to us.

Doctor (conciliatingly).—Be calm.

Count.—A prison! Isolation! and why? So that I cannot discover the ignominious truth, the dishonor! They do not dare to do away with me, so they shut me up; they bury me alive.

Doctor (trying to quiet him).—No, it isn't that. We are trying to find for your lordship a place where he can have physical and mental rest.

Count.—And in order to do that you take away my liberty.

Venancio (brutally).—And I say, why does your lordship want freedom at your age, sick as you are?

Count.—Why do I want my freedom? Do you dare to think of depriving me of it?

Venancio (without daring to answer affirmatively. He takes a step towards the count).—I——

Count (with haughty severity. Stopping him with a gesture).—Back, lackey, and you others, his accomplices in this villainy; respect the old man, respect the master. Do not bind these hands which raised you up from poverty. (*Threatening them.*) See, they are still strong. (*His voice becomes strong.*) Let any one dare to lay a hand on the lion of Albrit; let any one touch these gray hairs, or this frail body! If he does, I shall lay him prone at my feet. I will tear him to pieces. (*To the priest who,*

standing near the door, tries to keep him from going out.) Let me pass. (To VENANCIO, who on the other side is standing as though to cut off retreat in that direction.) Let me pass. (VENANCIO and the priest silent and frightened, step aside. The count goes out with firm step.)

ACT IV

(Same stage setting as for Acts II and III)

SCENE I

(The PRIEST and the DOCTOR are seated talking; they have just finished smoking their cigarettes. VENANCIO at the door in the back is looking into the room; later GREGORIA)

Doctor.—Yes, we are agreed.

Priest.—There must be no violence; you've already seen into what a state he got when we simply suggested it. *(To VENANCIO.)* Is he still in his room?

Venancio (seeing GREGORIA coming).—Gregoria will tell us.

Gregoria (from the back).—Yes, he is still in his room. He went there to get over the fever brought on by his fury.

Doctor.—Solitude will have calmed him.

Priest.—He has already had half an hour of solitude. *(He rises impatiently.)* Time is passing, and we haven't decided upon anything. *(SENÉN enters; he carries a bag in his hand.)*

SCENE II

(The same; SENÉN)

Senén.—Here I am, back. *(He places the bag in a chair.)*

Priest.—Well, Senén, you have just come in time.

Venancio.—Did you come from Veralba?

Gregoria.—What's the news?

Senén.—Much and good.

Priest.—What is it? What is it?

Doctor.—Is the countess coming back?

Senén.—To-morrow. There's something new. The Reverend Prior of Zaratay—

Priest (quickly).—Yes, we know already. He has the intention of catechising the countess and bringing her back into the narrow path. Go on.

Senén.—Oh, but there's something more. The good man consents to admit the Count of Albrit into his monastery. They're getting a splendid cell ready for him.

Priest.—Where he will live like Carlos V, in Yuste.

Doctor.—Very well; so that our cage is all ready now?

Priest.—A gilded cage, as is fitting for so noble a beast.

Venancio.—And what else?

Senén.—Isn't that enough? That your mistress, the Countess of Laín, should be snatched from the claws of Lucifer by a holy prior? Her retreat in the chapel yesterday lasted two hours, and this morning a little less.

Priest (mysteriously).—My notion is that the determining cause of that which you call conversion was a fearful quarrel with —— (*to SENÉN*). You may finish.

Senén.—With the Marquis of Pescara.

Gregoria.—And do you think that after this your mistress will go on protecting you?

Senén.—Yes, she will go on. For I have an account with her.

Venancio.—It was lucky, then, she had the quarrel with the marquis.

Gregoria.—If it was only so that she could set her daughters a good example.

Senén.—Oh, that reminds me. The countess will take the two girls with her.

Gregoria.—But is it really true?

Senén.—I know something more.

Priest.—All this is not especially important just now. To business.

Doctor.—Yes, to business. Since the Prior of Zaratay consents to receive the count, let us tell the mayor.

Priest.—And we must consult with him as to the best way in which to take the poor old man to this asylum.

Doctor.—Yes, we must look out for that.

Priest.—Then let us go. (*To the others.*) Good by.

Senén.—Good by, gentlemen. (*The priest and the doctor exit back.*)

SCENE III

(SENÉN, VENANCIO, and GREGORIA)

Gregoria (picking up the bag which SENÉN has placed on the chair).—You will stay with us, Senén.

Senén.—Yes, for a couple of days only.

Venancio.—As long as you like.

Gregoria.—Is this the baggage that you always carry with you?

Senén.—Yes; and I make bold to beg of my sympathetic hostess that she devote her five senses to the care of this little bag.

Gregoria.—What in the name of common sense have you here? How heavy it is; how it weighs!

Senén.—They are my holy relics.

Gregoria.—Stuff and nonsense.

Senén.—My dear Gregoria, you will be responsible, then, for this treasure.

Gregoria.—Don't be uneasy. I will take it up to your room. (*Goes out back; NELL comes in right.*)

SCENE IV

(SENÉN, VENANCIO, and NELL)

Venancio.—Here is Nell. (*Going up to her.*) Aren't you dressed yet?

Nell (discontentedly).—Dolly doesn't want to go. She has gone to the kitchen, and how can I get dressed if she has the keys to the wardrobe and won't give them to me?

Venancio.—There isn't much time left.

Nell (going up and down the room).—Heavens! what a nuisance!

Senén (aside to VENANCIO).—Leave me alone a moment with her.

Venancio.—Oh, you have your little secrets. All right, you may stay. (*He goes out back.*)

SCENE V

(SENÉN and NELL)

Senén.—How's this? You know that I come from Verabal and yet you don't ask me for news of your mother?

Nell.—Oh, that's so, when is she coming?

Senén.—To-morrow.

Nell (joyfully).—Truly!

Senén.—And it is now decided that when she goes back to Madrid she will take her two daughters with her.

Nell (clapping her hands).—What joy!

Senén.—In order to introduce them into society.

Nell.—Oh, you're fooling me, Senén; but, if it should be true, and if you were right, do you know, I would give you a scarf pin better than the one that you have on?

Senén (glowing with vanity).—If you will keep it a secret, I will tell you something. But you have to promise me that this is just between us two. Word of honor?

Nell.—Yes, my word of honor; and the scarf pin, if it turns out that you haven't deceived me. (*Senén hesitates, wishing to be coaxed.*) Tell me quick.

Senén.—Well, now, you mustn't tell.

Nell.—Oh, hurry up.

Senén.—It has been decided that you are to be married.

Nell (surprised, blushing).—I? I am to be married?

Senén.—Yes, you. With the young Duke of Utrecht. You know him, Paquito Utrecht, the Marquis of Breda. He has had this title since he was six months old. I tell you that's a good match. He's rich, good-looking, stylish.

Nell (pretending not to believe; trying not to laugh because she does not wish to appear too pleased).—Oh, you're telling me fairy tales, but you cannot fool me; do you think I'm a silly?

Senén (with emphatic respect).—I salute your ladyship; the illustrious Marchioness of Breda.

Nell.—Oh, you goose. (*But wanting to hear more.*) But tell me—
(*The voice of the count is heard calling NELL and DOLLY.*)

Senén.—I hear the cry of Albrit; I don't want him to see me.

Nell.—Then go out this way. (*She makes him go out right.*)

SCENE VI

(*NELL and COUNT in background*)

Count.—Nell, where are you? I am looking for you; I am calling you; and where is Dolly?

Nell (crossly).—She isn't dressing and she won't let me dress myself.

Count.—Where is she now?

Nell.—She's in the kitchen cooking something. Don't you think that's very foolish. I have already told Gregoria that she must be more careful about your food.

Count.—Did you know that when I went upstairs to my room I was surprised to find there a surprising transformation. They had put back the washstand they had taken away yesterday, the rug and the curtains. (*Enthusiastically.*) It is owing to you, my dear child, a real Albrit, that this miracle has been performed. Blessings on you.

Nell (*surprised and a little disconcerted*).—I don't deserve your thanks this time; this is Dolly's work. She's playing housekeeper to-day.

Count.—There was another surprise besides the one of which I told you.

Nell.—Another?

Count.—It seemed to me like a fairy tale. The servant who had been my valet presented himself suddenly with some delicious coffee served in finest china.

Nell.—That was Dolly too.

Count.—Dolly?

Nell.—Yes, it is true. Dolly is very clever. She knows how to cook and to do lots of things, and she has a wonderful will, so that sometimes no one can do anything with her. Poor Dolly! She thinks that you are angry with her and she is trying to win your favor again.

Count.—I angry? Tell her to come immediately.

Nell (*calling out at right*).—Dolly! Venancio, tell Dolly to come. There she is, going out; Dolly, come! Grandfather is calling you. (*Answering to something which DOLLY says from without.*) Oh, he says he's not angry. You can come. (*To the count.*) She's coming.

SCENE VII

(*COUNT, NELL, and DOLLY, her sleeves rolled up and wearing a big kitchen apron.*)

Dolly.—I didn't want to come up looking this way, grandfather.

Count.—Your sister is going to make herself very beautiful this afternoon and aren't you going to dress too?

Dolly.—Do you want me to?

Count.—No, I don't tell you that you must; do what you please.

Dolly.—Then, if you will allow me I will stay at home. (*To Nell.*) What are you going to do?

Nell.—You know already; are you going to give me, or not, the key of the large wardrobe?

Dolly (*making a concession*).—Why yes. (*She puts her hand to her pocket and takes out a key and gives it to her.*) Here, take it.

Nell.—I will be dressed in a minute now. (*Exit right.*)

SCENE VIII

(COUNT, DOLLY)

Count.—Come here. (*Feeling her.*) Kitchen apron; how elegant you are! (*He kisses her.*) I am not angry with you. If I said anything that hurt your feelings, forgive me.

Dolly.—You ask me to forgive you? Me? You're the one who ought to forgive us for all the trouble we give you.

Count.—I am not so abandoned by the hand of God as I thought! (*Holding her back.*) Don't go away. Give me your hands; these hands of a ministering angel.

Dolly.—And what do you think of the transformation in your room? Pacorrita helped me, and it took us no time to arrange your den.

Count.—Marvelous! Tell me, have you finished your cooking?

Dolly.—Not yet. If Gregoria lets me I am going to make something delicious for you this evening which you will like very much.

Count.—Dear child; you are my household angel.

Dolly.—But you don't really love me.

Count (embarrassed).—Yes I do, the fact is that—

Dolly.—You mustn't think that I am doing these things to make you like me. Treat me badly and I'll do the same thing. I am doing this because it's my duty; because I am your granddaughter. And I can't stand it to see a gentleman like you, who was once powerful, the master of all this country, neglected by common people who aren't as good as the dust that you brush off your shoes.

Count (with emotion).—Let me kiss you again, dear child. So you think, you say—

Dolly.—And I know what I'm doing. To-night after supper I am going to begin to arrange your clothes. They're in pretty bad condition. That good for nothing Gregoria hasn't taken a stitch yet.

Count (folds his hands; looks at her, trying to peer at her through his half-blind eyes).—And you do all this for me?

Dolly.—Yes, even though I know that you care for me less than you do for Nell. I know that Nell deserves more affection than I do; she's more clever, and besides she is better.

Count (disturbed).—But I am very fond of you too. The fact is, I hardly know how to put it. (*Greatly embarrassed.*) Listen to me now. It seems to me that I have noticed in your sister a certain selfishness; a certain lack of sympathy; no— Nell can't be the one. (*Looking more closely at Dolly.*) If you should be the one.

Dolly (embarrassed; anxious).—I? What do you mean?

Count.—Oh if only you should be the one! (*With deep emotion.*) Yes, you.

Dolly (without understanding).—Grandfather, what do you say? What are you thinking about?

Count (in despair; throws himself on the chair).—I cannot think. I am floundering in a sea of doubt. (*Tenderly.*) Dolly, where are you? Come to me. Put your arms around me. Perhaps you are the one. (*In hopeless confusion.*) I don't know. I don't know. Providence, perhaps, will tell me the truth. (*SENÉN comes in right.*) Who is that?

Dolly.—It isn't Providence, grandfather, it is Senén.

SCENE IX

(COUNT, DOLLY, SENÉN)

Senén.—My lord, it is Senén Corchado.

Count.—You may approach.

Senén.—I understand that your lordship, upon hearing of my return, said that you wished to speak to me.

Count.—Yes, yes. I sent for you. (*To DOLLY.*) Dear child, go back to your kitchen and your cooking. Work hard so that we shall have a good supper to-night.

Dolly.—That's what I want. Good by. (*She kisses him and runs out.*)

SCENE X

(COUNT and SENÉN)

Count.—Come nearer. I wish to speak to you.

Senén (coming nearer).—I am at your service, your lordship.

Count (suspiciously).—Can any one hear us? (*SENÉN examines the doors and closes them.*) Those wretches are spying upon us behind the doors, and listening to everything that is said.

Senén.—Nobody can hear us.

Count (rises and goes towards SENÉN).—I doubt somewhat as to whether you are sufficiently devoted to me to answer all the questions that I ask.

Senén.—I will answer everything; providing that your lordship does not ask me anything contrary to my dignity.

Count.— Your dignity!

Senén.— However humble I am, your lordship, I ——

Count.— Pardon me. I shall not ask you any questions, because if we have to deal with discretion and dignity ——

Senén.— If your lordship thinks that he will make me reveal any secrets belonging to his daughter in law ——

Count (*interrupting him quickly*).— It has nothing to do with that. Let us leave Lucretia aside. We shall respect the false modesty in which she veils her infamies. All I wish is some exact information concerning a man ——

Senén — Who ——

Count.— Who was intimately connected with her at a certain time.

Senén.— I understand.

Count.— The painter, Carlos Eraul. You were in his service once after leaving the service of my son. (*Vehemently.*) Senén, for the sake of all you care for most; for the sake of your mother, tell me ——

Senén (*pretending to have delicate sentiments*).— Don Rodrigo, in the name of all the glorious past of your lordship, I beg that you will not ask me anything that ——

Count (*with intense eagerness*).— At least give me a little light; one or two dates, personal details. Without offending any one, without lacking in respect to your former mistress, you can tell me, was he a presumptuous, frivolous man?

Senén. (*dryly*).— Somewhat.

Count.— He was the son of a poor herdsman of Eraul in Navarre. (SENÉN responds affirmatively by shake of head.) His artistic talent opened up a way to him; but outside of the artistic education which he gave himself, and his study of nature, he was an ignorant person, a brute —— (Senén remains silent, giving no sign.) Neither very tall nor very short; dark, black eyes, vigorous, strong will. (*Irritated by SENÉN's silence.*) Answer! Lucretia made his acquaintance at one of those revels called a Kermess. You were a servant of Eraul when he died. (SENÉN nods affirmatively.) On the day of his death his friends seized his sketches and his drawings. (SENÉN assumes a gloomy look.) They also seized letters from Lucretia, photographs, presents with dedications (*with more hypocrisy than sincerity SENÉN pretends to be scandalized, and denies, with shake of his head.*) Do not deny it. And you; you also kept,— I know it—tell the truth. You—you have in your possession. Tell me— (SENÉN refuses to say anything; the count, irritated, takes him by his coat collar and shakes him.) Why don't you speak, you spy?

Senén.— My lord ——

Count.— Answer, wretch!

Senén (with assumed dignity).— Your lordship does not know me.

Count (shaking him still harder).— I know you too well. Your discretion is not a virtue; it is cowardice, servility, complicity; it is not the honest man who keeps silent about another's guilt. You are a slave, faithful to the promises that your master has bought from you. (*He pushes him away; SENÉN falls back a few steps.*) May God curse you, villain! May the light which He denies me fail you too! May you become forever dumb and blind. May you live without ever knowing the truth, surrounded by clouds, plunged in eternal, terrible doubt, in a void as vast as your imbecility! (*With contempt and repugnance.*) Go! Leave my presence!

Senén (at a distance; walking backwards).— The lion is showing his claws. I'll get into a safe place. (*As he goes out he meets DON PÍO, who enters timidly. He says to him aside.*) Careful, my friend, he has the fever again. (*Exit.*)

SCENE XI

(COUNT, DON PÍO)

Don Pío (comes forward timidly).— My lord. (*The COUNT neither sees nor hears.*) Your lordship!

Count (suddenly, in a loud voice).— Eh!

Don Pío (steps backwards, frightened).— Your lordship sent word to me that I should come back this afternoon, to go over the history lesson.

Count.— Oh, yes. (*With sad kindness.*) Pardon me, my dear Coronado, you, the most gentle and inoffensive of all created beings. (*He sits down.*) Come, come close to me. My mind needs comfort, sympathy, cheer. I want to forget, and I want to laugh. Divert my mind, Coronado. (*He sits down in a state of melancholy, whose inflections and intensity require the highest artistic expression of the actor who interprets the character of the count.*)

Don Pío.— The young ladies are not here?

Count.— Never mind them; we don't need the young ladies; we shall have the history lesson by ourselves.

Don Pío.— Ourselves?

Count.— We shall study actual history. It laughs; history of the past nearly always weeps.

Don Pío.— I don't understand.

Count.— Every living being is a hero of future volumes of history.

Don Pío.— Ah, yes sir. We are all —

Count.— Everlasting heroes of history. Cursed be those who conceal the truth; and blessed be those who, like you, have always an open heart and a frank soul.

Don Pío (effusively).— I never did any one any harm that I know of. My role in this world-comedy is to suffer, to suffer always.

Count.— They tell me that you are the most unhappy being that God ever put into this world. He alone knows why.

Don Pío.— Yes, He knows; all that I know is that He didn't bring me here to bring forth fruit.

Count.— Ah, we don't know. The fruit of goodness is invisible and ripens when least we think. Poor Coronado! People smile when they speak of your goodness.

Don Pío.— And I, too. I'm so very good that I have reached the point of depreciating myself and of laughing at myself. (*They look at each other and laugh.*)

Count.— And your remark has become a proverb in Jerusa: 'How bad a thing it is to be good.'

Don Pío.— Yes, I originated that phrase; I say it a hundred times a day.

Count.— Sit down beside me. (*DON PÍO brings up a chair and sits down.*) Tell me, Pío, your wife died, at last?

Don Pío (touching his ruler).— Yes, at last, my lord. It's two years ago since the devil claimed her, called her to him.

Count.— Poor Coronado; how much you have suffered. I tell you there is nothing more demoralizing in society to-day, nothing which produces worse results than married infidelity.

Don Pío.— That is true, your lordship.

Count.— Behold me, then, as one who stands in the world ready to struggle with, and destroy, if possible, the usurping claims of a civil law which has been made to bring discord between law and nature.

Don Pío (wonderingly).— Oh, and what do you do in order to —

Count.— I shall soon lay bare this usurpation and hold it up to public shame; does this seem a little thing to you? (*DON PÍO, more wondering than ever, says nothing.*) But do not let us speak now of my grievances, but of yours. Your wife, I believe, left you with a large number of daughters.

Don Pío.— Your lordship might call them a set of furies.

Count.— Permit me to speak to you with a frankness which is as exaggerated as your goodness. Your daughters — are not your daughters —

Don Pío (looking down).— It is very hard for me to confess it. But what your lordship says is a fact.

Count.— If you are sure of that, why do you keep them with you?

Don Pío (sighing, looking at the count).— Because of the law of habit, which covers up the mistakes which goodness commits. Since they were born I have supported them; I take the bread from my own mouth to give to them. I have seen them grow up. The worst of it is, that when they were little they were fond of me, and I — why should I deny it? — I used to be fond of them. I am fond of them yet. I can't help it. (*The count smiles.*) I haven't much sense of shame, have I?

Count.— You are an angel; an angel of — of, I don't know what. What you tell me makes me curiously happy. Pardon me, my friend, if I smile even while I sympathize with you.

Don Pío.— Let me finish telling you about it, so that you may despise me.

Count.— Go on. Misfortunes of this sort would make a death's head laugh.

Don Pío.— My wife, who is enjoying herself with Satan at present, domineered over me, made me tremble with only a look. I might have been brave before a dozen tigers, but before her I was a coward. Her wickedness was as great as my patience. She brought me these children. What could I do with the poor creatures? And was it their fault? Tell me? I would have had to throw them out into the street. They grew up. They were attractive. They were lovable.

Count (with sad gravity).— That is enough. Do not talk any more of your daughters. How tragedy and comedy are mingled together! They are more closely connected than one would think. Yes, connected as are you and I.

Don Pío (sighing).— We are both unhappy, your lordship; but what a difference! Your granddaughters adore you and are a great consolation to you.

Count (nervously).— Talk to me about them. I have no longer anything else in the world but one thought; and that thought is called Nell and Dolly.

Don Pío.— Heaven bless them!

Count.— Do you love them too?

Don Pío.— As if they were my own; perhaps I ought not to say that. I do not deserve that honor; I love them because they are my pupils, and I can see their innocent souls as plainly as I can now see your lordship's face.

Count (with interest).— You, who know them so well, tell me, which

of the two seems to you to be noblest? the most beautiful from a moral point of view, the most worthy of being loved?

DON PÍO (*thoughtfully*).— That isn't such an easy thing to answer.

Count.— Imagine for a moment that an inevitable law obliged you to save one and sacrifice the other. (DON PÍO *seems embarrassed and confused*.) Remember that you cannot escape this terrible dilemma, either.

DON PÍO (*scratching his head*).— Well, that is a problem. You mean that I would have to chose one (*deciding after long hesitation*). Well, with all her mischievousness, with all her restlessness, I think I would chose Dolly.

Count.— And on what do you base your preference?

DON PÍO (*very much confused*).— I don't know. There is something in this child that seems to me superior to anything that we ordinarily find in the world. I am very much mistaken, your lordship, if she is not a real child of the angels.

Count.— There is no doubt about it. Your judgment is based upon observations —

DON PÍO (*with angelic innocence*).— Yes, your lordship. That is it. When all the family were here two years ago I noticed that the Count of Laín showed the same preference.

Count (*joyfully*).— Pío, great Pío! Embrace me. (*Embraces him*.) I am delighted that our ideas are in such perfect harmony!

SCENE XII

(COUNT, DON PÍO, and DOLLY. Later NELL)

Dolly (*hurrying in from the back*).— Grandfather, here come the priest, the mayor, and a lot of other people.

Count (*alarmed, rising*).— What are you looking for? What do you want of me?

Nell (*coming in right, elegantly dressed, wearing a hat. She addresses the count in a ceremonious tone*).— Count Albrit, what is the matter? What has happened to the first gentleman of Spain, my illustrious grandfather?

Count (*surprised at the language*).— My little girl, I don't recognize you. You are making remarkable progress in the knowledge of the world. (*The persons indicated appear in the back. They group themselves at a distance, looking suspiciously at the count. He puts his arm around DOLLY.*)

DON PÍO (*to DOLLY*).— And is Miss Dolly not going to dress up? She too would be very pretty.

Nell (to the COUNT).—Tell Dolly to go and dress herself. I don't like to go alone.

Count (anxiously noticing that people have come in).—Who are these? What are they looking for?

SCENE XIII

(*The COUNT, NELL, DOLLY. Also the PRIEST, the DOCTOR, MAYOR, VENANCIO, GREGORIA, and DON PIO, who remains at one side*)

Mayor (coming forward).—Your lordship, my only object in coming to the Pardina is to get the young ladies, whom I have had the honor of inviting to my party this evening. I take advantage of this occasion to say to your lordship that in assigning you to the monastery of Zaratay as a future home, we have thought and still believe that we are lodging you most worthily.

Count (serenely).—It wasn't *your* idea to shut me up there. (*To the Priest.*) Nor yours either, Carmelo.

Priest (hesitating).—The idea wasn't mine; I cannot take that credit.

Mayor.—Nor mine either; but I spoke to the prior. We agreed as to the arrangements for your lordship's accommodation there. I also arranged for the carriage, etc.

Count.—There is one thing I would like to know. Are you thinking of taking me there by force?

Doctor.—Oh, that! never!

All.—No! No!

Priest (conciliatingly; approaching).—I beg your lordship to be reasonable, and to take into account the advantages which we offer.

Doctor.—You will surely decide —

Count.—I have decided — that you will never take me there alive. Nor dead, either; because in my will I have provided that I shall be buried in Polán.

Mayor.—My lord, won't you submit to the disposition that your friends wish to make of you?

Count (contemptuously).—And you, who are you?

Mayor (showing his stick of office).—I am a man who knows what is due him.

Count.—Ah, now I know who you are. (*Indicating the Priest and the Doctor.*) And those too. I don't have to *see* you, Carmelo, nor you, Angulo; the breath of ingratitude blows in my face.

Mayor (impatient, taking DOLLY by the arm).— Miss Dolly, will you try to make your grandfather understand that I am the Mayor of Jerusa?

Dolly (she moves away from the count, and bursts out angrily).— Let me say to the Mayor of Jerusa, and to the priest of Jerusa, and to all the mayors and to all the priests that have ever been or shall be in the world, that what you are thinking of doing to my grandfather is a crime!

Nell.— Yes, Dolly, you're right.

Priest.— But, Miss Dolly.

Dolly.— You have lacked in the respect which this noble old man deserves. He is the father of this town; why do you want to deprive him of freedom? The only madness that he has is his love for us, and if those who have grown up under his shadow despise and insult him, we, his granddaughters, are here to teach them the veneration which is due him.

Count (who had risen when he heard DOLLY. Lifts his hands to heaven).— Oh, God, she is the one! (*He turns to DON Pío, who is standing behind his chair.*) She is the one! Her pride has revealed her.

Priest (appearing to make a concession).— Well, since he does not accept just now the honorable and peaceful retreat which is offered him, we will take him to my house.

Mayor.— Or to mine.

Dolly.— To his house!

Priest.— I say this because in the last few days there has been a certain incompatibility between the count and Venancio.

Nell.— Incompatibility! We are in our own house.

Venancio (coming forward, followed by GREGORIA).— I hope Miss Nelly will forgive me. The young ladies, as well as the count, are in my house.

Nell (intimidated).— That's true, but —

Dolly.— What do you say?

Venancio.— I say that — we shall be very glad to lodge and serve you for to-night.

Dolly (undaunted).— What is that you say? For to-night? You will do it to-night and every night, as long as Nell and I are here. To be sure the house is yours; but we are your mistresses; my sister and I —

Nell.— Yes, we are your mistresses.

Dolly.— Do you hear? With the exception of this orchard, the lands which you cultivate, and which you hold as a tenant, or as a steward, are ours; ours, I say; we are the heirs of the House of Laín, and you, Venancio, and you, Gregoria, you serve my grandfather, not out of charity, for we have seen what kind of charity you have shown, but because I tell you to.

You understand! Because I tell you to! (*She repeats this last with authority*). The one who gives orders here is ——

Gregoria.— Is the countess.

Dolly (*proudly*).— Silence! Go and get dinner ready! (*To GREGORIA*.) Go to the kitchen immediately. The Count of Albrit is living with his granddaughters. We are not beggars. He will eat with us here. (*She strikes the table*.) At this table! He shall sleep in the room which I have arranged for him myself. And if you don't want to go to the kitchen, I will go myself. And if you have dismantled his room, Nell will arrange it again. Quick! Go about your business. (*To VENANCIO and GREGORIA*.) Set the table! Gentlemen, you are invited to dine with us.

Mayor (*grudgingly*).— Thanks

Priest.— That's a granddaughter for you.

Dolly.— I am the child of my grandfather.

Count (*with deep tenderness, embracing her*).— Yes, yes, you are of my blood; you have the courage of Albrit.

ACT V

(*A little square of the church at Jerusa, Romanesque style. In the back, the door of the church. At the right, in an angle of the church, a small door which leads to the sacristy. On the left, entrance to two streets. On the right, an open field. In the center, a stone cross with a seat at its base. Street lanterns. It is night. Moonlight*)

SCENE I

(*SENÉN coming from the street; VENANCIO coming out of the church*)

Venancio.— Have you found him?

Senén.— No, I have been in every street of the town; in all the alleys, and in every corner, and I have not had the honor of meeting the count.

Venancio.— And I am sure that he is in none of the churches, hermitages, nor sanctuaries of Jerusa.

Senén.— When did you lose sight of him?

Venancio.— It was eight o'clock when he left the house. He was so irritated and angry that we feared ——

Senén.— That he might attempt to take his life? Don't believe it. The poor old man is looking for a truth, and he's got to live just as you and I, until he finds it.

Venancio.—And that truth, Senén?

Senén (maliciously, showing his closed fist).—There are some people who have caught that truth; and by simply opening the hand — (*He opens his hand.*)

Venancio.—You great rascal; you know, and you won't tell. Let's sit down here. Tell it all to your friend Venancio.

Senén.—The hour has come when each one must look out for himself.

Venancio.—Let's talk about the distinguished virago, the Countess of Laín, who is there in the church with her daughter Nell, having a good time with the saints.

Senén.—The Pescara tragedy has evidently turned into a saintly comedy.

Venancio.—Do you know what this sort of person does in the confessional? She empties her conscience of old sins in order to have a place for the new ones.

Senén (indignant, shaking his fist at the church).—Oh, you serpent, you infernal dragon!

Venancio.—Tell me, my boy, you don't mean to say that that wild cat has withdrawn her protection from you?

Senén (returning to the bench to sit down).—After she had confessed the other day, I succeeded in making her receive me. Well, I went up to her room, and scarcely had I told her what I wanted, when she broke out in a tirade against my humble person. Think of her treating me in that way! I who kept her secrets and guarded her honor as I would my own. I am done with you, Countess Laín. You will pay for it. See if you don't.

Venancio.—She's a hard one. And now I'll tell you, so that you may know how to act. This morning as soon as she got out of the carriage, the countess told us that we must take her daughters to her. Dolly would not go. Then, a short time afterwards, the mayor arrived with two policemen and took the girl, although they almost had to tie her. What a scene there was! The child, who is very quick tempered, screamed like a good one. The count heard her from his room, but they took her away in such a hurry, that he only had time to roar in vain, calling upon heaven and hell.

Senén.—Unhappy old man! I tell you, that from now on I am on his side. (*DON PÍO comes in left, and goes towards the church.*)

Venancio.—There comes Coronado. (*Calling him.*) Don Pío! Here we are! (*To SENÉN.*) Let's see if he has been more fortunate than we have.

SCENE II

(VENANCIO, SENÉN, and DON PÍO)

Senén.— Did you find him?

Don Pío.— Yes.

Venancio.— Where?

Don Pío.— In the Paramo, wandering like a lost soul.

Senén.— He is mad.

Don Pío.— I should rather say maddened because they took Miss Dolly from him by force. We came back together to the town. His lordship went into the mayor's house to have a conference with the countess and to propose to her —

The Two (quickly, with curiosity).— Propose what?

Don Pío.— Since the grandfather and the mother are quarreling over this charming pair of girls the count holds, as did Solomon, that the object in dispute should be divided, a child to each one. And why not? A good idea!

Venancio.— Hm! Hm! When he gets to the mayor's he will find that the countess is at her devotions. If I'm not mistaken the old lion will soon be here. (*Looking down the street.*) He has had time already to go and come.

Senén.— I will wait for him here.

Venancio.— I will go in to warn the countess, so that she may be prepared for this new notion of the old man. (*Sound of the organ. A number of people come out of the church into the street; VENANCIO enters the church by the door which leads to the sacristy.*)

Don Pío.— The sermon is over.

SCENE III

(SENÉN, DON PÍO, and the COUNT)

Senén (to DON PÍO, who looks towards the left).— Is that a man coming?

Don Pío.— I don't see him.

Senén.— Don't you see in the darkness of the street the sad, majestic form of the great Albrit?

Don Pío (looking).— It seems to me; no, it isn't. (*Suddenly.*) Yes, there he comes; look at him!

Senén.— It's the count. (*The COUNT appears left; both go to meet him.*)

Count.— Who is here ?

Don Pío.— Your lordship ——

Count (*recognizing him by his voice.*)— Ha, Coronado, my good friend. And who are you ?

Senén.— Another friend of your lordship; and the best, perhaps.

Count.— Ah, I recognize you both by the sense of smell and of hearing, you perfumed reptile. *Vade retro.* Get thee behind me!

Senén.— Your lordship is very unjust.

Count.— Are you sure that your mistress is in the church ?

Senén.— She is in the presbytery, sitting in your lordship's pew.

Count.— I wish to speak to her a moment. Where did she go in ?

Senén.— It would be much more worth the while of your lordship to talk with me.

Count.— With you ? What have you to say to me ?

Senén.— In the first place, that that woman, whom the devil has abandoned, is this very minute playing the comedy of repentance before God.

Count (*to Don Pío*).— Is this true ?

Don Pío.— I don't know, your lordship.

Count.— Lucretia repentant ? I must see it. And if what you say is true, I do not doubt that she will accept my proposition. (*Anxiously.*) Coronado, my friend ——

Don Pío.— I am here, your lordship.

Count.— I beg you to go to the mayor's house. Enter under any pretext whatever, and find Dolly. Talk with her ——

Don Pío.— I shall go, your lordship.

Count.— And tell her that I am not losing courage; that she must be mine. I have sworn it by my noble name. (*Exit Don Pío.*) *The count walks up and down in agitation.*)

SCENE IV

(COUNT and SENÉN)

Count.— Whether she confesses or not, I do not believe that God will pardon her.

Senén.— Neither God nor man will pardon her.

Count.— Leave me; I despise you.

Senén.— Just one word, your lordship, and when I have said it, the truth which you seek will have passed from my hands to your lordship's, from my keeping to yours.

SCENE V

(COUNT, NELL, SENÉN *a little to the left*)

Nell.— Grandfather, dear, why don't you come in? Your chair was up in front, close by the altar.

Count (looking at her closely).— Nell, how beautiful you are in your white mantle.

Nell.— This used to be grandmother's, the Countess Adelaide.

Count (kissing the fringe of the mantle with reverence, and looking still more closely at NELL).— I can see your face, and it looks as if an aureole of nobility and majesty encircled it.

Nell (surprised at the old man's emotion).— Grandfather, why do you look at me that way; why are your hands trembling? Are you crying?

Count (into his soul, deeply moved, there enters a sudden wave of conviction that he has before him the legitimate heiress of Lain and Albrit).— Dear child of my house, may God bless you!

Nell (troubled. She attributes the old man's words to his troubled mind).— Dear grandfather, go back to the Pardina. To-morrow, before my sister and I go away, we'll go to see you.

Count (deeply moved).— Do not go, for you will not find me.

Nell.— What's the matter? Are you going to run away from us?

Count.— Inheritor of Albrit, and future Marchioness of Breda, you may go upon your light-encircled road, but leave me to my dark way.

Nell (much troubled).— But grandfather, why are you so sad? We are just as fond of you as ever. I assure you that we shall come to see you; and we shall be very angry with mamma if she does not take us.

Count.— She will not take you.

Nell.— And why not?

Count.— What am I? A poor wretch. The old trunk dies, but you remain; a new upspringing tree who will perpetuate my name and my race.

Nell (with tenderness).— But, dear grandfather, if you love me so much, why don't you do what I tell you? What I advise you? Please, won't you go to the asylum at Zaratay?

Count (hurt to the quick).— Farewell, Nell. Go to your mother.

Nell.— You will be very comfortable at Zaratay. We shall go to see you.

Count (profoundly discouraged).— Good by, Nell.

Nell.— Dear grandfather. (*She kisses his hands.*)

Count.— Farewell. (*He withdraws resolutely from her. Nell with the other girls goes out by the street.*)

SCENE VI

(*The same. Later VENANCIO comes out of the church, followed by LUCRETIA dressed in black*)

Count (*in deep distress*).— She does not wish to live in my company. Like her mother and my disloyal friends, she wants to shut me up. She cannot be the lawful one. Every one deceives me.

Senén.— Except myself.

Venancio.— Your lordship, the countess —

Count (*going to meet the countess*).— Pardon me, Lucretia, for having delayed you.

Lucretia.— Your lordship —

Count.— I am speaking to one who has tried (*correcting himself*), who has succeeded in finding peace by repentance.

Lucretia.— I hope to prove to the world that my good intentions are sincere.

Count.— Then if truth has penetrated your soul, do not refuse me that which I ask. Do not refuse me, for the sake of all you care for most in the world. By telling me the truth you will give me peace. You will give me back the reason which I have lost.

Lucretia.— This terrible problem is to face me again!

Count.— It will always face you as long as I live. Be courageous, Lucretia. Be sincere.

Lucretia.— I am sincere in my soul, but I have not yet the strength to be sincere in my words.

Count.— This is mere prudery. Do you insist on keeping silent?

Lucretia.— No.

Count.— Then tell me the truth.

Lucretia (*deeply moved*).— I have just authorized my confessor to reveal to the father of my husband the truth that he seeks.

Count.— I thank you. (*He kisses her hand gratefully. She goes out right. The count remains for a moment stunned. As soon as he sees LUCRETIA disappear, he exclaims anxiously.*) Where is this confessor?

Venancio.— Here he is. (*He indicates the door which leads to the sacristy.*) The holy father —

Count.— At last I shall know the truth. (*He goes hastily to the church, and enters the sacristy.*)

THE GRANDFATHER

SCENE VII

(VENANCIO, SENÉN, and later DON PÍO)

Venancio.— This last blow will overthrow his reason entirely.*Senén.*— A little more deception and his strength will be exhausted. Then his good friends can do with him as they please.*Venancio.*— Let's go and tell them; so that together they can decide upon the best way to capture him to-night, without noise or scandal.*Senén.*— And then they can take him before dawn to the monastery.*Don Pío (coming in hastily from left).*— Where is the count?*Venancio.*— Wait for him here. I haven't a doubt but that we will see him come out without a shred of sense left. Watch him and notice the soad that the poor wounded lion takes, and tell us.*Don Pío.*— Where will you be?*Venancio.*— At the mayor's house. Be very careful.

(VENANCIO and SENÉN exit.)

Don Pío.— God be with you. (*Alone he is confused.*) What were they saying about the wounded lion? That I should watch him? That I should follow his steps? I'll wait; I don't quite understand. Here? In the sacristy. (*Looking into the church by the sacristy door.*) Heavens? (*With fear.*) Here he comes.

SCENE VIII

(DON PÍO, the COUNT, who comes out of the sacristy trembling, very much moved)

Count.— Has heaven no pity upon me? Nell is the true one. The false one is Dolly, the one who loves me. Oh, worldly vanities and greatness; with what irony you look upon me! (*Suddenly noticing DON PÍO, but he does not recognize him.*) Who's there?*Don Pío.*— Your lordship.*Count (not recognizing him).*— Oh, Senén!*Don Pío.*— I am not Senén.*Count (still confused).*— Do not touch me, you reptile. The touch of you chills one. Keep your secrets; deceive me, but let me live; give me back my doubts! I do not doubt; but if I do not I cannot live. I am no longer the Count of Albrit; I am but his shadow.*Don Pío.*— Your lordship, I don't understand what you are saying; don't you recognize me? I am Coronado.*Count (remembering).*— Coronado?

Don Pío.—I went to the mayor's house, as your lordship told me. I succeeded in seeing the girl; I said to her —

Count (exerting himself).—Do not speak of the daughters of Albrit. They are hateful to me now; the lawful one does not love me. She tells me to go to the asylum. Dolly, who loves me, is not my granddaughter. Tell me, where I can find some bottomless pit where I can hide myself and there make my last resting place!

Don Pío (with affectionate compassion).—Albrit! Your lordship, my dear friend, do not think of such things. If your lordship thinks there is no one in the world who loves you, I shall love you. (*He embraces him with deep emotion.*)

Count (sharing DON PÍO'S emotion).—Ah, now I know you, noble Coronado, friend of my soul. (*He embraces him.*) Great philosopher, give me your hand. I can scarcely walk, my poor bones feel like lead.

Don Pío (sustaining him).—Will not your lordship rest? Let us sit down here. (*He leads him to the stone bench at the foot of the cross. They both sit down.*)

Count.—I am in bitter trouble. I have no longer any grandchildren; I have no longer any one to love me.

Don Pío.—Love humanity, your lordship. Be like God, who loves all equally.

Count.—And for that reason He is great. He creates; He loves; He does not distinguish powers nor kingdoms. But I would have you tell me, great philosopher, what do you think of honor?

Don Pío (very much confused).—Honor? Well, honor — I should say that honor was something like — well, something like decorations. They speak sometimes of funeral honors, too; of national honors; of the field of honor — but, after all, your lordship, I don't know what it is.

Count.—I mean family honor, purity of race, pride of name; it has seemed to me to-night, and now I say it frankly to you, that if honor could be changed into something material, it would be a very good thing with which to fertilize the land.

Don Pío (trying to sharpen his wits).—Then if honor is not virtue, love of one's neighbor, wishing no evil, not even to our enemies, I swear by the beard of Jupiter, that I don't know what it is.

Count.—It seems to me, my good Coronado, that you are discovering a world,—a world still far away, which you see through the mist.

Don Pío (anxiously).—What I do see, your lordship, is that you are not in a safe place here. (*He looks about him.*)

Count.—Why?

Don Pío (mysteriously).— They are trying to seize your lordship.

Count.— I assure you that they will never seize me alive.

Don Pío.— If your lordship wishes freedom, then leave Jerusa. Let us flee; for I, too, want to escape.

Count.— We shall go; but let us be calm. I have friends in every town in the land, old tenants of Albrit who would be glad to welcome me.

Don Pío.— Then let us go, your lordship. (*Impatiently.*) Let us go very far away. I fear lest they come. (*He rises and looks down the street.*)

Count.— I fear nothing. But is any one coming?

Don Pío.— I cannot see. Oh, yes! there's something coming in the distance.

Count.— Some vagabond. (*There is a pause in the solemn silence of the night and the far-away voice of DOLLY is heard crying, "Grandfather!"*)

Don Pío (listening).— Dolly's voice!

SCENE IX

(*The COUNT, DON PÍO, and DOLLY*)

Count.— Dolly's voice! It cannot be; it is muffled by the wind; oh, my God, how strange! (*DOLLY's cry is heard still nearer.*)

Don Pío.— It seems to me it is Dolly.

Count.— Dolly! Is the earth about to open and swallow me?

Dolly (comes in left, she is limping a little, as though her foot hurt her).— Grandfather dear. What a time I have had to find you. Do you know, I escaped from the mayor's house. I ran to the Pardina, and they told me there at the door that they had seen you going to the church. (*Approaching.*) But what are you doing? You turn away your face. (*The count clings so closely to DON PÍO, that he hurts him by his grasp.*)

Don Pío.— Go on, my child. You say that you escaped?

Dolly.— I had to jump out of the window. I hurt my foot. The mayor took a notion to lock me up in the office, because I told mamma that no matter what happened I wanted to stay in Jerusa with grandfather; to live always with him. Oh! how I did run!

Count (with terrified stupor).— I see both shame and sublimity. I do not know what I see. Is the sky falling? Is this the end of the world, or what is happening here?

Dolly (pleadingly).— Grandfather, why don't you look at me? What are you saying? Don't you love me any more?

Count (disconcerted).— You were my shame. Why do you love me?

Dolly.— What a question! (*Caressing him.*) Didn't I tell you this morning that your Dolly would never leave you? Where you go I shall go. Let my sister go with mother; I want to share your poverty. I want to care for you, and be your heart's own child.

Count (in deep agitation).— Oh, Dolly! Dolly!

Dolly.— What is the matter?

Count.— I feel as though I were suffocating. It seems that God with His own hands was tearing my very soul out of me and filling me with Himself. The thought is too great; I cannot hold it.

Dolly.— If God should enter into your heart He would find Dolly there with her lame foot. Grandfather! My grandfather! When everybody else abandons you, I shall be with you. (*She embraces and kisses him.*)

Count (softened).— When they all despise me, you will be with me. The whole world will tread underfoot the trunk of Albrit, but Dolly will make her nest there.

Dolly.— Yes, indeed I shall; you must take me wherever you go, or I will die of grief.

Count (raising his hands to heaven). — O God! Out of the heart of this storm come to me your blessings. Now I see that human thought, human calculations, and human plans are as nothing! All that is nothing but rust, which corrodes and decays; what endures is that which is within! The soul can never die!

Don Pío (ingenuously).— From what part of the heavens, or out of what abysses does honor come your lordship? Where is truth?

Count (embracing DOLLY).— Here. Now let us go. God will take care of us. Dolly is not afraid of poverty.

Dolly.— I will make you rich and happy with my love.

Count.— Come to my arms. (*He takes her in his arms as though to carry her.*) God has brought you to me. (*With deep emotion.*) My child, love is eternal truth.

(*They go towards the right.*)

SOME ASPECTS OF ECHEGARAY

BY KATHARINE A. GRAHAM

SINCE dramatists, as well as novelists, have adopted the custom of talking to the reader about their work, the English playgoing public has been the recipient of much severe criticism. Often, indeed, the voice of the critic rises into acrimonious contempt. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, while preserving his urbanity, observes with some sarcasm that the bulk of every audience 'looks upon an evening at the play as an alternative to going to see a new giantess, a new conjuring trick, a new feat of horsemanship, or a new murderer at Tussaud's.' Mr. Shaw utters his mind with equal frankness: the modern playgoer, he avows, though apparently vested with ears, is as deaf as an adder to the appeal of high class drama. Mr. William Archer, though staunch in his belief that the better minds of the day are coming to occupy themselves more and more sympathetically with the drama casts a regretful eye back to the times when Mrs. Siddons and Kean held the stage, when Lamb and Hazlitt sat in the audience; those were days, he alleges, when keen appreciation and genuine enthusiasm for the best marked the English playgoing public.

These frank remarks and sighs of regret have been sharply answered by pit and gallery. 'You show no capacity for serious drama,' is the accusation of the playwright. 'And for a very good reason,' testily retorts the audience, for you give us no serious drama to appreciate.' Even the ideals of Ibsen, which largely rule the modern playwright, are the subject of bitter denunciation. Mr. Clement Scott from his critic's bench hurls epithets that would have won the cordial approval of Dean Swift against the 'putrid indecorum' of the modern play, and asserts passionately that he is exhorted by Ibsen and his school to 'laugh at honor, disbelieve in love, and mock at virtue.' Many there are of Mr. Scott's persuasion who point questioningly at Shaw, talking cleverly of 'the repudiation of duty as the highest duty,' and denouncing romantic love between the sexes as mere illusion, or, at worst, base appetite; who listen doubtfully to Mr. Wilde's paradoxes on good and evil, and look sharply askance at Mr. Pinero, whose plays lead one to the conclusion that if ever there was a wretched, mis-managed institution upon the face of the earth, it is this one of marriage about which so many fair ideals of love have been draped. Still another

playgoer — belonging obviously with Mr. Scott to the old, conservative class of theatergoers, one who doubtless believes that Mrs. Alving did right to remain with her husband, and that Norah deserved the joint epithets of Swift and Mr. Scott for her desertion of husband and babies — pleads earnestly for a drama that will fully reinstate Grecian Nemesis upon the English stage; that will show the doer and his evil deed so joined that no modern ethical divorce court can put them asunder: that will present ideal love, ideal devotion to duty, ideal everything, and in short — to speak in this writer's own dignified vernacular 'exhibit Fortitude crowning the patient, daily life of the people.'

Now no one among modern playwrights is better able to meet this demand for a serious drama upholding the old ideals than Don José Echegaray, the distinguished Spanish dramatist. His five translated works, listed in English translation as 'The Great Galeoto,' 'Folly or Saintliness,' 'The Son of Don Juan,' 'Mariana,' and 'The Madman Divine,' mark him as a writer of singular impressiveness. Echegaray is, above all, serious, and his plays have 'the grand style.' While plainly in the trend of modern ethical thought and frankly acknowledging a debt to Ibsen, he has held to old ideals of love and duty. He enforces morality with Hebraic sternness; he is relentless in tracing back the evil deed; in 'The Son of Don Juan,' he brings the erring generation to its knees with grief and bitter cries for forgiveness. Always, Echegaray brings out the word 'duty' with a genuinely old-fashioned ring; with him it means devotion to one's neighbor, sacrifice of oneself, obedience to abstract laws of justice, and all the difficult things that Mr. Scott doubtless requires of it. Lorenzo, in 'Folly or Saintliness,' after discovering that he is a son of his old nurse and not entitled to his wealth and position, a discovery that he can in no way substantiate to the satisfaction of his friends and family, consents to be locked up in a mad house rather than to 'know any other rule than justice, any other law than truth.' Mariana, heroine of the play by that name, refuses to marry the man she deeply loves when she discovers that he is the son of the villain who wrecked her mother's happiness. Finally, Echegaray's heroines — Carmen, Inés, Mariana, Fuensanta — love after the good old fashion which counts the world well lost for love, and are blissfully oblivious — or it may be shamelessly indifferent — to the fact that they are under the dominion of 'mere illusion or base appetite.' Fuensanta, in 'The Madman Divine,' offers her entire fortune of twenty million dollars to her grasping relatives if they in turn will leave her to the 'sublime madness' of her love for Gabriel. Mariana, to be sure, talks at first with all the cynicism and disillusionment of a modern heroine anent love and matrimony. 'Don't you

think that such things have often been said in the world and that they have nearly always been lies?' she asks her lover Daniel after his ardent declaration of love; but in her final outburst of passion, her frantic giving up of her life, she reverts to the old type from which Alcestis, Juliet, and a crowd of sisters were set up.

And it is by means of plays of this seriousness that Echegaray has become a fixed star in Spanish skies in spite of the strong counter-attraction of giantess, conjurer, expert horseman, and murderer — for we doubt not the existence of these things or their equivalents in Spain. Echegaray has been a prolific writer; since his first attempt in 1874 he has produced some fifty or sixty plays. Yet even in the five to which the present discussion is limited, it is possible to find several correlative qualities. For one thing there is the stamp of the mathematician upon his work, for Echegaray has won great distinction in this science where his genius first showed itself. The dramatist has a way of first stating his problem either in a prologue or early in the first act, and then of working it out according to exact rules. Of course, any dramatic writer may legitimately have in mind some set problem when he sits down to write his play. But he is careful to preserve the illusion of reality, to keep the reader in suspense as to the final outcome; the problem is naturally and gradually revealed through the characters and situations of the drama; we forget the dramatist at his desk. But Echegaray preserves no such illusion; he invites the reader into his study and frankly tells him how the forthcoming play is to be made. Thus in the unique prologue to 'The Great Galeoto,' omitted in the American adaptation, 'The World and His Wife,' Ernest, a young poet, dreams of writing a wonderful play, in which the principal character will be Galeoto, or Everybody, monster of a thousand heads, who, without making his way to the stage, will fill and possess the scene. All this is a picturesque way of stating that one innocent group of people shall be ruined by gossip. Then Echegaray proceeds to work out his problem — to ring up the curtain upon Ernest, Julian, Teodora, and the invisible but omnipresent Galeoto. So well does the author clothe this old motif in flesh and blood, that unless we be hardened rationalists unable to enter into the illusions of the theater and forget as did Lamb at his first play that the actors were 'but men and women painted,' we find ourselves asking at the drop of the curtain where Ernest went with the lovely Teodora, if they were happy, and if Ernest ever wrote his great play about Galeoto, for these Spanish characters with their fiery natures grip the imagination; a trace of the plumed hat and clanking sword of the medieval Spaniard is in their blood if not on their persons. Echegaray, however, never allows his spectators to be merely entertained;

gravely he reminds them of the danger in the midst of 'light words, fugitive glances, indifferent smiles,' where 'not even the most insignificant actions are in themselves insignificant or lost for good or evil.'

In this last warning, which epitomizes the theme of the play, we read a favorite motif of the dramatist — that dullness, low aims, and a gossiping spirit have risen when more than two or three are gathered together for social diversion. Under this aspect, Echegaray could not meet the demand of the playgoer with serious ideals who asked that fortitude be made to crown the daily life of the people. Echegaray presents fortitude, splendid integrity of character, high aims, but always they are isolated in one solitary individual set over against a petty and malicious society. The group of meddling relatives and friends in 'The Great Galeoto' reappears under different names in other of his plays, and receives his strongest denunciation from the lips of Angeles, in 'The Madman Divine.' After catching a glimpse of her own face in the glass during a fit of anger, she confides to a friend, 'How ugly! It looked like the face of a bird of prey; just as if I were on the point of swooping down. When I confessed this sin, the confessor told me it was the face of vanity, of anger, of avarice. *Well they* (meaning the meddling relatives and friends) *all have that expression.*'

Dignity of character, self-sacrifice, and devotion to abstract laws of justice receive splendid exemplification in the person of Lorenzo, in 'Folly or Saintliness.' In this play, as in 'The Great Galeoto,' there is a presentation of the proposed task of the dramatist, the same clash of the individual against public opinion. Under the spell of Cervantes, Echegaray resolved to send forth a hero who will struggle for justice in the real world as Cervantes's hero struggled in the realm of his imagination. This Quixotic devotion to conscience leads Lorenzo into the madhouse, presumably for the rest of his days. If we are intent only upon the story, we may find consolation for the sad plight of the hero in the fact that it enables Inés, his daughter, to enter into her dream of happiness. Yet — upon second thoughts — the play hardly bears this reading. Inés was a devoted daughter and probably the possession of her Edward and his ducal coronet did not assuage the memory of her father and his strait-jacket. The real stimulation of the play is in the noble struggle of the hero; although a losing one in terms of ducal coronet and strait-jacket, it is calculated to act as a Katharsis to our enfeebled imaginations which cannot always work upon so abstract a plane. A great struggle, nobly endured to the end, possesses a tonic quality and makes one half in love with failure, eager for the life of renunciation, without which, says Mr. George Moore, life is a mere triviality. And the mood that inspired Lorenzo's struggle with its renunciation of personal happiness is

the same that we read with pulses stirred in Henley's poems, in Hardy's novels, in certain of Stevenson's essays.

In 'The Son of Don Juan,' the author again sets himself a task — that of transplanting the problem of Ibsen's 'Ghosts' to Spanish soil. The most pleasing part of this work is the prologue in which Echegaray chats frankly and informally with his readers. He acknowledges that this work brought him a fine pelting from the critics, who, one and all, fell into a passion and denounced his drama as pathological, somber, with no other object than that of arousing horror. 'But its motive was very different,' protests Señor Echegaray, with unruffled urbanity, 'I shall not explain it. I never defend my dramas.' One wishes, however, that he had not gone off into whimsical silence without a word in explanation of his play. It is difficult to see in it anything but a study of heredity lunacy, and therefore but an imperfect and superficial reading of 'Ghosts,' in which heredity is by no means the main theme. 'The Son of Don Juan' has no suspense, no clash of motive. When in the opening scene Don Juan boasts to his companions of his gay and licentious life, of his hopes in his gifted son, Lazarus, and when, shortly afterwards, we see Lazarus, his face pale, his steps unsteady, his mind inclined to wander, we read at once the somber development of the play; the acts following merely picture the progress of the disease of Lazarus, his sundering of all ties with Carmen, the bitter grief of his mother, the deep contrition of his father. To be sure, the darkness of the drama receives an occasional flash of light; Don Juan's description of the morning when he awoke from an orgy and saw through the perfumed hair of the Tarifena the splendid rising of the sun, and was stirred to new desires for a higher love, aspirations for a purer life, proceeds from the poetic and not the mathematical genius of the author.

After a reading of 'The Madman Divine,' the suspicion aroused by 'The Son of Don Juan' that the subject of lunacy has a peculiar attraction for Echegaray deepens into certainty. At first reading, the play is a wanton exhibition of insanity, the dramatist seemingly taking the same pleasure in its portrayal that the early sculptors took in the exhibition of mere brute force. Yet, a broader reading of the play is possible. The scene opens in the home of Fuensanta, a wealthy young widow surrounded by the usual group of meddling relatives. Into this gossiping circle walks Gabriel, scholar, philanthropist, traveler, and the accepted lover of Fuensanta. Gabriel has no small talk, but soars away beyond the intellectual reach of the group. He talks on great subjects and frequently breaks out into sentences suggesting a mystic crazed by his visions. Even Fuensanta is often horrified even while allured. In spite of the protests of the meddling uncles

and some further symptoms of insanity on the part of Gabriel, the wedding takes place. After the ceremony the groom removes any wistful doubts in the mind of his bride as to his insanity by various mad outbreaks. He identifies himself with deity and announces himself as the one God. He attacks and overpowers one of the uncles and steps are taken to have him locked up. The last act of the drama depicts the progress of his disease and Fuensanta's clinging devotion. Finally, the mad bridegroom manages to set fire to the house and the curtain goes down on the flame-encircled pair, Fuensanta ecstatically welcoming death with her 'madman divine' rather than life without him. Ghastly as is this theme in the telling it is invested with all Echegaray's peculiar power and poetry. The figure of mad Gabriel is never petty nor ordinary; we realize that his madness is a result of the greatness of his reach, a reach too far exceeding his grasp; his brain surrenders to the mighty thoughts that beat upon it. The play is a weird *tour de force*: it gives us the feeling of tragedy even while limiting the struggle to one human brain. We may not accept the theme, but we cannot deny the power of the dramatist in this as well as in the other four plays.

Certainly in this easy-going day when the public likes to settle back comfortably into its chair at the play, when many dramatists justify Mr. Scott's complaint, and exhort us 'to laugh at honor and mock at virtue,' it is an event to meet a playwright who stimulates, who induces moral reflection, as does Señor Echegaray. We do not attempt in the present brief article to give academic judgment concerning him as an artist, but only to assert that his plays have what Mr. Edward Everett Hale calls 'that something which lasts for awhile after one leaves the theater.'

IN DELOS—IN THE DRIFTING ISLE

IT was within the narrow isle —
The isle long since that drifting tried
The southmost sea — where not a field
Could wish to be more wide,
When that its straight bound so might yield
A charm the princelier lands have not revealed —
This view so fair upon the far-off blowing tide.
To that low wall of ancient stone
An idle wanderer I came,
And found me there a world too new —
Too briefly fair to name;
For there against the Ægean blue,
A thousand flowers were at the first review,
Spreading to gentle winds the valor of their flame.
Soon was the ruined barrier passed:
And in the grasses down I lay
And saw no more than one clear sky —
One azure from the bay —
One many blossomed mist, that high
Above me, with a soft continuing sigh,
Lent a bright hem of color to the paler day.
A nodding poppy on her stem —
Straight up she stood against the sun
And floated stilly like a cloud.
And of her mates not one
But wore a face as gently proud,
And danced a round among the fairy crowd,
In golden mantle fine by meek rain women spun.
So lying, changed from what I was,
With ears that scarce were mine almost
I heard a mute and lovely tune
Some chanting god had lost:
And saw by other eyes, within the noon,
Fleet for the chase, wearing her silver moon,
Diana, on her way, adown the singing coast.

Mildred McNeal Sweeney

POETIC LANGUAGE

BY IVAN CALVIN WATERBURY

THE monumental development of craftsmanship nowadays along the lines pointed out by William Morris has proved anything but a fad. All handicrafts are shaping themselves to the same ideal; and the mighty machinery crafts are soon to follow. The movement is borne along by the mighty ghost born of Morris's genius, which is steadily animating with human life the body of the Titan labor. The craftsmanship of literature, which our forefathers down to the time of Sir Walter Scott fitly called *bookcraft*, is no exception. Morris treated literature (bookcraft) as he did all the other crafts he created or revived and excelled in; and likewise he went down to its fundamentals in style. And even to this day style is sometimes called by its old expressive synonym *wordcraft*. I have seen the word used in newspapers, actually! Therein this great and good man laid the broad groundwork whereon more and more bookcraftsmen will build, until they embody in English song and tale all the rest of the manifold characteristic charms of kindred Teutonic literatures that have been found inexpressible in the fashionable idiom of the 'king's English.'

Not every double-yolked egg could bring forth Castor and Pollux, but many can hatch twin eagles. The same holds good of those verbal eggs which are the offspring of poetic fancies.

The language of poetry is herein treated in distinction from the language of reason, or that which appeals directly to the understanding. The language of reason is used by science to widen the realm of exact knowledge. It is used by philosophy to show the relations of the facts of science. By philosophy I do not mean metaphysics, by long odds! Metaphysics uses the language of reason, as do other branches of alleged human knowledge; but these use it only to clothe phantasms drawn from the inner consciousness, which it would be more honest to clothe in the language of poetry! No apologies to Puritan priestcraft! Poetry is socially useful because it is known for what it is. Metaphysics is socially dangerous because it masquerades as contribution to human knowledge, whereas it is nothing of the kind. It is gradually dawning upon the majority of us that the solvable portion of the mystery of the universe can be solved only by the thorny road of science; and that it is the business of poetry to delight us along the same

road by songs of the road! Campare Walt Whitman's 'Song of the Open Road.'

The language of poetry appeals to the understanding also, but mainly by indirect suggestion through the imagination and the emotions. Science purposes to convey truth and nothing else. True poetry purposes the same but only in such wise as to give esthetic pleasure. Science must denote precisely what it says. Poetry must connote a great deal more. The language of poetry is, above all things, suggestive, connotative, hintful.

This is why scientific English contains so many Latinisms and poetical English so few, outside of the macaronic school of Milton. For instance, it is desirable for science to borrow an alien term like *mercury*, which, being free from previous meanings and associations in English, when spelled without a capital, must always bear the precise meaning first stamped upon it by the chemist. But this very merit of insulation for the language of science makes the same word inadequate for poetic usage. Therefore, the less precise Anglo-Saxon compound *quicksilver* fits the poet's need better. Poetry has much to do with psychology, but it cannot call the science by the same name in its own dialect. *Soullore* (like *Seellehre* in German) would fulfill the poet's need much better. More by token, several markworthy writers have suggested *soulish* for *psychic* and *psychical*. There are many such parallels besides that of science and knowledge, but there should be many more. Here is the longfelt want in poetic English. Science has made such cataclysmal progress in the last fifty years that the Muses have been left gasping, awestruck, speechless, for lack of words in their English to name fitly the wonders that have been unfolded with lightning-like speed. There is no way to fulfill this need but by revival of early English roots and methods of compounding. That is how the German language has been created in all its purity within the last two hundred years since it has graduated from its macaronic stage. Science, in its phenomenal activity, has built up a dialect in English adequate for its own use. The more backward poetry, the greatest of the fine arts (highcrafts, as they would be called if we translated the Anglo-Saxon *heahcraeft*), is left with a meager thesaurus (word-board) to do science justice with. I have interviewed scientists on this subject, and have their concurrence.

The present writing has to do with English fit for verse and what is known as poetic prose. In this field wordcraft works best with homebred roots, even at the occasional sacrifice of sonority, though more often with gain in both sonority and expressiveness. The needs of the prose romancer and literary essayist far overlap those of the poet. But as hardshell conservatism concedes most neological freedom to the poets, I shall confine my

suggestions mainly to them. At the same time, I am full well aware that radical prosewriters are not slow to follow worthy poetic example, no matter what macaronic conservatism is willing to vouchsafe. The interested reader can be trusted to appreciate all justifiable militancy. And be it understood that the aim is less to revolutionize English than to enrich it where there is crying need.

James Russell Lowell handed down the opinion: 'Perhaps there might be a question between the old English *again rising* and *resurrection*, but there can be no doubt that *conscience* is better than *inwit*, and *remorse* than *againbite*.' Such is the ruling of a weighty judge; but, as attorney in this case, I use the right to take out an exception. I acknowledge that *conscience* is more sonorous than *inwit*, but it is not so expressive of the Anglo-Teutonic cast of mind. Desirable as sonority always is, expressiveness is much more so. Would that both were always found together! However why in the name of reason should we not have both *inwit* and *conscience* available to fit the shades of character of different contexts? Why not have likewise the other two pairs of words Lowell mentions? No language can be too rich in synonyms to fulfill the manifold needs of the shifting shades of human thought, especially poetic thought. Our coming poets will have to treat the sublimities that the ponderous Latinisms of art, science, and philosophy stand for; but they will have to do so in homebred English in order to be widely appreciated by the great folkmind. The literary trend of the day is back to Saxondom, both with prose and poetry, notwithstanding sporadic reaction in high places. Henceforward, I will save time by suggesting a pure English synonym in parentheses after each Latinism, wherever it seems desirable.

As we have barely begun to study English, few realize how great is her native (homeling) wealth, even in such words as are to be found in everybody's active or passive vocabulary (wordhoard). If we merely made a gathering of all such household words as are found sprinkled through the books and journals (tidings books, newsbooks, tidings sheets, newspapers) of the day, we should have a dictionary (wordbook) large enough to make an English novel or epic poem (heleth-song) read like one in the link-tongue between Dutch and Danish that English is. Of course William Morris was the master of masters at this kind of thing, and our link-kinship between Low German and Scandinavian is most markworthy in both his prose and his verse. For the sake of settings in keeping with such pioneering use of pure modern English, the late craftsman wisely chose olden themes. I call his English modern in that it had all been used within the modern period since Langland and Chaucer; all except the few compounds he created.

It is widely acknowledged that a poet has a right to seek his own as far back as Chaucer and a prose writer as far back as Tyndale. Moreover, Morris used olden themes largely for the sake of symbolism (tokencraft) for which pure English is best. Bookcraft will embody tokencraft more and more. The new symbolism bears the same kinship to the old-fashioned, clumsy allegory that metonymy does to simile and metaphor. Bright, flashing, fleeting metonymy was the favorite figure of the singer of 'Beowulf,' as it is in the songcraft of to-day. Compare the symbolism which Björnson, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck have made so famous with the obtrusive allegory of Spenser's 'The Faerie Queene' and divine (spæ) the method of the coming epists of modern life. Here is the key to William Morris's great epic of the fatality of the reign of goldgreed and the hatred born thereof, 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.' He wrought the Pan-Teutonic cycle in symbolical English, which gives only mystic implication of the cosmic allegory therein embodied. The English is as pure as that of Layamon's 'Brut,' yet fit for other than archaic purposes. Skilful craftsmen can shape it to modern themes and symbols, now that Morris has got the camel's nose in. Every original poet has to make a dialect of his own. This becomes a wordhoard for later songcraftsmen to draw upon, who further enrich the general language of poetry. Before you can appreciate any great poet or any great philosopher, you have to 'learn his great language,' as Browning sings.

Robert Browning read Johnson's dictionary through four times. But the average writer of English deems lexicology (wordlore) a negligible study. This is because he has been so carefully imbued with cant faith in the ready-made perfection of the language he has inherited and that of the social system that has inherited him. Professors of rhetoric (speechcraft) hold 'poets are born, not made; but prose writers are made, not born.' So saying, they leave poet-training severely alone; and unlike the skalds and bards of old, the latter-day poet goes untaught, though heaven knows how much teaching he needs in his craft! Rhetoricus teaches elaborately how to balance heavy sentences and mass them into paragraphs, after Macaulay or De Quincey or Henry James, or whomsoever happens to be the favorite professorial model. To be sure, I knew one rhetorician who never would praise anything that was not modelled on Kipling or Stephenson. Rhetoricus calls the paragraph 'the element of style,' and virtually alleges that it is the Alpha and Omega of style. Let any practical writer try to show him that the paragraph is merely a division of punctuation, the next above a full stop! Why a life-saving crew could not reach Rhetoricus with a thousand-foot shotline! Word building and phrase making he contemptuously refuses to spend time on, unless you perpetrate something that he thinks

Macaulay or De Quincey or James would not sanction. Then you learn that his other name is Logomachus. How he does hate to get down to verbal fundamentals that might change the whole complexion of a composition, and make it unrecognizable in the light of his few models! Often he knows nothing of Anglo-Saxon or German or Scandinavian; nothing of the enlightening discoveries of Teutonic philology during the last century. He has slighted the history of English grammar (speechlore), alleging that it has little bearing on his specialty. He has no conception of the place of his specialty in history or in society. He has not realized that the restoration of the long-lost beauties of the English language has been fast fulfilling itself during the last fifty years of the study of Teutonic philology in the English-speaking world. The general sloughing off of Latinistic pedantry in popular writing has resulted from that study. Yet the reactionary Rhetoricus Logomachus wilfully blinds himself to all this, and the effect is all the same whether he hides his head in the sand or in the clouds.

Large as our Scandinavian-American population is, three fifths of our whole number are German. Here is a continental-minded, intelligent reading public to whom English Teutonisms are more appreciable and welcome in the adopted tongue than Latinisms. I have talked this matter over with scores of these Teutons of foreign birth or parentage and found them all likeminded, though I happen to be pure English and Scotch, with a Yankee lineage two hundred and seventy-odd years long. My own Teutonic bias I attribute to rearing and education among the influences and associations of the Pan-Teutonic Mississippi Valley. I once asked a German high school ma'am in Chicago, who let fall an appreciative remark about Chaucer, 'Don't you find it hard to read Chaucer?' 'Oh no!' she exclaimed, patronizingly; 'you forget how many Germanlike expressions he uses that should make him easier for me to read than most English is.' A German-born professor of Germanic languages and literatures in the University of Chicago, who was not a strong admirer of William Morris, once called my attention to a German translation of 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung.' 'Don't they find that pretty hard to translate into German?' I asked. 'Oh no,' he answered; 'you should readily see how much easier it would be to render such English into German than any other.' The Norwegian teacher of Scandinavian languages and literatures in the same faculty told me of his intention to assign the reading of 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung' and the Morris-Magnusson translation of 'The Volsunga Saga' in a course on 'Teutonic Traditions.' 'How does such English seem to your countrymen?' I asked him. 'Naturally a great deal easier than any other,' he replied, 'it's so Teutonistic.' I was once discussing the relative

merits of English and German with the editor of a magazine called *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter*, who, though a cultured old Forty-eighter, still spoke with an accent. 'I hold,' said he, 'that English has not grown like a living language, but by inanimate accretion, like a crystal. I don't say it has no inner vitality to grow from; but I believe that it has grown as far as it can by accumulation from outside. It has taken on more foreign matter than the speech of every day can assimilate, and must either dry up and decay or else develop from native sources. Now my belief is that English will henceforth grow more and more from its own roots, under the influence of the overwhelming Germanic majority of our population. Americans will find this as necessary to English as it was found to my mother tongue at the beginning of the great German Romantic Movement.'

Professor George Hempl, the philologist, once suggested that, while the Germans in America will never supplant English with German, or even introduce many German words, they will so influence the national cast of mind as to reteutonize English along Anglo-Saxon lines.

I have tried sundry styles of English on all classes of German and Scandinavian Americans, including sailors on the Great Lakes and brick makers; and

'Try it by whatever token,
Still the selfsame answer's spoken.'

There is so much debatable land between the English of poetry and that of popular prose that either the poet or novelist who chooses, a hundred years hence, can write in a folkspeech as pure as that of the singer of 'Beowulf' or that of King Alfred, and as rich as all the kindred Teutonic tongues taken together. All English culture was Latinistic from the Norman Conquest down to the dawn of the English romantic movement; yet it could not unmake the Anglo-Saxon character of the folkspeech. English stems and affixes have never lost their power of forming self-explaining compounds. As Brandt's German Grammar puts it: 'The capacity of German for forming such compounds is generally exaggerated, and that of English generally underrated. We might just as well write them so, in English: *Fireinsurancecompanyoffice*; and we should have the same compound.' What if we should learn to vary such hybrids with something in pure Anglo-Saxon like *Fireunderwritersreckoninghouse*? Seeing that office means counting-house, reckoning-house expresses the same idea! That should serve some hardbestead poet a turn in iambic tetrameter, which, compared with the hybrid fright, would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever! By the way, alluding to the art of reckoning, or arithmetic, take the German *Rechenkunst*. Why should we not use *reckoncraft*, seeing that it would be hard

to revive the Middle-English *rimecraft*, because of the modern association of *rime* with poetical numbers? By the same token, the Elizabethans often called a professional arithmetician, or accountant, a *reckonmaster*. This latter word would be just as intelligible nowadays.

I am well aware how the bare hint of such things raises the goose-flesh of macaronic conservatism, whose business it is to fight everything new, whether it be worthy or unworthy. On the other hand, what is a radical? One who goes to the root of things. Unlike his opponent, the radical does not believe that whatever is is right, merely because it is. In his root-wisdom, he is the only one who wins back treasures from the undying past or brings forth anything new for the future. The radical is not the champion (forefighter) of that social inertia which, from everlasting to everlasting, is too almighty to need any champion. That can be trusted to take care of itself. None but the radical works with both foresight and hindsight.

Much is said on both sides; but sometimes the public taste can be taught to like the homeborn, the homebred, and the homemade. Such has been the case in Germany. 'Made in Germany' is justly the pride of the Vaterland. But some day it will mean less to us than 'Made in America.' The greatest of the wonders wrought in Germany within the last two hundred years, the thing which our poets are the first to deem worthy of emulation, is German,—the language of that nation which has admittedly done more for the culture of the world in a century than all other nations put together. The living age of Teutonic culture has succeeded the dead or dying age of Latinistic culture in the English-speaking world. The prevailing Teutonic influences cannot help modifying a language already essentially Teutonic much more than did the long-regnant Latinism now moribund. The rearguard of Latinism has left many malcontents in our seats of learning; but its bolt has been shot. True, Professor Rhetoricus Logomachus says, 'Use one element or the other as the thought requires.' But this is not to the point; and he and his fellow criticasters always show hostility (foeship) to much unmixed English, on general principles. Such a rhetorician as A. S. Hill is a rabid Latinistic reactionary, a hardshell dogmatist. Genung, the least backward of the transitionists, warily acknowledges the worthiness of the present trend toward Anglo-Saxonism, and even indulges in the coinage *speech-part-ship* from his own mint. Such a word, though a hybrid, betokens the kind of mintwork herein spoken for. It is put together in keeping with the genius (speechghost) of our folk tongue. I grant the justice of Genung's warning against the abuse of such free coinage 'by ill-furnished writers.' Only I move that such words be met in less of the cat-and-dog spirit, and with more of that open-mindedness which they meet with in

every Teutonic language except our don-ridden English! Especially such should be their lot when they are minted by *well*-furnished writers. Continental scholars find no Caucasian people so ignorant of the grammatical laws of its own language as the British and Americans; none so full of ignorant intolerance of suggestions for fostering the natural growth of their mother tongue, I mean suggestions like that of Max Müller. He urged that English-speaking people follow the German example of enriching their literary language (book-speech) by drawing on the dialects, both local and technical, which usually afford fifty synonyms for one in the literary language. Every human activity, he pointed out, has its own dialect, including the dialect of religion in the archaic-sounding English bible. By the by, our next Milton may have as much to say about the religion of humanity as the first one had about the religion of Puritanism. But he could hardly call the learned doctrines about it by such a name as *theology*. *Godheadlore* and *godhoodlore* would do better. He could boil *hierology* down to *faithlore* and *belieflore*, and *mythology* down to *godlore* (cf. the German Gottlehre and the Danish Gudelaere).

Marsh called attention to the fact that often the popular taste is truer than that of schoolcraft, and that the vulgar fashion of inexpressiveness in high places has had much to do with arresting the growth of the English folkspeech. D'Annunzio says that whenever he has an idea hard to express he tries to think what his mother would have said to him when he was a child. And whatever we may think of D'Annunzio's ethics, nobody seems able to find many flaws in his wordcraft. What better argument for not dismissing superciliously an expressive compound made by the tasteful instinct of the unlearned?

Professor Lounsbury, in his 'History of the English Language,' acknowledges the Saxonward tendency in English. But, like all conservatives and transitionists, he warns against any preference for one element or the other, adding that there is nothing permanent about either the Latinistic or the Saxonward movement. How does he know? What he calls the alternation of the two tendencies only marks the losing fight of the Latinism first introduced by the Normans to hold the folkspeech in subjection. The Saxon folkspeech, like the folklife, has kept rising ever stronger after each reactionary setback. So far from betokening a linguistic pendulum that ~~may~~ swing back again toward Latinism, the Saxonward movement looks ~~more like what~~ Darwin would call a mongrel's reversion to its original type. ~~Let us~~ thank God for a reclaimable Aryan mongrel instead of a self-sterile hybrid! Woden's horse Sleipnir was no mule.

I call such writers as Lounsbury and Genung conservative transitionists,

because neither has recognized the purely social origin, use, and purpose of both language and literature. Not yet has one history of the English language or literature, or one rhetoric (speechcraftbook) been written in the needful light of the newest of sciences, Sociology (fellowshiplore)! That light now comes from Germany, the morningland of freedom and modern culture. It is dawning in Great Britain and America. It is overflowing the world. The rise of the folklife from the thralldom of ages is the great fact of the living epoch. And the growth of every folkspeech keeps pace with the folklife it springs from. The same holds true of our Anglo-Saxon folkspeech. To use Trench's figure, English has Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Dutch roots enough to spin almost any word needed, spiderlike, out of its own bowels.

Shakespeare, who should be called the Skald of Avon; Shakespeare, whose mighty art should be sonorously called skaldship (after the Icelandic *skaldskapr*), did the noble utmost for the English of his oligarchical age. But what of the Skaldship of the next Shakespeare, who will have to do with the wonderful inventions and discoveries (outfindings) that have given birth to the manifold new arts and sciences; with the mighty machinery (craft-gear or workgear) and engineering (workgearcraft or gearcraft) that have made the whole world over in a century? Will he, writing ponderously, like Milton, 'for an audience fit, though few,' try to bring all these wonders home to the great folkmind, by means of such outlandish terms as are good only for precision in the technical dialects (craftspeech)? Not by long odds! He will deal with both the quick and the dead who used his mother tongue, just as Dryden so boastfully 'dealt with both the living and the dead' of alien tongues, for 'sounding words,' 'rich in second intention.' Coming English skalds will follow the masterly initiative of William Morris, whom the Icelanders called a skald because he looked the part. Thereby they will do for Mother English what German writers did to save their mother tongue from the macaronic minglemanhood into which it had degenerated by the dawn of the eighteenth century.

It is often alleged that English is rich in synonyms; but as far as Anglo-Saxon went it was much richer. Where modern English has one word for poetry or hero, Anglo-Saxon had a dozen! All that old wealth can be won back and added to what we have. Only our popular writers must first let some philological Columbus show them how to make the egg stand on end.

In the first place, we must study the laws of English grammar as carefully as we do those of any foreign language we undertake to learn. Lounsbury misuses the word culture when he alleges that the best English has been written by men of little culture. Shakespeare happened to have the genius

to learn more about English in the university of the world than Oxford or Cambridge could have afforded him; because he knew how to study it in relation to the folklife. There he learned what ponderous rhetoricians might have warped his mind from learning. He came by a culture free from the pedantic trammels of Ben Jonson's mammoth learning; and it was the sounder therefor. This is not saying that all writers would fare as well selftaught. The point is that he mastered the anatomy (unlimbinglore) and surgery (woundleechcraft) of the body of English. It is hard to tell whether Shakespeare made or found the word *wealsmen* for *statesmen*, but it should be revived and imitated. Morris mastered the secrets of English wordlore as much better than Shakespeare as the manifold development of the science of language (speechlore) naturally enabled him to do. And he applied to art the principles of this science which has brought the age of Chaucer and Langland nearer to us than it was to the Elizabethans. He made his English pure enough to make the shades of Chaucer and Shakespeare envious. For every historical token goes to show that both would have been glad to do the same, had they not lacked the scientific gear and tackle that Morris had to hand at the dawn of the new Renaissance. Morris and his Icelander associate for twenty-seven years, Professor Eiríkr Magnússon of Oxford, made the study of wordlore a lifelong work and play. So did all the great Elizabethans, to the best of their ability. Only the latter could not, in an age of Latinistic culture, study English wordlore in all its Teutonic roots and branches. They who lived in the shade of Yggdrasil could not see the world-tree of life and knowledge until the early sunbeams of the great social summer broke up the fogs of alien humbug that darkened the long feudal winter of discontent.

Here is accounting for that homely sublimity of wordcraft which some criticasters of that class whom Balzac dubbed 'intellectual eunuchs' had the cheap impudence to call 'pseudo Middle English'! As Professor Magnússon writes in his preface to the new sixth volume of their 'Saga Library': 'It is a strange piece of impertinence to hint at *pseudo* Middle English scholarship in a man who, in a sense, might be said to be a living edition of all that was best in M. E. literature.'

Let us learn the working principles of his great language!

Consider this verbal equation, Art: Craft: Science: Lore.

Morris's lifework restored to the wordcraft all its former dignity as a popular synonym for art in general. Also, the first scholar who translated the German *volkslehre* by *folklore*, made *lore* bear a closer kinship to *science* than *knowledge* does. In *lore* we have an approximate equivalent of the Greek *logos*, as used in the English ending *-ology*. It equals the German

Lehre, as *craft* equals the German *Kunst*. Indeed, all sciences and arts whose names end in *-ology*, *-omy*, *-ics*, and *-ism* can be named in pure English by affixing *lore* to the right English word to denote the science and *craft* to denote the art. *Folklore* has long been a household word.* An excellent magazine of popular ornithology has been published for some years under the title *Birdlore*. Geikie used the word *earthlore* in the title of a book on geology and physiography. In common use also are *handicraft*, *woodcraft* (for huntsmanship in the woods), *witchcraft*, and *leechcraft* (the poetical name for the art of medicine). Robert Burns used *speechcraft* for the art of language (rhetoric). Sir Walter Scott used, even in prose, the noble old word *bookcraft* for literature and authorship; which, like the goodly word *shipcraft* used last by Walt Whitman, for the art of navigation, we inherited from the Anglo-Saxon, *boccraft* and *scipcraft*. *Wordcraft* (the art of using words, logic, style) has survived from the Anglo-Saxon period to occasional use nowadays. Longfellow, Morris, and others revived *songcraft* (*ars poetica*) from the Anglo-Saxon *sangcraft*, for the art of poetry. Tennyson used the old word *starcraft* for the supposed art of astrology; but *starlore* were a much better word for the science of astronomy. The Anglo-Saxon word for music and minstrelsy was *gleocraft*. This could be revived in the form *gleecraft*. On the same principle, the following words could be added to those already suggested:

Hydraulogy: waterlore	
Phenomenology: wonderlore	
Cosmology: worldlore	
Meteorology: weatherlore (cf. Danish <i>veirlære</i>)	Symbolism: { tokencraft tokenlore tokens
Uranology: skylore	Magic: { spellcraft wondercraft
Technology: craftlore	Oölogy: egglore
Genealogy: kinlore (from Anglo-Saxon <i>cinelar</i>)	Psychology: soullore
Dendrology: treelore	Dynamics: powerlore
Seismology: earthquakelore	Botany: plantlore
Spermology: } seedlore	Ecclesiastics: churchlore
Spermatology: }	School Polity: schoolcraft
Chronology: timelore	Plutology: wealthlore
Physiognomy: mienlore (cf. Ger. <i>Mienelehre</i>)	Geometry: } metecraft
Somatology: }	Trigonometry: }
Physiology: } bodylore	Arithmetic: reckoncraft (cf. Ger. <i>Rechenkunst</i>)
	Algebra: tokenreckoncraft (cf. Ger. <i>Zeichenrechenkunst</i>)

[*POET LORE originated its name when it began in January, 1889.]

Horology: timemetelore	Statics: weightlore
Biology; all the biological sciences: lifelore	Hydrostatics: waterweightlore
Anthropology: { manlore { mankindlore	Optics: lightlore
Social Economics: folkthriftlore	Tactics: { warcraft (the art of war) { warlore (the science of war)
Ethnology: folkinlore	Aeronautics: airshipcraft
Sociology: fellowshiplore	Nomenclature: namelore
Economics: thriftlore	Pneumatics: gaslore
Lithology: stonelore	Aerostatics: gasweightlore
Hypnology: sleeplore	Numismatics: mintlore
Pathology: sicklore	Agriculture: { tilthlore { acrelore { acretilth
Morphology: shapelore	Lexicology: {
Aerology: airlore	Etymology: { wordlore
Craniology: skulllore	Grammar: {
Phrenology: brainlore	Linguistics: { speechlore (science of language)
Archeology: oldenlore	Philology: }
Poetics: songlore	Journalism: { newscraft { tidingscraft
Hydraulics: { waterworklore { waterworkcraft	Ichthiology: fishlore
Hygiene: { healthlore { healthcraft	Social Psychology: folksoullore
Medicine: { leechcraft { leechlore	Popular Etymology: folkwordlore
Medicines: leechdoms (O.E.)	Politics: statecraft
Symbolics: tokenlore	Ecclesiastical polity: churchcraft
	Royal Polity: kingcraft

The words *school* and *plant* came into Anglo-Saxon from the Latin, and *church* from the Greek. *Power* and *state* came into English soon after the Norman Conquest. So they are more thoroughly Anglicized than most other foreignisms. The same is true of *mien*. The compounds here made with them are at least improvements for casual usage. Let poets contrast the abstract, colorless English of the left side of each verbal equation with the concrete, vivid, vital English of the right, and judge between the goats and the sheep. It is said that every word in any language was originally a poem. Does not the present growth of poetical slang like 'give him the glad hand' and 'harnessing Niagara' betoken the need of our donridden English for more such word poems? Words any one of which can say to the old faded metaphors, as Marshal Ney replied to the arrogance of the

young nobles of the restored Bourbon court: 'But I am an ancestor; you are merely descendants.'

Corresponding adjectives and derivative nouns of agent are obtainable. One of Langland's words for a teacher, scholar, authority, was *loresman*; and we could use this and the adjectival ending *-ish* (as in *bookish*). Then we could make *Phenomenologist*: *wonderloresman*; *phenomenological*: *wonderlorish*; and so on through the whole list of sciences; also ridding ourselves thus of the monstrosities *folklorist* and *folkloristic*! The arts could be treated in the same way, affixing *-craftsman* or *-craftsman* for *artist* and *-craftish*, the older word for *artificial*, *technical*. The old word for *artistic* *-craftly* could be affixed to make a laudatory adjective. This would make *warcraftsman* or *warcraftsman*: *tactician*; *warcraftish*: *tactical*; and *warcraftly*: done with masterly tactics.

These living suffixes *-ish* and *-ly* could be used to derive innumerable Saxon adjectives of exquisite charm. It were more harmonious to say 'bodily and mindly' than 'bodily and mental.' The Germans use *patriotisch* and *vaterlandisch* interchangeably; just as Scandinavians use *patriotisk* and *faedrelandsk*. Likewise we could use *patriotic* and *fatherlandish*; and emulate them also in the interchangeable use of *patriot* and *fatherlander*. Such native words are the richer in 'second intention.'

In the same way take the symbolical names of our states. Our next Whitman may deem it wise to call Ohio Buckeyeland; Ohioan, Buckeyelandish; and a native of the Buckeye State, a Buckeyelander. Following out such a system he could use Hawkeyeland (Iowa), Hawkeyelandish, Hawkeyelander; Goldenland (California), Goldenlandish, Goldenlander; Lonestarland (Texas), Lonestarlandish, Lonestarlander; Bluegrassland (Kentucky), Bluegrasslandish, Bluegrasslander; Wolvereneland (Michigan), Wolverenelandish, Wolverenelander; Swinecatland (South Dakota), Swinecatlandish, Swinecatlander; Bluehenland (Delaware), Bluehenlandish, Bluehenlander; and so on. Where the state name seemed unfit for such use, as in the case of Little Rhody (Rhode Island), he could make Violetland, Violetlandish, Violetlander, using the name of the state flower.

America used to be the fosterland of nationalities. Now it is the fatherland of the composite descendants of those nationalities, and should be sung of and be written as such. I have as much right to use *bewritten* as Carlyle had to use *bepraised*. *Be-* is a living prefix freely used to make transitive verbs of intransitive, or for the sake of intensification, or both, or to make verbs of nouns, like *bespell*: enchant, and *bewonder*: wonder at, admire. *Bewrite* was in earlier use, like the German *beschreiben*: to write all about, to describe. If we revived that and made the noun *bewriting*: description,

we could affix bewriting like -graphy to English words; e.g., *earth-bewriting* (cf. German *Erdbeschreibung*): *geography*.

Formerly *ling* was affixed much more freely than it is; but we could revive *homeling* for *native*, and *comeling* for *stranger*, immigrant; as well as *timeling* for *temporizer*, *timeserver*.

Such words as *telegraphy*, *telephony*, *phonography*; *telegraph*, *telephone*, *phonograph*; *telegram* and *telepheme* are unfit for poetic use, or Whittier might have used one or two of them in his 'Cable Hymn.' We should do well to call them, Germanwise: *farwriting*, *farspeaking*, *soundwriting*; *farwriter*, *farspeaker*, *soundwriter*; *farwrit*, *farspeech*. *Farwriter* could denote either instrument or operator, as in the case of *typewriter*. A *telephonograph* could be called consistently a *farsoundwriter*. Speaking of writing reminds me that the native English word for *manuscript* is *handwrit*.

We still use the Anglo-Saxon prefixes *twi* and *thri* in *twilight*, *twibill*, *twifallow*, and *thrifallow*. These are as good, at least, as the Latin prefixes *bi* and *tri*, etc. With them we could make *twimeaning* for *ambiguous*, *ambiguity*; *twispoken*: *equivocal*; *twispokenness*: *equivocation*; *twiness*: *duality*; *twilife*: *dual life*; *twifight*: *duel*; *twilight*: *dilemma*; and revive the Anglo-Saxon *thrines* (*trinity*, *triune*) in the form *thriness*.

Suggestions for the cultivation of these natural resources of English are not farfetched, like Professor Lounsbury's recent 'numeral-adjective' suggestion; and it is a safe wager that they will appeal more to the thinking public than such Chinese professorial gibberish.

The Latinistic suffix -able is sometimes represented by -y and -some; as in *unruly*, *unwieldy*, and *bendsome* (*flexible*). Of these we could make *burny*: *combustible*; *unwoundsomeness*: *invulnerability*. Trench suggested even *unthoroughfaresomeness* for *impenetrability*. Long words are sometimes more effective than short ones, if only they are self-explaining. The ending is sometimes represented by -worthy; as in *praiseworthy* and *markworthy* for *laudable* and *remarkable*. We might as well have *wonderworthy*: *admirable*; *wishworthy*: *desirable*; *matchworthy* and *likenworthy*: *comparable*: and we could prefix *un* to get the opposite meanings. Some future Roosevelt may denounce *unwishworthy* burghers, if he writes poetry.

The ending -olatry is represented in English by -worship; as in *sunworship* for *heliolatry*. We should likewise have *wonderworship* for *thaumatolatry*, and *tokenworship* for *symbololatry*.

One of our greatest lacks in English to-day is a synonym for *hero*. *Heleth* (from the Anglo-Saxon *haeleth*: German *Held*: Danish *Helt*) was the old English word for hero, which was used in poetry as late, at least, as Drayton's

Polyolbion. To revive so noble a word is no more than Milton would have done had his culture been Teutonic instead of Latinistic and Hellenistic; and it would be far more endearing than his farfetched alienisms. Milton wrote with all the dignity of ponderosity. The next Milton may write with a *native* dignity that would have been more befitting the afterborn Wonder-child of the great Elizabethan age! With *heleth* we could make *helethsong*: epic poem or poetry; *helethship*: heroism; *helethdom*: heroarchy; *helethly*: heroic; *helethname*: eponym; *helethsaga*: epos; and many other compounds.

The endings *-archy* and *-ocracy* are often represented by *-dom* as in *kingdom*, *earldom*, *lorddom*, etc. So we could have *Goddom*: *Thearchy*; *folkdome*: *democracy* (cf. German *Volksthum*); and by normalizing *halidom* to *holidom* we should get one word for *hierarchy*, *sacred things*, etc. Then the present intellectual hierarchy, which accounts for the donriddenness of English, could be called more fitly and intelligibly a *loreholidom*. But a theocracy, like that of John Calvin at Geneva, should be called a *priestdom* (: German *Priesterthum*).

Let no sound and fury of 'alienistic' ponderosity daunt the freethinking intelligence of him who understands the time-hallowed genius of his mother-tongue!

When the word *ghost* is used, as in Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' and in the phrases 'Holy Ghost' and 'give up the ghost,' and the old 'local ghost' (*genius loci*) we have as good a word as the Germans have in *Geist* to render the Latin *genius*, *spiritus*, and *anima*. So we could revive *ghost* in the sense of *anim humana*, and make *worldghost*: *anima mundi*; *timeghost*: *spirit of the time* (cf. German *Zeitgeist*); and *steadghost*: *genius loci*.

Stead in the general sense of *place* was freely used in Elizabethan poetry, and still survives in *steady*, *steadfast*, *in one's stead*, *instead*, *homestead*, *farmstead*, *roadstead*, *bedstead*, and rarely *sunstead* (: *solstice*). From *stead* we could get *steadholder*: *lieutenant*, *deputy*, *viceroi*, etc. (cf. Dutch *Stadholder*: German *Statthalter*; Danish *Stedholder*); *steadman*: *substitute*; *workstead*: *laboratory*; *craftstead*: *manufactory*. Recent writers on Scandinavian history and geography have made *cheapstead*: *market-place*, and *beacestead*: place where the right of sanctuary is observed. Also consider *gamestead*: *gymnasium*, *athletic field*; *herdstead*: *ranch*; *birdstead*: *aviary*; *healthstead*: *sanitarium* or *sanatorium*; *bathstead*: *bathing-beach* or *watering place*; *sickstead*: *hospital*: *sickhouse* (cf. Danish *Sygehus*); *sleepstead*: *lormitory*; *folkstead*: *public place*; *lorestead*: *institution of learning*, *nuseum* and *place of study*.

The word *gear* means *apparatus*, *equipment*, *accouterments*, the working parts of a mechanism, etc. So we could make *craftgear* and *workgear*:

machinery, enginery, machine, engine; *workgearcraft* and *gearcraft* (as opposed to *handicraft*): engineering (the art of building and using engines and machines). Morris, Longfellow, and others have used *warcraft*: the art of war, and *wargear*: apparatus of war. Then *warcraftgear*: artillery, ordnance, enginery, etc.; and *wargearcraft*: military engineering. *Metegear* (cf. *metestick*, *meteyard*, etc.): measuring apparatus; *loregeare*: scientific apparatus; *leechgear*: medical apparatus; *woundleechgear*: surgical apparatus; and *tonecraftgear*: musical instruments.

It is not generally realized how many living affixes we have, which are freely used to form innumerable words. Take *be-*, *fore-*, *in-*, *un-*, *mis-*, *over-*, *under-*, *out-*, *by-*, *mid-*; and *-ness*, *-ship*, *-dom*, *-hood*, *-wise*, *-er*. There is in the dialect of mathematics a proposition called *belinkedness*, which would make a good vernacular word for concatenation; then *belink*: concatenate. Likewise *benaught*: annul, annihilate; *betithe*: decimate; *belight*: illuminate (used by Cowley, like German *beleuchten*). *Underhint*: insinuate, insinuation, innuendo; *underthreat*: covert or veiled threat. *Foreworldly*: primeval; *headmanship*: chieftaincy; *inshape*: imagine; *unlaw*: anarchy; *mismatch*: misalliance; *misshape*: deformity; *overgo*: surpass, etc.; *bytime*: leisure. But here I will forego the myriad other suggestions I could offer along the foregoing and other lines, in the reasonable hope that others may choose to amplify, and make poetic English grow and bloom like a green bay-tree, instead of accumulate like a crystal.

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THE DUKE AND THE ACTRESS*

(A Play in One Act)

BY ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

Translated from the German by Hans Weysz

CHARACTERS

EMILE, DUKE OF CADIGNAN	LEOCADIE, actress, Henri's wife
FRANÇOIS VICOMTE DE NOGEANT	GRASSET, philosopher
ALBIN CHEVALIER DE LA TREMOUILLE	LEBRET, tailor
THE MARQUIS OF LANSAC	GRAIN, a tramp
SÉVERINE, his wife	A POLICE COMMISSIONER
ROLLIN, a poet	NOBLEMEN, ACTORS, ACTRESSES
PROSPERE, landlord, formerly manager of a theater	MEN AND WOMEN
HENRI	
GUILLAUME	
SCAEVOLA	
JULES	
MICHETTE	
FLIPOTTE	

} His Company

(Takes place in Paris on the evening of July 14, 1789, in PROSPERE'S inn.)

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(An inn. A room of moderate size in the cellar, which is connected at the right hand of the background with the street level, by seven steps. At the head of the stairway the room is closed by a door. A second door, hardly visible, is provided at the left hand of the background. A number of plain wooden tables, chairs around them, are occupying nearly the entire room. At the left is the bar, behind same a number of barrels. The room is illuminated by oil lamps, suspended from the ceiling.)

The landlord, PROSPERE; enter citizens LEBRET and GRASSET

Grasset (still on the stairway).—Come in here, Lebre; I know this fountain. My old friend and manager has always some hidden cask, even if every one in Paris perishes with thirst.

Landlord.—Good evening, Grasset. Are you here once again? Are you through with philosophy? Do you feel like playing in my company again?

Grasset.—Oh, surely! Wine we want, I am the guest,—you are the landlord.

Landlord.—Wine? Where should I get wine, Grasset? They plundered all the wine stores in Paris last night. And I bet you were with them.

Grasset.—Get the wine! For the crowd which will come here an hour after us—*(listening)*. Do you hear anything, Lebre?

Lebre.—It sounds like low thunder.

Grasset.—Fine, citizens of Paris! *(To PROSPERE.)* For the crowd you surely have some wine left. Well, get it. My friend and admirer, the citizen Lebre, tailor of the Rue Saint Honoré, pays everything.

Lebre.—Certainly, certainly, I pay.

Grasset.—Well, show him that you have money.

(LEBRE draws his pocketbook.)

Landlord.—Well, I'll see if — *(opens the cock of a cask and fills two glasses)*. Where are you coming from, Grasset? From the Palais Royal?

Grasset.—Yes, indeed. I made a speech there. Yes, my dear Prospere, it's my turn now. Guess whom I spoke after?

Landlord.—Well?

Grasset.—After Camille Desmoulins. Yes, I dared to — and tell me, Lebre, who was more applauded, Desmoulins or I?

Lebre.—You, undoubtedly.

Grasset.—And how did I look?

Lebre.—Superb.

Grasset.— Do you hear, Prosper? I stepped on the table. I looked like a statue — yes, and a thousand, five thousand, ten thousand gathered around me just as before they did around Camille Desmoulins, and greeted me with acclaim —

Lebret.— It was a stronger acclamation.

Grasset.— Yes, not much, but it was stronger. And now they all go to the Bastille, and I dare say they are following my call. I swear we'll have it to-night.

Landlord.— Surely, if the walls would crash by your talk.

Grasset.— What, talk! Are you deaf? Now they are shooting. Our brave soldiers are with them. They have the same infernal rage against the wicked prison as we have. They know that behind those walls their brothers and fathers are imprisoned. But they would not shoot if we would not have spoken. My dear Prosper, the power of the mind is great. There (to *LEBRET*), where have you got the leaflets?

Lebret.— Here. (*Draws pamphlets out of his pocket.*)

Grasset.— Here are the latest pamphlets that were just distributed at the Palais Royal. There is one by my friend, Cerutti, Memorial for the French Nation, here is one by Desmoulins, who, sure enough, speaks better than he writes — *Independent France*.

Landlord.— When will the one you always talk about be published?

Grasset.— We need no more. The time of action has come. A rascal is he who stays at home to-day. Who ever is a man must be in the street!

Lebret.— Well spoken!

Grasset.— In Toulon they have killed the mayor, in Brignolles they have plundered a dozen houses. Only we in Paris are still slow and submit to everything.

Prosper.— Now you can't say that any more.

Lebret (who has been drinking all the time).— Rise, citizens, rise!

Grasset.— Rise — close up your place, and come with us now!

Landlord.— I will come when the time comes.

Grasset.— Oh, surely! When there won't be any more danger.

Landlord.— My friend, I love liberty just as much as you do, but first of all comes my profession.

Grasset.— There is but one profession now for the citizens of Paris: to free their brothers.

Landlord.— Yes, for those who have nothing else to do!

Lebret.— What does he say? He scoffs at us!

Landlord.— Not at all. You'd better get out now — my show will begin soon.

Lebret.— What kind of a show? Is this a theater?

Landlord.— Certainly this is a theater. Your friend has been in my company, — up to two weeks ago.

Lebret.— You have played here, Grasset? Why do you let this fellow sneer at you?

Grasset.— Be calm — it is true; I have played here, for this is no common restaurant. It is a criminals' joint — come on —

Landlord.— First you will pay.

Lebret.— If this is a criminal's joint I will not pay a cent.

Landlord.— Why, explain to your friend where he is.

Grasset.— It is a peculiar place! People come here who play criminals, and others who are criminals without suspecting it.

Lebret.— Really —

Grasset.— Kindly notice that what I just said was extremely clever; it could make an entire speech a success.

Lebret.— I do not understand a thing of what you say.

Grasset.— I just told you that Prospere was my manager, and he still plays comedy with his company; only in a different way than before. My former colleagues hang around and act as if they would be criminals. You understand? They tell monstrous tales and adventures they never experienced; talk about criminal acts they never committed, and the audience has the agreeable sensation of being among the most dangerous mob of Paris — among thieves, burglars, murderers, and —

Lebret.— What kind of an audience?

Landlord.— The most aristocratic people of Paris.

Grasset.— Noblemen —

Landlord.— Gentlemen of the king's court —

Lebret.— Down with them!

Grasset.— That is something for them. That shakes up their languished senses. I started here. Lebret, this is where I made my first speech as if for fun — here I learned to hate the dogs who were sitting among us in their fine clothes, perfumed, filled with food — and I am glad, my dear Lebret, that you also see the place where your great friend started. (*In a different way.*) Tell me, Prospere, if the affair should go cross with me —

Landlord.— Which affair?

Grasset.— Well, my political career — would you allow me again to join your company?

Landlord.— Not for anything.

Grasset (easy).— Why? Perhaps some one beside your Henri could become a star.

Landlord.—Regardless of that, I should be afraid that you might forget, and start a real fight with one of my guests.

Grasset.—That is quite possible indeed.

Landlord.—I—I keep my self-control, you know.

Grasset.—Truly, Prospere, I must say that I should admire you for your self-control if I did not happen to know that you are a coward.

Landlord.—Oh, my friend, I am content with the work that I can perform in my profession. It is enough pleasure for me if I can tell these loafers what I think about them, and if I can insult them as much as I like—while they take it for a joke. That's also a way to get rid of one's rage. (*Draws a dagger and lets it sparkle.*)

Lebret.—Citizen Prospere, what does that mean?

Grasset.—Don't be afraid. I bet that the dagger is not even sharpened.

Landlord.—You might be mistaken, my friend; sometime, no doubt, the day will come when the fun turns earnest—and that's what I am prepared for at all events.

Grasset.—That day is near. We live in a great time! Come on, citizen Lebret, we want to join our friends. Farewell, Prospere, you see me again as a great man, or never.

Lebret.—As a great man—or—never.

(*Exeunt GRASSET and LEBRET*)

Landlord (*remains, sits down on a table, takes one of the pamphlets, and reads*).—“Now the cattle is in the loop, throttle it!” He doesn't write badly, that little Desmoulins. “Never before was a richer booty presented to the victors. Forty thousand palaces and castles, two fifths of all the property in France will be bravery's reward. They who think themselves conquerors will be enslaved, the nation will be cleared and purified.”

(*The commissioner enters*)

Landlord (*looks him up and down*).—Why, the rabble comes early to-day?

Commissioner.—My dear Prospere, don't get funny; I am the commissioner of your district.

Landlord.—And what may I do for you?

Commissioner.—I have an order to attend the performance to-night.

Landlord.—I shall be greatly honored.

Commissioner.—It is not on that account, my dear Prospere. The authorities desire to know what has been going on here these last few weeks.

Landlord.— It is a place of amusement, commissioner, nothing else.

Commissioner.— Don't interrupt me. I've heard that these last few weeks dissolute orgies have been taking place here.

Landlord.— You are misinformed, commissioner, they are making fun here, nothing else.

Commissioner.— That's how it starts, I know. But it ends in a different way, as I heard You have been an actor?

Landlord.— Manager, commissioner, manager of an excellent company which played in Denis the last time.

Commissioner.— That does not matter. Haven't you made a fortune?

Landlord.— It is not worth mentioning, commissioner.

Commissioner.— Has your company ceased to exist?

Landlord.— Just as well as my fortune.

Commissioner (smiling).— Very well. (*Both smiling, then suddenly earnest.*) Then you started a restaurant?

Landlord.— Which was a complete failure.

Commissioner.— Whereafter you had an idea, which undoubtedly is original in a certain way.

Landlord.— You make me proud, commissioner.

Commissioner.— You have again brought together your company, and have them now perform here a peculiar and dangerous comedy.

Landlord.— If it were dangerous, commissioner, I should not have my audience — I can say the most elegant audience of Paris. The Vicomte de Nogeant is my daily guest, the Marquis de Lansac is a frequent caller, and the Duc de Cadignan, commissioner, is the most passionate admirer of my star, the famous Henri Baston.

Commissioner.— And also of the art or the arts of your actresses, I suppose?

Landlord.— If you knew my little actresses, commissioner, you would not object at all.

Commissioner.— Sufficient. It was reported to the authorities that the entertainments which your — how should I say —

Landlord.— The word "artist" might be correct.

Commissioner.— I prefer the word persons. That the entertainments produced by your persons are trespassing in every respect the limits of what can be permitted. I have been informed that your—how may I say?—your artistic criminals are making speeches which—how does the report say? (*looks up his memorandum*)—are not only indecent, that we should not mind, but are such as to arouse extremely rebellious feelings, which at such excited times as ours cannot at all be ignored by the authorities.

Landlord.—To this charge I can only reply with a polite invitation to attend one of these shows. You will see that nothing rebellious is going on, because my audience cannot be made rebellious. We simply play, that's all.

Commissioner.—I naturally do not accept your invitation, but I shall come by virtue of my authority.

Landlord.—I think I can promise you the very best entertainment, commissioner; at the same time, however, I take the liberty of suggesting to you to appear in plain clothes instead of your uniform. You understand: if they would see a commissioner in uniform here, the frankness of my artists as well as the disposition of my audience would be disturbed.

Commissioner.—I think you are quite right, Mr. Prospere; I shall go and return as an elegant young gentleman.

Landlord.—That will be easy for you, commissioner; you are welcome also as a rascal—it would cause no surprise—but not as commissioner.

Commissioner.—Adieu.

(Exit)

Landlord (bows).—When will the day come when you and your equals—

Commissioner (meets GRAIN in the door, who is costumed, and frightened when noticing the commissioner. The latter first looks him up and down, then smiles, and turns politely to Prospere).—Is this one of your artists? (Exit.)

Grain (speaks in a whining, pathetic tone).—Good evening.

Landlord (after having looked at him for a long time).—If you are one of my company I don't want to deny you my appreciation, but I don't recognize you.

Grain.—What do you say?

Landlord.—So don't be funny, take your wig off, I really should like to know you who are. (Pulls GRAIN's hair.) Grain.

Grain.—Aoutch!

Landlord.—Gee, that's genuine! Who are you? Why, you seem to be a real tramp!

Grain.—Indeed, I am.

Landlord.—Well, what do you want?

Grain.—Have I the honor to be speaking with citizen Prospere, the landlord and manager?

Landlord.—That's me.

Grain.—My name is Grain — sometimes Carniche — in some cases the 'crying pumice,' but I was in jail under the name of Grain, citizen Prospere, and that is the essential point.

Landlord.— Oh, I understand. You want me to engage you, and you start in by giving me a good proof of your ability. All right, go on!

Grain.— Citizen Prospere, don't take me for a bluff. I am a man of honor. If I say I was in jail it is absolutely true.

Landlord (looks at him suspiciously).

Grain (takes a certificate out of his pocket).— Look here, citizen Prospere. This certificate proves that I was dismissed from prison yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

Landlord.— After two years jail — that is real!

Grain.— Did you still doubt it, citizen Prospere?

Landlord.— But what have you done that they — for two years —

Grain.— They would have hung me, but fortunately I was half a child when I killed my poor aunt.

Landlord.— I want to tell you something, you crying pumice. Your family tales do not at all interest me. Do you think I am here to be told by every tramp whom he killed? What do I care for all that? I suppose you want something?

Grain.— Yes, indeed, citizen Prospere, I come to ask you for some work.

Landlord (sarcastic).— I want to call your attention to the fact that there are no aunts to be murdered here; this is an establishment of pleasure.

Grain.— Oh, once was enough for me. I want to turn an honest man, and I was referred to you.

Landlord.— By whom, if I may ask?

Grain.— By an amiable young man who was put into my cell three days ago. Now he is alone. His name is Gaston, and you know him.

Landlord.— Gaston! Now I know why he hasn't shown up for three evenings. One of my best actors of pickpockets. He told stories; ah, how they laugh at them.

Grain.— Yes, and now they've caught him.

Landlord.— Caught? How so? Why, he did not steal really.

Grain.— Yes, he did. But it must have been the first time, for he did it with incredible awkwardness. Just think (*familiarly*), he put his hands into a lady's pocket, on the Boulevard de Capucines, and drew out her pocketbook — a real amateur. I confide in you, citizen Prospere, and so I want to confess to you, that there was a time when I also performed such little tricks, but never without my dear father. When I was still a child, when we all lived together, when my poor aunt still lived.

Landlord.— Now, what are you crying for? I find that odd! Who told you to kill her?

Grain.— Too late. But what I came for — give me a chance in your

place. I will go the other way. Gaston played the criminal, and became one. I ——

Landlord.— I'll try you. You will make a good effect merely by your mask. And at the right moment you will just tell the story about your aunt. Exactly as it was. I am sure, somebody in the crowd will ask you.

Grain.— I thank you, citizen Prospere. And as to my salary ——

Landlord.— To-day you play for a trial, so I can't pay you any salary. You will have plenty to eat and to drink, and I won't mind giving you a few francs for lodging.

Grain.— Thank you. And to the other members you simply introduce me as a guest from the country.

Landlord.— Oh, no — to them we'll tell right away that you are a real murderer. They will like that much better.

Grain.— Well, well, just as you say.

Landlord.— If you remain with the theater for a longer time you will better understand these matters.

(SCAEVOLA and JULES enter)

Scaevola.— Good evening, manager.

Landlord.— Landlord — How many times do you need to be told that the joke is lost if you call me manager?

Scaevola.— Whatever you are, I do not think we shall play to-night.

Landlord.— Why not?

Scaevola.— The people won't be in the right humor. There is an infernal noise in the streets, and especially in front of the Bastille they yell as if they were crazy.

Landlord.— What do we care? They have been making that noise for months, and our audience did not stay away. It was amused as before.

Scaevola.— Yes, they are as jolly as people that are shortly to be hung.

Landlord.— If I only shall live to see that!

Scaevola.— But now let us have a drink, so that I may get in the right mood. It is not at all satisfactory to-day.

Landlord.— That happens quite frequently, my dear friend. I want to tell you that I was thoroughly dissatisfied with you last night.

Scaevola.— How so, if I may ask?

Landlord.— The story you told of the burglary was simply silly.

Scaevola.— Silly?

Landlord.— Yes, sir. Absolutely improbable and incredible. Merely roaring won't do.

Scaevola.— I didn't roar!

Landlord.—You always roar. It really will be necessary for me to prepare everything with you. I can't rely upon your ideas. Henri is the only one.

Scaevola.—Henri and always Henri. Henri is an exaggerating comedian. My burglary of yesterday was a masterpiece. Henri will never produce anything of the kind. If I am not good enough for you, my friend, then I will just go to a real theater. This is no good, anyhow. Ah! (*Notices GRAIN.*) Who is that? He doesn't belong to our company, does he? Have you engaged a new man? What kind of a mask has this fellow?

Landlord.—Calm yourself, he is no professional actor. He is a real murderer.

Scaevola.—Oh, I see. (*Goes over to GRAIN.*) Very glad to meet you. My name is Scaevola.

Grain.—My name is Grain.

Jules (*who has been walking around in the place all the time, sometimes stopping as if having torturing thoughts.*)

Landlord.—What is the matter with you, Jules?

Jules.—I am learning my part by heart.

Landlord.—What?

Jules.—Remorse. To-day I'll play the part of a man with remorse. Look at me—what do you think of that wrinkle,—here on my forehead? Don't I look as if all the furies of hell — (*walks up and down*).

Scaevola (*roaring*).—Wine, I want wine!

Landlord.—Be quiet, there is nobody here yet.

(*Enter HENRI and LEOCADIE*)

Henri.—Good evening. (*He salutes the people in the background with his hands.*) Good evening, gentlemen.

Landlord.—Good evening, Henri. Oh, with Leocadie?

Grain (*looks carefully at LEOCADIE, to SCAEVOLA.*).—I know her. (*Speaks quietly to the others.*)

Leocadie.—Yes, my dear Prospere, it's me.

Landlord.—I haven't seen you for a year. Let me welcome you. (*Wants to kiss her.*)

Henri.—Stop! (*He looks frequently at LEOCADIE with pride and passion, but also with a kind of anxiety.*)

Landlord.—Why, Henri — old friends! Your old manager, Leocadie!

Leocadie.—Oh, those bygone days, Prospere!

Landlord.—Why are you sighing? If any one had success, it's you; of course, for a beautiful young woman it is much easier than for us.

Henri (raging).— Stop that.

Landlord.— Why on earth are you always hallooing at me? Because you are in her company once again?

Henri.— Keep quiet! Yesterday she became my wife.

Landlord.— Your — (to LEOCADIE) Is he joking?

Leocadie.— He has really married me. Yes.

Landlord.— Well, I congratulate you. Say, Scaevola, Jules, Henri has married.

Scaevola (coming forward).— I wish you luck (*winking at LEOCADIE*).

Jules (also shakes hands with both).

Grain (to the LANDLORD).— Oh, how peculiar! I saw this woman a few minutes after I got out of jail.

Landlord.— How so?

Grain.— It was the first beautiful woman that I had seen for two years. I was very much excited. But there was some other gentleman with the —

Henri (enthusiastic, but not declamatory).— Leocadie, my love, my wife. Now everything is over that was before. Much vanishes in such a moment.

(SCAEVOLA and JULES going to the background)

Landlord (again in front).— What moment?

Henri.— Now when we are united by a holy sacrament. That is more than human oaths. Now God is above us, and everything that happened before will be forgotten. Leocadie, a new age is setting in. Leocadie, everything becomes holy: our kisses, however wild, are holy from now on. Leocadie, my love, my wife. (*Views her with fiery eyes.*) Hasn't she a different look now, Prospere, than she had before? Isn't her forehead pure? What has been, is extinguished, isn't it so, Leocadie?

Leocadie.— Certainly, Henri.

Henri.— And everything is all right. To-morrow we leave Paris. Leocadie is making her last appearance in the Porte Saint Martin, and I am playing to-night for the last time in your place.

Landlord.— Are you crazy, Henri? You want to leave me? And the manager of Porte Saint Martin would not think of letting Leocadie go. Why, she is his only star. She is drawing the largest crowds of young noblemen, so they say.

Henri.— Not a word more. Leocadie goes with me. She will never leave me. Tell me that you will never leave me, Leocadie. (*Roughly*) Tell me!

Leocadie.— I will never leave you.

Henri.— If you did, I should — (*pause*) I am tired of this life. I am longing for rest, rest is what I want.

Landlord.— Now, what are you going to do, Henri? It is simply ridiculous. I want to make you a proposition. I don't mind if you take Leocadie away from the Porte Saint Martin, but she shall stay here with me. I'll make a contract with her. We need some able actresses, anyhow.

Henri.— I have made up my mind, Prospere. We leave the city. We go to the country.

Landlord.— To the country? Where?

Henri.— To my old father, who is living lonely in our poor village— whom I have not seen for seven years. He hardly expected to see his prodigal son again. He will receive me joyfully.

Landlord.— What are you going to do in the country? They starve in the country. There the people live a thousand times worse than in the city. Why, what do you intend to do there, anyhow? You are not the man for working on a farm.

Henri.— You will see that on a farm I am the right man in the right place.

Landlord.— Soon no more grain will grow in France. You are going into sure misery.

Henri.— Into happiness, Prospere. Isn't it so, Leocadie? How often have we dreamed of it! I long for the peace of the wide fields. Yes, Prospere, in my dreams I see myself walking with her in the evening over the farm, in the calm night, the wonderful consoling sky above us. Yes, we flee away from this terrible and dangerous town; great peace will come upon us. Isn't it so, Leocadie? We have often dreamt of it.

Leocadie.— Yes, we have dreamed of it often.

Landlord.— Listen, Henri, you ought to think that over. I would not mind raising your salary, and I will give the same to Leocadie as to you.

Leocadie.— Do you hear, Henri?

Landlord.— I really do not know who could replace you here. Nobody in my company has such delicious ideas as you have, none of them is as popular as you are. Don't go away!

Henri.— Oh, I believe you that nobody can replace me.

Landlord.— Stay here, Henri (*gives LEOCADIE a look, she hints that she will fix it*).

Henri.— And I promise you the leavetaking will be hard for them, not for me. To-day, for my last appearance, I've made up something at which they will all be frightened. They will feel a presentiment of the end of their world, for their world's end is near. But I shall see it only from the far distance — they will tell it to us out there, Leocadie, many

days after it has happened. But they will shudder, I tell you. And you will say yourself: Henri has never played as well.

Landlord.—What are you going to play? What? Do you know, Leocadie?

Leocadie.—Why, I never know anything.

Henri.—Who suspects at all what a great artist I am?

Landlord.—Surely they suspect it, and that is just why I say that one doesn't retire to the country with such a talent. What an injustice to yourself! To art!

Henri.—What do I care for art! I want rest. You do not comprehend that, Prospere, you never loved.

Prospere.—Oh!

Henri.—As I love. I want to be alone with her—that's it. Leocadie, only this way can we forget everything. But then we shall be happier than any one has been before. We will have children, you will become a good mother, Leocadie, and a faithful wife. Everything, everything will be extinguished.

Leocadie.—It is late, Henri. I have to go to the theater. Good by, Prospere, I am glad to have seen your famous place where Henri celebrates his triumphs.

Landlord.—Why haven't you called?

Leocadie.—Henri didn't want me to—well, you know, on account of the young men I should have to sit with here.

Henri (goes into the background).—Let me have a drink, Scaevola. *(He drinks.)*

Landlord (to LEOCADIE, as HENRI does not hear them).—A regular fool, Henri—if you only had been sitting with them!

Leocadie.—Now, stop these remarks!

Landlord.—I advise you to look out. He'll kill you some day.

Leocadie.—What's the matter, anyhow?

Landlord.—Yesterday you were with one of your fellows again.

Leocadie.—That was no fellow, you fool, that was—

Henri (turns around quickly).—What is it? No jokes, if you please. No more whispering now. There are no more secrets. She is my wife.

Landlord.—What did you give her for a wedding gift?

Leocadie.—Oh, Lord, he doesn't think of such trifles.

Henri.—Well, you shall get it to-day.

Leocadie.—What?

Scaevola and Jules.—What will you give her?

Henri (*quite earnestly*).— When you are through with your play you may come here and see me act. (*They laugh.*)

Henri.— No woman ever got a greater wedding gift. Come, *Leocadie*; *au revoir*, *Prosper*, I'll be back soon.

(*Exeunt HENRI and LEOCADIE*)

(*Enter simultaneously: FRANÇOIS VICOMTE DE NOGEANT, ALBIN CHEVALIER DE LA TREMOUILLE*)

Scaevola.— What a miserable swaggerer!

Landlord.— Good evening, you pigs.

(*ALBIN starts.*)

François.— Wasn't that little *Leocadie* from *Porte Saint Martin*?

Landlord.— Sure. Don't you think she could even remind you — if she would try very hard — that you are still something like a man?

François (*laughing*).— Quite possible. Bring us wine.

Landlord.— Yes, I will bring some. But the time will come when you will be satisfied with *Seine* water.

François.— Certainly, certainly. But for to-day I ask for wine, and even for the best.

(*LANDLORD goes to the bar.*)

Albin.— That's a terrible fellow.

François.— Don't forget that it's all a joke. And there are places in *Paris* where such things are spoken in earnest.

Albin.— Why isn't it forbidden?

François (*laughing*).— One can see that you are provincial.

Albin.— Well, in our place also nice things have been happening lately. The peasants are getting so fresh — we don't know what to do any longer.

François.— What do you want? The poor fellows are hungry; that's the whole secret.

Albin.— Can I help it? Or is it my great-uncle's fault?

François.— How do you come to think of him now?

Albin.— I have to think of him because they held a public meeting in our village — just think! — and there they plainly called my great-uncle, Count of *Tremouille*, a grain-usurer.

François.— Is that all?

Albin.— Now, I think —

François.— Well, we'll go to the *Palais Royal* to-morrow, there you shall see what vicious speeches they make. But we let them talk; it is the

best we can do; altogether they are really good people, we just want to let them spend their rage in that way.

*Albin (pointing at SCAEVOLA, etc.).—*Who are these suspicious fellows? How they look at one! (*Wants to draw his sword.*)

*François (draws ALBIN's hand back).—*Don't be ridiculous. (*To the three actors.*) You needn't begin yet, wait till more people are here. (*To ALBIN.*) They are the most decent people in the world, actors. I am sure that you have been sitting with worse rascals at one table already?

*Albin.—*But they were better dressed.

(*LANDLORD brings wine.*)

(*MICHETTE and FLIPOTTE are seen coming.*)

*François.—*Hello, girls, come on, sit down at our table.

*Michette.—*Here we are. Come here, Flipotte. She is still a little shy.

*Flipotte.—*Good evening, sir!

*Albin.—*Good evening, ladies.

*Michette.—*The boy is so nice. (*Sits down on ALBIN's lap.*)

*Albin.—*Now, François, please explain; are these decent women?

*Michette.—*What is he saying?

*François.—*No, it is not that way, the ladies who come here — Lord, how stupid you are, Albin!

*Landlord.—*What may I bring for the duchesses?

*Michette.—*Get me a very sweet wine.

*Scaevola.—*Now (*gets up to the table of the young men*). At last I have you again! (*To ALBIN.*) You mean fellow, will you — She is mine!

(*LANDLORD looks at them.*)

*François.—*Joke, joke —

*Albin.—*She is not his?

*Michette.—*Why, let me sit where I want to!

(*SCAEVOLA looks at them, his fist bent.*)

*Landlord (behind him).—*Well, now!

*Scaevola.—*Ho, ho!

*Landlord (taking him by the neck).—*Ho, ha! (*Low to SCAEVOLA.*) That's all you know. You have not a cent's worth of talent. Roaring! That's all you can do.

*Michette (to FRANÇOIS).—*He did it better the other day —

*Scaevola (to the LANDLORD).—*I am not yet in the mood. I'll do it again when more people are here; you will see, Prospere; I need an audience.

(*Enter DUKE OF CADIGNAN.*)

Duke.— Why, there's a great crowd here already.

(*MICHETTE and FLIPOTTE run to him.*)

Michette.— My sweet duke!

François.— Good evening, Emile (*introducing*). My friend, Albin Chevalier de la Tremouille, the Duke of Cadignan.

Duke.— I am very glad to meet you. (*To the girls hanging on him*) Please let me alone, children! (*To ALBIN.*) You also visit this comical inn?

Albin.— It puzzles me immensely.

François.— The chevalier came to Paris just a few days ago.

Duke.— Then you have chosen a very appropriate time indeed.

Albin.— How so?

Michette.— What a sweet perfume he has to-day! No man in Paris smells as nice as he does.

Duke.— She only speaks of the seven or eight hundred that she knows as well as me.

Flipotte.— May I play with your sword, please? (*Draws the sword out of its sheath and lets it glitter.*)

Grain (*to the LANDLORD*).— With that man — with that man I saw her! (*LANDLORD listens to GRAIN and seems to be surprised.*)

Duke.— Isn't Henri here yet? (*To ALBIN.*) When you hear him, you won't be sorry that you came here.

Landlord (*to the duke*).— Well, are you also here again? I am glad to see you. We won't have the pleasure long, anyhow.

Duke.— Why not? I like your place very well.

Landlord.— I believe you. But as you, at all events, will be one of the first —

Albin.— What does he say?

Landlord.— You know what I mean. The happiest will have the first turn — (*goes to the background*).

Duke (*after meditating*).— If I should be king I would make him my fool, or rather, I would keep a good many fools, but he would be one of them.

Albin.— What did he mean by saying that you are too happy?

Duke.— He meant, chevalier —

Albin.— Don't call me chevalier, please. They all call me Albin, simply Albin, because I look so young.

Duke (*smiling*).— Very well. But then you must say Emile to me, will you?

Albin.— I shall be glad if you permit it, Emile.

Duke.— They are becoming dismally witty, these people.

François.— Why dismally? That calms me much. As long as the mob feels like joking nothing will happen.

Duke.— But their jokes are rather peculiar. Now, again to-day, I heard a story that left me thinking.

François.— What was it?

Michette and Flipotte.— Yes, let's hear the story, sweet duke.

Duke.— You know Lelange.

François.— Certainly — that village — the Marquis of Montferrat has one of his finest hunting-grounds there.

Duke.— Quite correct. My brother is now with him at the castle, and he just wrote to me about the affair, which I am going to tell you. In Lelange they have a mayor who is very unpopular.

François.— If you could name one who is popular —

Duke.— Now, listen. The women of the village proceeded to the house of the mayor — with a coffin —

Flipotte.— How? They carried a coffin? I wouldn't carry a coffin for anything in the world.

François.— Now keep quiet. Nobody wants you to carry a coffin. (To the DUKE.) Well?

Duke.— And then a few of the women went into the house of the mayor. They tell him that he is to die — but they will do him the honor to bury him.

François.— And did they kill him?

Duke.— No. At least my brother doesn't write anything about that.

François.— Well! Bluffs, fakers, and humbugs, that's what they are. To-day for a change they roar at the Bastille in Paris, just as they have done half a dozen times before.

Duke.— Now, if I were king, I should have put an end to it long ago.

Albin.— Is it true that the king is so kind?

Duke.— Haven't you been introduced to His Majesty?

François.— The chevalier is in Paris for the first time.

Duke.— Yes, you are incredibly young. How old, if I may ask?

Albin.— I only look young, I am already seventeen.

Duke.— Seventeen. How much is still before you. I am already twenty-four. I begin to feel sorry for the much I have missed in my youth.

François (laughing).— That isn't bad. You, duke — for you every day is lost on which you did not conquer a woman or kill a man.

Duke.— The trouble is that one never conquers the right, and always kills the wrong one. And so the youth is wasted, anyhow. It is just as Rollin says.

François.— What does Rollin say?

Duke.— Oh, I just thought of one of his plays that they are now performing at the Comédie — he has such a nice comparison in it, don't you remember?

François.— I have no memory at all for verses —

Duke.— Neither have I, sorry to say — I remember only the meaning of it. He says that youth that one doesn't enjoy is like a feather ball, allowed to lie in the sand instead of being thrown up in the air.

Albin.— I think that's very good.

Duke.— Isn't it? Its feathers gradually fade, anyhow, and fall out. It is even better if it falls into a thicket where it's never found again.

Albin.— How is that to be understood, Emile?

Duke.— You've got to feel it, rather. If I knew the verses you would understand it at once.

Albin.— It seems to me, Emile, that you could make verses, if you wished to.

Duke.— Why?

Albin.— Ever since you have been here it has seemed to me as if the flames of life would flare up.

Duke (smiling).— Indeed? Are they flaring up?

François.— Don't you want to sit down with us?

(Meanwhile two noblemen have entered, and are sitting down at a table further off. The LANDLORD seems to talk to them in a rude way.)

Duke.— I can't stay, but I certainly will be back.

Michette.— Stay with me!

Flipotte.— Take me along! *(They try to keep him back.)*

Landlord (in front).— Let him go. You are far from being bad enough for him. He must run to some woman of the street, that's what he likes best.

Duke.— I certainly will be back. I surely don't want to miss Henri.

François.— Imagine! Henri just left with Leocadie when we came.

Duke.— Is that so? He has married her, do you know that?

François.— Really? What will the others say?

Albin.— What others?

François.— You must know she is very popular.

Duke.— And he wants to take her away. I don't know — I've heard it.

Landlord.— You have heard it? *(Looks at the duke.)*

Duke (looks at the LANDLORD).— It's ridiculous. Leocadie could be the greatest and finest courtesan in the world.

François.— Everybody knows that.

Duke.— Is there anything more foolish than to take somebody away

from one's true calling? Ah, François is laughing. I am not joking. One must also be born a courtesan, just like a conqueror or a poet.

François.— You are a paradox.

Duke.— I am sorry for her — and for Henri. He should stay here — not here. I'd like to get him into the Comédie — though even there — it seems to me always, that nobody understands him as perfectly as I do. I might be mistaken, however, because I have the same feeling towards most artists. But I must say if I could not be the Duke of Cadignan, I should want to be such a comedian, such a —

Albin.— Like Alexander the Great —

Duke (smiling).— Yes, like Alexander the Great. (*To FLIPOTTE.*) Give me my sword. (*Puts it into the sheath, slowly.*) Why, it is the most beautiful thing to make fun of the world; one who can appear to us as he likes is certainly more than we are. (*ALBIN looks at him astonished.*)

Duke.— Don't think about what I say. It is only true in the same moment when I see you again.

Flipotte.— Kiss me before you go!

Michette.— Me, too! (*They hang on him, the DUKE kisses both at the same time. They talk as he goes out.*)

Albin.— A wonderful man!

François.— It is true — but the fact that there are such men is almost a reason for not marrying.

Albin.— What kind of women are these, anyway?

François.— Actresses. They also belong to the company of Prospere, the present landlord. Though they did about the same things before, which they are doing now.

Guillaume (rushing in, as if out of breath, to the table where the actors are sitting, his hands pressed to his heart, hardly supporting himself).— Saved, yes, saved!

Scaevola.— What is it?

Albin.— What has happened to that man?

François.— That's play. Now listen.

Albin.— Ah?

Michette and Flipotte (to GUILLAUME).— What is it? What's the matter?

Scaevola.— Sit down, take a drink.

Guillaume.— More, more — Prospere, more wine. I've been running! They were at my heels!

Fules (startled).— Be careful, they are at our heels all the time.

Landlord.— Well, let's hear now what happened to you? (*To the actors.*) Life, more life!

Guillaume.— Women, I need women. Ah (*embraces FLIPOTTE*). That brings me back to life. (*To ALBIN, who is extremely embarrassed.*) Deuce, I did not imagine that I would see you alive, my boy—(*as if listening.*) They're coming, they're coming (*to the door*), no, it's nothing. They —

Albin.— How peculiar! There is really a noise as if people were chasing each other by in the street. Is that also arranged from here?

Scaevola (to JULES).— Oh, always the same tricks! It's silly!

Landlord.— Now, let's hear at last why they are following you.

Guillaume.— Nothing special, but if they should get me I should have to pay with my head. I set a house on fire.

(*During this scene some more noblemen are entering and taking place at the tables.*)

Landlord (low).— Go on, go on!

Guillaume (in the same way).— Go on! Isn't it sufficient that I have set a house on fire?

François.— Now tell me, my dear friend, why did you set the house on fire?

Guillaume.— Because the president of the supreme court is living there, we wanted to start with him. We want to cool the desire of the good Parisian landlords to rent their houses to people who send us poor fellows to the house of correction.

Grain.— Well spoken!

Guillaume (looks at GRAIN and is surprised, then continues).— We'll do it to all the houses. Three more fellows of my kind, and we won't have any more judges in Paris.

Grain.— Death to all the judges!

Jules.— Yes — but perhaps there might be one whom we cannot annihilate.

Guillaume.— I'd like to know him.

Jules.— The judge in ourselves.

Landlord (low).— That's preposterous. Stop that, Scaevola, now start your roaring! This is the moment.

Scaevola.— Give us wine, Prospere, we want to drink to the death of the judges in France!

(*During his last words have entered the MARQUIS OF LANSAC, his wife, SÉVERINE, ROLLIN, the poet.*)

Scaevola.— Death to all who now hold the power in their hands! Death!

Marquis.— You see, Séverine, that's the reception they give us!

Rollin.— Marquise, I warned you!

Séverine.— Why?

François.— Oh, the marquise. Allow me to kiss your hand. Good evening, marquis! Hello, Rollin! Marquise, you dare to come to this place!

Séverine.— I have been told so much about it. And besides we have already been so mixed up with adventures to-day, haven't we, Rollin?

Marquis.— Yes, just think, vicomte. Where do you suppose we come from? From the Bastille.

François.— Are they still making such a noise there?

Séverine.— Yes, indeed! It looks as if they intended to storm it. We made our carriage stop near by. It is a superb sight; you see there is always something grand about a mob.

François.— Oh, yes, if they smelled better.

Marquis.— My wife teased me and I had to take her along.

Séverine.— Well, what is so peculiar about this place?

Landlord (to the marquis).— Are you here again, old rascal? And did you bring your wife along because you are afraid to leave her in your unfaithful home?

Marquis (forcibly laughing).— He is an original!

Landlord.— Now take care that she is not taken away from you right here, such noble ladies sometimes feel very much like trying a real tramp.

Rollin.— I am suffering immensely.

Marquis.— Now, dear, I told you! — we might leave.

Séverine.— Now, what do you want? I think it is charming. Let us sit down.

François.— Allow me, marquise, to introduce to you Chevalier de la Tremouille. He is here for the first time. Marquis de Lansac, Rollin, our famous poet.

Albin.— Very glad. My compliments. (*They sit down*).

Albin (to FRANÇOIS).— Is that one of those who play or — I am all mixed up.

François.— Don't be so thickheaded! That is the real wife of Marquis de Lansac — a most honorable lady.

Rollin (to SÉVERINE).— Tell me that you love me.

Séverine.— Yes, but don't ask me every moment.

Marquis.— Have we missed part of the play?

François.— Not very much. That one there is playing an incendiary, it seems to me.

Séverine.— Chevalier, are you a cousin of the little Lydia de la Tremouille who was married to-day?

Albin.— Yes, marquise, that was one of the reasons why I came to Paris.

Séverine.— I remember to have seen you in the church.

Albin (embarrassed).— I feel greatly honored, marquise.

Séverine (to ROLLIN).— What a nice little boy!

Rollin.— Ah, Séverine, you never met a man whom you didn't like!

Séverine.— Oh, I did; and I married him at once.

Rollin.— Oh, Séverine, I always fear that there are moments when even your own husband is dangerous to you.

Landlord (brings wine).— There you are. I wish it were poison, but it is not allowed us to give that to you yet.

François.— That time will come, Prospere.

Séverine (to ROLLIN).— What is the matter with those two pretty girls? Why don't they come nearer? Now, while I am here, I'd like to see everything. I think on the whole that they are behaving very decently in this place.

Marquis.— Just wait, Séverine.

Séverine.— I think in these days the best entertainment is found in the street. Do you know what happened to us yesterday when we were riding on the Promenade de Longchamps?

Marquis.— But, dear Séverine, why —

Séverine.— A fellow jumped on the step of our carriage and called: "Next year you will stand behind your coachman, and we will sit in the carriage!"

François.— Why, that's a little too much!

Marquis.— What's the use of talking always about these things? Paris now has a little fever, but that will pass.

Guillaume (suddenly).— I see flames wherever I look, high red flames.

Landlord (going to him).— You're playing the fool, not a criminal.

Séverine.— He sees flames?

François.— That isn't the real thing, yet.

Albin (to ROLLIN).— Why, I can't tell how much perplexed I am by all that's going on here.

Michette (comes to the marquis).— Oh, I haven't welcomed you yet, you sweet old pig.

Marquis (embarrassed).— She is joking, dear Séverine.

Séverine.— I don't think so. Tell me, my girl, how many lovers have you had already?

Marquis (to FRANÇOIS).— I am surprised how quickly the marquise, my wife, feels at home in every situation.

Rollin.— Yes, it is surprising.

Michette.— Have you counted yours?

Séverine.— When I was as young as you are, I did indeed.

Albin (to ROLLIN).— Tell me, Monsieur Rollin, is the marquise playing, or is she really that way — I am absolutely at a loss.

Rollin.—To be—to play. Do you know the exact difference, chevalier?

Albin.—I think I do.

Rollin.—I don't. And what I find so peculiar here is that all the apparent differences are disappearing, so to speak. Reality turns into play — play into reality. Look at the marquise, for instance. How she is chattering with these creatures as if they were her equals. But she is ——

Albin.— Entirely different.

Rollin.— I thank you, chevalier.

Landlord (to GRAIN).— Well, how was that?

Grain.— What?

Landlord.—The story of that aunt for which you were in jail for two years.

Grain.— Why, I've told you, I throttled her.

François.— He is a poor actor. That's an amateur. I never saw him before.

(*The COMMISSIONER comes disguised. HENRI has been here for some time, gets up suddenly.*)

Rollin.— Henri, there's Henri.

Séverine.— Is that the one whom you told me so much about?

Marquis.— Surely, it's just to see him that we come here.

(*HENRI comes to the front, in the manner of a comedian; silent.*)

The actors.— Henri, what is it?

Rollin.— Look at his eyes. A world full of passion. You must know he plays the criminal from passion.

Séverine.— I like that very much.

Albin.— Why doesn't he speak?

Rollin.— He is absent minded. Just look at him and watch him — he has committed a terrible act.

François.— He is a little theatrical, as if he were preparing himself for a monologue.

Landlord.— Henri, Henri, where do you come from?

Henri.— I have killed a man.

Scaevola.— Whom?

Henri.— The lover of my wife.

(*LANDLORD looks at him: at this moment he apparently believes that it might be true.*)

Henri (looks up).—Why, yes, I did it, why do you look at me that way? It is so. Is it so astonishing? You all know what a creature my wife is; it had to end that way.

Landlord.— And she, where is she?

François.— You see he is playing together with the landlord. That's what makes it so natural. (*Noise outside, not too loud.*)

Jules.— What is that noise out there?

Marquis.— Do you hear, Séverine?

Rollin.— It sounds like the passing of troops.

François.— Oh, no, it is our dear people of Paris, just listen how they roar. Go on, Henri, go on! (*Tumult in the cellar; it gets quiet outside.*)

Landlord.— Well, tell us, Henri, where is your wife? Where did you leave her?

Henri.— Oh, what do I care for her? She will not die of that. Whether this one or that one, it's all the same to the women. Another thousand handsome men are running around in Paris,—whether this one or that one —

Grain.— May that be the end of all who steal our wives!

Scaevola.— Of all who take what belongs to us!

Commissioner.— These speeches are revolutionary!

Albin.— It is terrible — these people are in earnest about it.

Scaevola.— Down with the usurers of France! I bet that this fellow he caught with his wife was one of those wicked dogs which also steal our bread.

Albin.— I propose that we go.

Séverine.— Henri! Henri!

Marquis.— But, marquise.

Séverine.— Please, dear marquise, ask that man how he caught his wife — or I'll ask him myself.

Marquis (restraining her).— Tell me, Henri, how did you happen to catch those two?

Henri (who has been thinking for a long time).— Do you know my wife? She is the most beautiful and lowest creature under the sun — and I loved her. For seven years we knew each other — but she has been my wife only since yesterday. But there was no day in those seven years, not one day that she did not belie me, for everything about her is lying. Her eyes and her lips, her kisses and her smile.

François.— He is reciting a little.

Henri.— Everybody, young and old, who ever attracted her — and who ever paid her, I think who ever wanted her, has had her — and I knew it!

Séverine.— Not everybody can say that.

Henri.— And at the same time she loved me. My friends, can any one of you understand that? Always again, she returned to me — from every-

where to me again — from the beautiful and from the ugly; from the clever and from the stupid — the loafers and the noblemen — always to me again.

Séverine (to ROLLIN).— If you could only feel that this returning is the essence of love!

Henri.— What have I been suffering — tortures, tortures!

Rollin.— It's terrible!

Henri.— And yesterday I married her. We had a dream. No — I had a dream. I wanted to go away with her, far away. Into solitude, to the country, into great peace. We wanted to live like other happy married couples — we also dreamt of a child.

Rollin (low).— *Séverine*!

Séverine.— Why yes, it's all right.

Albin.— François, this man speaks the truth.

François.— Surely, the love story is true, but the main point is the story of the murder.

The actors.— Who? Who? How did it happen? Where is he? Are you being pursued? How did it happen? Where is she?

Henri (always getting more excited).— I escorted her — to the theater — to-day — it would be for the last time — I kissed her — at the door, and then she went up into her dressing-room, and I went away like one who had no fear for anything. But after a few hundred steps it began — in me — you understand me — an enormous uneasiness, it was as if something were forcing me to go back, and I turned and went back. But then I was ashamed and went away again — and again, a hundred steps from the theater — it seized me, and I went back again. She was through with her part — she had not much to do, she had to stand just a little while on the stage, half naked, and then it was finished. I am standing in front of her dressing-room, I put my ear against the door, and I hear whispering. I can't understand a word — the whispering stops — I push the door open — (he roars like a beast) it was the Duke of Cadignan, and I have killed him!

Landlord (who at last takes it for truth).— Madman!

(HENRI looks up, stares at the LANDLORD.)

Séverine.— Bravo, bravo!

Rollin.— What are you doing, marquise? The moment you call bravo! you make everything a theater again, and the agreeable shuddering is over.

Marquis.— I don't find the shuddering so agreeable. Let us applaud, my friends, only this way can we free ourselves of this spell.

(*Low bravos which grow louder and louder, all applauding.*)

Landlord (*to HENRI, during the noise*).—Save yourself, fly, Henri!

Henri.—What do you say?

Landlord.—Make an end and go away as fast as you can!

François.—Silence! Let's hear what the landlord says.

Landlord.—I'm telling him that he should fly before the posts at the town gate are notified. The fine duke was the king's favorite — they will riddle you. You had better killed your wife!

François.—What a beautiful play! Wonderful!

Henri.—Prospere, which of us is insane, you or I? (*Tries to read in PROSPERE'S eyes.*)

Rollin.—It is marvellous how we all know that he is playing, and still if the Duke of Cadignan should now enter we would believe him to be a ghost.

(*Noise outside, always getting louder. People enter, clamor is heard outside. They are led by GRASSET, others, LEBRET among them, behind him, coming down the stairs. Cries are heard: Liberty! Liberty!*)

Grasset.—Here we are, children, come in!

Albin.—What is that, does that belong to the play?

François.—No.

Marquis.—What does that mean?

Séverine.—What kind of people are these?

Grasset.—Come in here! I tell you my friend Prospere always has a cask of wine left, and we've deserved it.

(*Noise from the street.*) — Friend, brother, we have it!

Cries (*outside*).—Liberty, liberty!

Séverine.—What is the matter?

Marquis.—Let's go, let's go! The mob is coming!

Rollin.—How are you going to get out?

Grasset.—The Bastille is in our hands!

Landlord.—What do you say? Is it true?

Grasset.—Don't you hear?

Albin (*is about to draw his sword*).

François.—Don't do that now or we are all lost.

Grasset (*coming down the stairs*).—If you will hurry you might see something jolly outside: upon a very high stick the head of our dear Delaunay.

Marquis.—Is that man crazy?

Cries.—Liberty, liberty!

Grasset.—We have beheaded a dozen; the Bastille is ours; the prisoners are freed, Paris belongs to the people.

Landlord.—Hear, hear! Paris is ours!

Grasset.— Just look, how his courage is increasing. Now you can shout, Prospere, nothing will happen to you any more.

Landlord (to the noblemen).— What do you say now, you loafers? The joke is finished.

Albin.— Didn't I tell you?

Landlord.— The people of Paris are victorious!

Commissioner.— Silence! (*They laugh.*) Silence! I prohibit the continuation of the performance.

Grasset.— Who is that fellow?

Commissioner.— Prospere, I make you responsible for all the provoking speeches —

Grasset.— Is that fellow crazy?

Landlord.— The joke is finished now, can't you understand it? Henri, now you may tell it frankly: we protect you — the people of Paris will protect you.

Grasset.— Yes, the people of Paris.

(HENRI stands with fixed eyes.)

Landlord.— Henri has really killed the Duke of Cadignan.

Albin, François, and Marquis.— What does he say?

Albin and others.— What does all that mean, Henri?

François.— Say something, Henri!

Landlord.— He caught him with his wife — and killed him.

Henri.— It isn't true!

Landlord.— Now you don't have to be afraid any more. You can proclaim it to all the world. I could have told you an hour ago that the duke is her lover. I was pretty near telling you. You crying pumice, isn't it true that we knew it?

Henri.— Who saw her? Where was she seen?

Landlord.— What do you care now? Why, he is crazy. You have killed him, you can't do anything more.

François.— For heaven's sake, is it really true or not?

Landlord.— Yes, it is true.

Grasset.— Henri, you shall be my friend from now on. Long live liberty, long live freedom!

François.— Henri, now say something.

Henri.— Was she the sweetheart of the duke? I did not know it — he is alive, he is alive. (*Immense emotion.*)

Séverine (to the others).— Now where is the truth?

(*The DUKE comes through the crowd on the stair.*)

Séverine (noticing him first).— The duke!

Some.— The duke!

Duke.— Well, now, what's the matter?

Landlord.— Is it a ghost?

Duke.— Not that I know of. Let me get through.

Rollin.— I bet everything was prearranged. The whole mob belongs to Prospere's company. Well done, Prospere!

Duke.— What's the matter? You still play in here while outside — Don't you know what's going on in the street? I have seen them pass, carrying Delaunay's head upon a stick. Why are you looking at me so?

(Coming down) Henri —

François.— Beware of Henri!

(HENRI rushes like a madman to the DUKE and pushes his dagger into CADIGNAN's neck.)

Commissioner (rising).— That's too much!

Albin.— He is bleeding!

Rollin.— A murder was committed!

Séverine.— The duke is dying.

Marquis.— I am in despair, dear Séverine, that I invited you to this place just to-day.

Séverine.— Why, it is wonderful. One can't see every day how a real duke is really murdered.

Rollin.— I can't comprehend it.

Commissioner.— Silence! Nobody will leave this place!

Grasset.— What does he want?

Commissioner.— I arrest this man in the name of the law!

Grasset.— The laws are made by us, you fools. Get out, you loafers! Whoever kills a duke is a friend of the people. Long live liberty!

Albin (draws his sword).— Get out of my way! Follow me, my friends.

Leocadie.— Let me in, I want to get to my husband. *(Comes to the front, sees, screams.)* Who did that? Henri! *(HENRI looks at her.)* Why did you do that?

Henri.— Why?

Leocadie.— Yes, yes, I know why. On my account; no, no, don't say on my account. I was not worth that much all my life.

Grasset (starting a speech).— Citizens of Paris, we want to celebrate our victory. On our way through the streets of Paris we came by accident to this kind landlord. It could not have been arranged any better. The cry: "Long live liberty!" will nowhere sound finer than over the body of a duke.

Cries.— Long live liberty, long live liberty!

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S DRAMAS

From "The Sunken Bell to Pippa"

BY PAUL H. GRUMMANN

AFTER a series of masterly naturalistic dramas, after an unsuccessful attempt, as it seemed, to employ the naturalistic technique to historical material, Hauptmann had produced his supposed masterpiece, 'The Sunken Bell.' Here was a play that treated naturalistically the very ideals of a man, and an artist at that. The fact that the drama appeared in verse and employed an intricate mythological apparatus, led the casual observers to proclaim that Hauptmann had turned his back upon naturalism in order to return to the camp of the idealists. The startling problems which this play offered to the interpreters also led to the assertion that the poet had turned into a mystic, but to speak with Lowell, his poetry was 'mystic because too cheaply understood.' We have become so accustomed to flimsy poetry in these days of art for art's sake, that it is almost impossible for our critics to take a modern work of art seriously, to study it again and again, until the poet's intention is ascertained.

Hauptmann was sorely vexed by the conflicting nonsense which the 'Sunken Bell' had evoked. Like Goethe he kept silent, restricting his efforts to a careful supervision of the presentation of his play. The jubilant outcry of the critics that he had been reclaimed by idealism, however, had no effect upon his literary development. Like Goethe he preferred to 'follow his own light,' since it is every man's highest duty to shape his destiny in his own way.

In the play which followed 'The Sunken Bell,' the critics saw and proclaimed a relapse into naturalism. But the poet was simply making normal growth, broadening the scope of naturalism at each step,—a broadening that almost all of his critics failed to understand.

Hauptmann's naturalism from the very beginning showed a deep-seated distrust of the materialism of the realists. His interest lay not in the physical fortunes of men, but in their psychological experiences. The modern world has thrown aside the old instruments of torture; it has eliminated many of the uncertainties of life that were reflected in our former tragedies; war itself, that fruitful background for dramas, is threatened. Modern man does not stand in awe of physical pain and material loss—hence

such things cannot elicit a profound dramatic interest. But the vital conflicts are psychic ones,—the clash of old and new beliefs,—the moral conflicts of the modern man who wishes to maintain his self-respect, these are vital because they touch our inner life directly. Accordingly Hauptman sets himself the task of placing men's emotions before us, with just enough of their experiences to reveal them clearly.

The only essential difference between 'The Sunken Bell' and 'Teamster Henschel,' is that in the former play the principal character is a bell-founder, who thinks in mythological and poetical terms, while in the latter we have a teamster whose life falls along prosaic lines. The aim of both plays is to reveal the psychic conflicts of the characters. This may be shown by an outline of the play.

Railroads have been introduced into Silesia, and the life of the district has been revolutionized. In one of the Silesian towns a man had maintained a flourishing hotel, the summer resort of Polish noblemen. But the railroad makes it possible for these noblemen to go to the seacoast now, and the town has lost its affluence. The hotel keeper is on the verge of ruin, and the honest master teamster sees his once flourishing business dwindle in an alarming manner. It is the tragedy of this man that concerns us. In addition to the reverses already outlined other losses come to him. Disease breaks out among his stock, and worse than all else, his devoted wife becomes ill. This necessitates a new female servant, of whom Mrs. Henschel becomes jealous. Her jealousy is entirely unfounded, and is caused by a misinterpretation of Henschel's moroseness, the real cause of which Henschel withholds from his wife for fear of worrying her. So pronounced does Mrs. Henschel's jealousy become that she exacts a promise from Henschel not to marry the servant in case of her death.

After Mrs. Henschel's death the unexpected happens. Partly through the strong suggestion thrown out by his promise to his wife, more definitely his love for his child, and the fear of losing his efficient servant, who knowing his dilemma threatens to leave him, Henschel upon the advice of his best friends marries her. She is utterly corrupt,—this second Mrs. Henschel. Under her care Henschel's child dies. She indulges in all kinds of questionable things; so great, however, is the mastery of this woman over her husband that he is blind to her shortcomings. Not until she refuses to harbor her own child, which Henschel brings to his home, does the husband begin to suspect her. Instead of remaining at home he goes to the village inn where step by step it is revealed to him, not only that his wife is bad, but that the villagers accuse her of killing his first wife and his child, and that he is suspected of being an accomplice. This scene clearly demonstrates

Hauptmann's method. It is the climax of the play — yet there is almost no action in the old sense. The climax consists of a series of glimpses which Henschel gets of the impressions which his fellowmen have formed of him, and the tragedy of the man is, that shifting social conditions have brought it about that quite unconsciously he has become a knave in the eyes of the public.

The treatment of the pledge is also characteristic, and is understood most fully when we compare this drama with a type common among the ancient Greeks. As we know, the Greek dramatist frequently showed his characters under the influence of fate. No matter how great the efforts of *Œdipus* might be to escape the doom that awaited him, he nevertheless by these very efforts fulfilled its decrees. But modern man does not believe in fate. In its place we frequently find a superstitious fear of it. Teamster Henschel does not believe in the supernatural force of his promise to his wife; the most enlightened man in the drama brushes aside this incident as of no consequence, but it later assumes the power of a grim reality to the teamster. Henschel is dramatic, then, in the same sense that *Œdipus* is, for both characters represent men in their struggle against forces beyond their control. In the Greek drama these greater forces are conceived as present in the universe and controlling it; in Hauptmann's play the limitations are in the man himself,— in other words, they are not external.

His deep interest in psychology, Hauptmann had demonstrated in 'Hannele' and 'The Sunken Bell.' In these dramas he had given a profound poetical analysis of dream experience. In both dramas he showed an intense interest in the fact that no definite line divides conscious from subconscious mental activity. No one can indicate the precise moment when Hannele lapses into her vision; and so ingeniously has this feature been handled in 'The Sunken Bell,' that the dream character of the play has been almost universally overlooked.

With this keen interest in the subject it was but natural that Hauptmann should be attracted to Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' for it contained a similar problem. Christopher Sly is unable to distinguish between real and imaginary experiences: this was, no doubt, the first interest that Hauptmann found in the play.

More and more Hauptmann had been influenced by Goethe, and the wonderful work of remotivation accomplished by Goethe in 'Iphigénie' and 'Faust,' must have tempted Hauptmann to reconstruct Shakespeare's play. He did this before Tolstoi had raised his voice against our Shakespeare idolatry. It is unnecessary to say that I do not follow Tolstoi in all that he has to say on Shakespeare, but the criticism that has appeared on

Hauptmann's 'Schluck und Jau' convinces me that Tolstoi utters a great truth when he states that we are possessed of an unreasoning craze in this instance. Extreme critics looked upon Hauptmann's remotivation of 'The Taming of the Shrew' as sacrilege; others contented themselves with calling the play a servile imitation. Both types were under the ban of an unpardonable bias.

Two things in Shakespeare's drama impressed Hauptmann as objectionable, and these are so reasonable as to be beyond debate. The taming of Katherine is a brutal affair, to say the least. Instead of presenting a blustering dandy brandishing his whip, Hauptmann presents to us a man who is able to convert his sweetheart by giving her an ampler conception of life.

The prelude of Shakespeare's play seemed to be bound to the principal portion by slender threads. Instead of accidental association Hauptmann demanded organic unity. All of this can be shown readily by recalling the plot of the newer play.

John Rand is in love with Sidselill, who stubbornly refuses to reciprocate his affection. On his way home from a hunt he comes upon two intoxicated men, Schluck and Jau. These are taken to the castle. One of them is placed in John's bed chamber, and upon awakening is revered as a prince. In the course of his illusion Hauptmann has presented him swaggering dangerously near the line of real consciousness. This episode, however, is now vitally connected with the main play in that John Rand sees to it that the deeper significance of the Schluck farce is impressed upon Sidselill. She realizes the difference between fixed notions and well-founded opinions. If a play so totally different from its source is an imitation, what is to be said of Shakespeare's use of his sources.

In this connection I should like to make a plea in favor of the use of old subjects presented under new aspects. A story that has been widely read is in the consciousness of the public. This was one of the advantages of the Greek dramatist who drew for his subject upon a material with which the Greeks were conversant. This throws the method, the artistic solution, in bold relief, and permits us to understand more readily the intentions of the artist. It is not an accident that Shakespeare, Goethe, Wagner, and Hauptmann availed themselves of so palpable an advantage.

Hauptmann's studies of certain aspects of life have more than a passing interest for him. Earlier in his career he had sketched the life of the degenerate artist Crampton. With deeper insight he now approaches the problem of the artist from an entirely different point of view, and presents 'Michael Kramer' to us.

Michael Kramer is the tragedy of the artist who strives with all his powers to produce an abiding masterpiece in this instance, a Christ picture. He has all of the necessary seriousness and devotion, but realizes that he lacks the essential spark of genius.

True to the principles so beautifully expressed in Goethe's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' he transfers his towering ambition to his children, Michaline and Arnold. Michaline is obedient, and works in the studio according to the directions of her father, and attains a rather commonplace respectability in her art work. In Arnold the father recognizes the divine spark, but the son is utterly intractable. Here lies the interesting pedagogical problem of the play. Arnold is slightly deformed, and hence, hypersensitive, a fact which immediately raises a barrier between father and son. The mother, who is utterly unable to understand the son, pampers and spoils him, and when she is unable to control him, she threatens him and sends him to his father for punishment. The father, moreover, has his own views about art. His idea is that an artist must be developed in the studio by rigid work. Arnold derives his art immediately from life. He goes to the tavern where he sketches the types that present themselves. His artistic activity at the tavern, however, remains a secret to both father and mother, for he is certain of their disapproval. More and more Arnold lives a life of spiritual isolation, misunderstood and misinterpreted by all of his fellows. The menial types of the tavern squirm under the close scrutiny to which this man subjects them. The innkeeper objects to him because he consumes so little. They try to rid themselves of him by taunting him, and when their taunts touch upon his physical defects he draws a revolver. Although he does not make use of the weapon, he realizes that the law forbids the carrying of weapons. Convinced that nothing but discord and misinterpretation await him at home, he rushes out and leaps into the river.

of doubtful ventures in order to increase her revenues from legitimate toil. Her imperturbable naïveness inspired such implicit confidence, that the thick-headed, good-natured government official, Wehrhahn, with a glowing eulogy, acquitted her of the crime which she had so cunningly committed.

In the 'Red Cock' the author again devotes himself to these characters. Frau Wolff has in the mean time become a widow, and her success in small ventures has made her bolder and more unscrupulous. She marries Fielitz, a shoemaker, who has been a government spy, and possesses the shoemaker's traditional proclivity for petty inquisitiveness and meddling. Frau Wolff chooses him because he is the owner of a property in a good locality, although the house is anything but desirable. She herself has saved some money, and by this marriage Fielitz hopes to realize his plan of building a store and dealing in factory-made goods. For years he has also set his heart on a clock, a regulator, as he calls it, which is to adorn his store, and he has been tireless in talking over his plans with his friends. The oldest daughter of Frau Wolff-Fielitz, after a questionable life,—the result of home atmosphere,—has married an architect, who does not shrink from incendiarism in order to further his business. This daring man appeals to Frau Fielitz more than her timid husband, and she aids him financially instead of coming to the assistance of her spouse. In the town a number of houses are being built from ill-gotten fire insurance; and it is by no means a secret to them and their friends. Encouraged by the success of her neighbors, Frau Fielitz resolves to burn down the house, and tries to induce Fielitz to this course, holding out to him the realization of his coveted plan. Fielitz does not wish to share the responsibility, yet enters into the details of the work with real zest. A box of shavings with a lighted candle in the center is placed in the garret, and Fielitz and his wife go to Berlin to buy the regulator for which he has yearned so long. Frau Wolff-Fielitz's second daughter carries on flirtations while she is gone. The village policeman, Schultz, has enjoyed her favor; but to-day she favors Langheinrich, the smith, who must be reconciled fully because he is the captain of the local fire department. Rauchhaupt, a retired policeman, a boon companion of the Fielitzes, has a large family and one idiotic child. He mistreats this child brutally because it annoys him with all kinds of tricks, and he has often expressed his displeasure with the authorities who refuse to confine it in a home for the feeble-minded. Since Frau Fielitz knows that this child has a peculiar fascination for matches, she sends for it on some pretext, before going to Berlin, and gives it a box of matches. When the house is in full blaze it is seen playing with them. This leads to an investigation by the same police official, who in the earlier drama had acquitted Frau Wolff,

and who has since grown more and more convinced of her sterling character. He has become more self-centered and unreasonable, and conducts the investigation with a view to establishing his own theory. The idiotic child is arrested, and the old official most brutally rebukes it, suggesting the punishment which he would administer if he were its father. During this scene Fielitz and his wife, who have returned, enter the room. The police official, in spite of heroic efforts, is practically unable to console Mrs. Fielitz, so terrible is her sorrow over the loss of her property; while Fielitz, who is perplexed and not quite equal to the situation, is absorbed in contemplating his regulator.

Rauchhaupt, the father of the unfortunate child, is summoned, and appears just as the officers are about to take it away. When he realizes the turn which events have taken his parental instincts assert themselves, and he tries to interfere with the officers. When this proves of no avail, he, the former boon companion of the Fielitzes, turns upon his former friends and makes insinuations that even awaken the suspicions of Wehrhahn. From this time on Rauchhaupt leaves no stone unturned in order to bring about the conviction of Frau Fielitz; but three official investigations fail to establish her guilt.

The insurance money has been paid, and Frau Fielitz's son in law, the architect, is building a massive structure on the lot. One day, when the heavy timbers are to be raised, Rauchhaupt calls on Frau Fielitz and intimates that he now has positive evidence. Realizing that Rauchhaupt at last is master of the situation, she now abandons her attitude of defiance and strikes a note of conciliation. Having invited him to a friendly glass, she succeeds in inducing him to enter negotiations for the sale of his property, with a view to complete reconciliation. But the anxiety of the past week has broken Frau Fielitz physically, and just as the weather vane, a red cock, is placed upon the comb of the roof, she collapses and dies. Fielitz, who has become convinced that he is the cause of all this prosperity, hardly takes notice of her death; not altogether a clumsy nemesis.

This play has been presented so fully in order to demonstrate the folly of a widely circulated criticism that the plot is poorly constructed. In addition to the masterly analysis of characters from the submerged strata of society, this tragic comedy is noteworthy because it transfers the dramatic interest completely to the characters and makes the plot subsidiary to them. This, however, does not mean that infinite care has not been devoted to the plot incidentally.

Hartmann von Aue, a German epic poet of the Middle Ages, furnished Hauptmann with the source for his next play. Most of us are familiar with

the story from Longfellow's version in the 'Golden Legend,' but it will be necessary to recall the source for the sake of comparison.

Heinrich, a feudal lord, had become enamored of worldly glory, and as a punishment God has afflicted him with leprosy. He flees from his court and seeks shelter with one of his feudal dependents. This peasant has a little daughter, who is greatly grieved because her parents will lose their protector when Heinrich dies. She has heard that a leper may be cleansed if he bathes in the blood of a virgin who is willing to give her life of her own accord. Heinrich accepts the sacrifice, takes the girl to Salerno, but refuses to permit the sacrifice when he sees the physical beauty of the girl. A miracle is now performed, and Heinrich, who is cleansed, marries the girl. Scholars quite generally agree that this poem was originally written to make plausible the fact that Heinrich had married a girl beneath his station. As we might suppose, the poem is written by a man who had complete faith in miracles, and the details of the poem show masterly workmanship.

Hauptmann reconstructed the poem along modern lines. He tries to make these characters and this plot reasonable to us by interpreting them psychologically, and without reference to miracles. Entirely new motives govern this modern version.

Heinrich is a feudal lord as before, but he has a deep distrust for the religion of his time. On a crusade he has come into touch with other civilizations, and, what is most important, he has imbibed Eastern philosophy, and is deeply interested in the Koran. His soul is shaken by the greatest doubts, and his agony becomes more accentuated when signs of leprosy appear.

There is a touch of the true basis of Christian Science in the play at this point. His inner conflicts and doubts have asserted themselves in a physical breakdown, which takes on the form of leprosy, for leprosy was the most feared disease of the time. He now retreats from court to the home of his retainer, and brings with him his beloved books. Here he means to devote himself to study and prolonged self-scrutiny. True to new ideals which he has marked out for himself, he guards his peasants from contagion and flees from association with them.

The girl of the older version has been remotivated entirely. She is the illegitimate daughter of this peasant's wife, and feels and thinks in ways utterly incomprehensible to her supposed father. At the age of four or five she had seen Heinrich, who had left a deep impression upon her. Now that he has returned, he becomes the idol of this impressionable, sensitive girl. But her intense feelings are directed into another channel. All of her intense nature is thrown into religious devotion, and she matures the

idea that she must save Heinrich from his doom. In the older poem Heinrich willingly accepts the proffered sacrifice of the girl, fearing only that her courage will fail her; the newer Heinrich spurns the offer, and it only adds to his gloom. He now leaves the hut of the farmer and buries himself in the wilderness. When the peasant comes to his haunts he feigns madness; he goes so far as to act the part of a brutal and vulgar man in order to drive him away. Even the story that the girl is dying of grief does not move him to reconsider his purpose.

But tidings of a different nature reach him. He hears that his cousin Conrad is planning to usurp his throne. An irresistible impulse to see the world seizes him, and in his leper's robes he sets out. In the course of his wanderings he comes to his court, where his own obsequies are being celebrated by his cousin. Here tidings reach him that the girl is dead, and he is impelled to go back to her home. He comes to the priest's hut, and finds the girl at the point of insanity, the result of her prolonged religious ecstasies. As soon as she sees Heinrich she sets out on her pilgrimage with him, and he follows simply because he has lost all self-direction.

On the way to Salerno, the life on the open fields partially restores both. Heinrich, however, does not regain clearness of vision until the sacrifice is at hand. The gravity of the moment clears away the mists, and he stoutly refuses to allow the sacrifice to be made. The girl, however, is overwhelmed by her experience. She now sees that that which she has regarded as religious devotion is nothing but earthly love. Heinrich by his experiences finally comes to the right views of life. Not to flee from problems and duties, but to face them,—not to flee from life, but to live it as abundantly as possible.

The criticism which has been leveled at this play is that it shows a lamentable paucity of ideas. This arises from the fact that Hauptmann strove for simplicity, and was anxious not to interlard his poem with intellectual phrases. Attention is almost completely centered upon the development of the characters with special care for their ultimate plausibility. There are comparatively few quotable passages, but nevertheless we probably have in 'Der arme Heinrich' the greatest play of our author. In a sense it is a sequel to the 'Sunken Bell.' The Heinrich of 'The Sunken Bell' ends in ruin because his idealism is completely fantastic; it overleaps itself. The Heinrich of this play works his way through doubts and confusion to a productive philosophy and to a fruitful life. Like Goethe's Faust, Heinrich finds his salvation in productive activity. It is quite clear that Hauptmann might have given us more philosophical theory in this book. Mindful of the criticism of the second part of 'Faust,' I am not ready to

assert that this drama would have gained in abiding poetic worth by that process.

As a juror in a case of infanticide, Hauptmann drew his material for the most overwhelming tragedy that I have read. 'Rosa Bernd' might be called a dramatic version of Goethe's well-known lines in *Wilhelm Meister*:

' O heavenly powers, you
Bring us into life, impose guilt upon us;
Then you abandon us to misery. For all
Guilt avenges itself on earth.'

The play has been called a *Gretchen* drama with reference to the Margaret episode in Goethe's 'Faust.' My own opinion is that there is nothing in common in the two plays.

Flamm is a man of the world. After a short school career he had become disgusted with learning and urban civilization, and had returned to his native village. Here he married a woman who was his elder by a number of years. After their child is born she remains an invalid, and Flamm shapes his future in a rather loose manner morally. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Flamm dies, and so great is their solitude that they encourage his playmate Rosa Bernd to spend all of her free hours at their home. Rosa is the oldest daughter of a very pious, puritanic widower, and she finds a freer, healthier atmosphere at the Flamms' than at home. As she grows into womanhood she is beset by admirers, but disdains all who cross her path. Her father, who is penurious as well as pious, presses the suit of Keil because through industry and traditional good habits this man has amassed considerable means. Under the dread of this marriage Flamm begins to play upon her feelings. Man of the world that he is, he considers her legitimate prey, and brings into play all the subtle influences that he can marshal. Rosa, who has been under his influence ever since early childhood, naturally surrenders. So gradually has this relation been brought about that she enters upon it without a conception of its sinfulness.

Promptly, however, the entanglement develops. Streckmann, the fireman of the village traction engine, in spite of wife and child whom he cruelly abuses, has set his heart upon Rosa. Suspicious of her relations with Flamm, he spies about until he traps her, and then tries to use his information in order to accomplish his purpose. With consummate art Hauptmann reveals the essential purity of the girl by depicting her attitude toward Streckmann. She exhausts all means at her disposal in order to obtain his secrecy. During one of these attempts he assaults her, but promises not to torment her in future with insinuations.

Rosa now resolves upon a life of atonement. She would expiate her sin by marrying Keil, who is thoroughly distasteful to her. She severs all relations with Flamm, but Streckmann, under the influence of liquor, openly taunts her before the working men and women of the village. This so enrages Rosa's father and her bridegroom, Keil, who believe Rosa to be innocent, that they attack Streckmann, who retaliates and strikes Keil with such force that he loses an eye. In addition to her self-reproach, Rosa now feels that she is responsible for his misfortune, and continues her expiation by caring for him in his affliction. They are days of bitter woe to her, for she now realizes that she is to become a mother. She shuns all human intercourse, and even refuses to go to Mrs. Flamm, who sends for her.

The village broil gets into the local court. Although Keil does not press the suit, Rosa's father, convinced of her purity, will not allow the matter to rest. When the judge probes into the situation, Flamm, who has been summoned, makes a full confession, but Rosa, who for some time has been partially insane from grief, stoutly denies her sin.

In a scene turgid with dramatic interest, Frau Flamme, at home in her invalid's chair, begins to question her husband about the fate of Rosa, and finds to her horror that he is guilty of the girl's downfall. On her way from the court room Rosa comes to Mrs. Flamm in response to urgent requests from her. She now discloses the fact that she had committed perjury because she had been ashamed to confess the truth. Flamm, who from an adjoining room has heard the confession of her perjury and an allusion to the perfidy of Streckmann, now complacently washes his hands of the whole affair and condemns the girl in the severest terms.

Dazed and frenzied she leaves the house of Flamm, and on her way home gives birth to a child and strangles it. She is found unconscious on the highway, and brought home by a neighbor. In the intervals when her strength rallies sufficiently, she prepares the evening meal for her father, and then steals away to the garret with the request to her sister not to reveal her presence. The father returns home, and later comes the bridegroom, Keil, who has learned the truth and begs Bernd to withdraw his charges. The old man is utterly dazed by the insinuations and refuses to believe them until Rosa comes into the room. In her lapses from consciousness, incoherent sentences in regard to the murder of the child are uttered. Elemental in its force is her condemnation of the father's bigotry, who within his limited interests had lost sight of the real problems of life, and indirectly had caused her shame. The police officer reappears and summons Rosa to the court room for the next day. The limits of physical endurance are reached, and she collapses.

Plain as this drama is in its treatment of sexual problems, even Hauptmann's enemies concede the uniformly high moral tone of the author. It is necessary to face this question fairly if we would solve it. A large number of modern plays are positively nasty because sexual problems are touched for the sake of their suggestiveness. Hauptmann presents life in its entirety. He does not shrink from facts that are necessary to bring out the complete picture of a character. It is just this frankness that enables him to stir us to our very depths in this tragedy of Rosa Bernd, who by her sensitiveness, her disgust for vulgarity, is driven to the depths of crime, while the complacent author of her ruin confesses freely and goes unpunished.

From what has thus far been said of the drama many will doubtless conclude that after all it is not altogether unlike other works of its kind. Only a careful study can reveal how the poet traces the spiritual suffering of this girl; and the essence of the play is best grasped when we recall Hirschfeld's statement that Hauptmann has an almost militant sympathy for the suffering of his fellowbeings.

Heine once stated that the great poet is like nature: both produce the most wonderful effects with the simplest means. There is not a startling line in 'Rosa Bernd,' yet by the simplest changes in the use of a word, often the subtlest changes of emotion are indicated. The simple confessions rise to a dramatic force that is overwhelming. At the height of her frenzy at the end of the third act, when Streckmann has struck down Keil, Rosa remarks to one of the women, 'One can tell no one about that! no — no — it's impossible, it can't be done! After all's said — one ought to have a mother.'

Again, when Mrs. Flamm confronts Rosa with the question of her perjury, she simply utters in her crude dialect, 'I was ashamed, I was ashamed.' Or her words, when on the verge of collapse she staggers to the stairway, 'Come, Martha, help me a bit! One's too deserted in the world! One's too much alone here! If one were only not so alone! One's too ~~much~~ alone upon this earth!'

story. Just as in the story, which he has read years ago, a monk appears to provide fire, and the mysterious conduct of this man completes the necessary mental associations. He falls asleep at length and dreams the remainder of the play: in other words, the poet shows us how this knight associates the story with the surroundings in which he has been placed.

The basis of the remainder of the plot is the Polish question. The author wishes to show us just how the loss of nationality, more definitely, the loss of national ideals, has affected the Poles. The central figure, Starschensky, receives special attention. He has become a determinist in matters of state. He has accepted the inevitable politically, and has confined his interests to his estates, but in spite of his financial success, his life lacks purpose, is colorless and monotonous. But he goes to Warsaw, the ancient capital, and is accosted by Elga, who implores help from him. Following the girl he comes to a mean hovel, where he finds Elga's father, Laschek, a ruined nobleman, in the depths of despair. He falls in love with Elga and marries her. Life now gets a new content for him. Through Elga he is rescued from his brooding. He hunts and fishes, he enjoys life to the utmost. A daughter is born to them, is named Elga, and Starschensky's enthusiasm for living knows no bounds.

From the beginning Starschensky's mother has been doubtful. She does not express her misgivings openly, but all of his demonstrations of happiness only move her to a passive acquiescence.

establish in his mind that Elga is now loyal to him. He has Oginsky slain secretly, and placed in a bed in the tower. Meanwhile he exacts pledges of steadfast love from Elga, which she gives with the greatest self-possession. He takes her to the tower, and when she still persists in her protestations, he draws the curtains from the bed where the murdered Oginsky lies. Elga, who has maintained complete self-possession up to this point, collapses before his dead body.

Thus ends the dream, and it is not surprising that the man who has been sleeping in the monastery rises from that bed which his dream has associated with the tragedy, and resumes his journey without stopping for breakfast.

Hauptmann remotivates the story of Grillparzer completely in dramatizing it. Characters and incidents are given their psychological significance, and above all, Elga is made plausible. If it is true that Ibsen succeeds in making new ideas plausible to us, it is certainly true of Hauptmann that he makes characters plausible. We have already seen that in Henschel, Michael Kramer, Frau Wolff, der arme Heinrich, and Rosa Bernd. But what of Elga? Elga interested the poet because she had a double personality. Whether Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had anything to do with the solution of the problem, I am not prepared to say. It is certain, however, that Hauptmann has shown deeper insight into human nature than Stevenson.

Elga was the daughter of a Polish nobleman. She had grown up in all the luxuries of a Polish court, and pleasure was the breath of life to her. Political reverses came, and she tastes all the horrors of poverty at Warsaw. This poverty, however, binds her with strong bonds to her fellow sufferers, and brings with it her love for Oginsky, but Starschensky lifts her out of her poverty, and at his side she revels once more in the joys that had become essential to her very being. The bonds which tie her to Oginsky, however, assert themselves, and she yields to them. Her nature is completely divided between these two impulses; hence when Oginsky suggests flight to her, she spurns the proposal, because it would mean a life of poverty and privation in foreign lands. Nor is Elga insincere in her assertions that she loves Starschensky: only the sight of the murdered Oginsky can bring about her final collapse.

There is an air of the inexorable about Elga. Sin avenges itself, is again the dominant note in the play, but Elga becomes intelligible to us in spite of the fact that we cannot excuse her. This, I take it, however, is the very essence of tragedy.

A discussion of the next play, 'Und Pippa tanzt,' has appeared in POET LORE, and therefore not be discussed in the present paper.

At the time of the appearance of 'Und Pippa tanzt,' Hauptmann published his 'Collected Works,' and hence this drama in a way marks an epoch in the development of the author.

The statement which the poet issued at that time gives us an extraordinary key to his whole artistic activity, and hence it may be quoted here.

'At the bottom of all thinking lies perception. Thinking is also a conflict, hence it is dramatic. Every philosopher who presents the system of his constructions to us has deduced it from decisions which he has reached in the party conflicts of his inner consciousness; accordingly I consider the drama the expression of original thought activity, on a high plane of development, of course, without making those deductions which are of interest to the philosopher.

'From this point of view a whole series of deductions result which broaden the scope of the drama in all directions indefinitely, so that nothing that presents itself to the outer or inner consciousness can be excluded from this form of thought which has become an art form.

'So much and no more do I care to say by way of introduction to this, the first collection of my dramatic works; they are to be understood as the natural expression of a personality. As for the rest, it must be left to them to assert themselves as heretofore between love and hatred.'

THE SIDHE OF BEN-MOR*

An Irish Folk Play

BY RUTH SAWYER

FOREWORD

THE Sidhe* are the faeries of Ireland. It is believed by the people of the hills that they are the fallen angels, cast out of heaven for not fighting against Satan when the first great battle was fought.

The Sidhe do many acts of kindness for the hill people, they give meal in famine times and purses of gold; and sometimes they lure the young away to their faery raths, hoping on the Last Day to gain their prayers for God's forgiveness. But the people believe God has cursed the Sidhe for all time, — and when a youth or maid follows them into the Land of Faerie, it is believed that they, likewise, lose their souls.

TIME: The famine year, 1848.

PLACE: The wildest part of the coast of Donegal.

THE PEOPLE

BRIDGET HEGARTY, a widow.

MAIRIN }
BARNEY } her children.

SHIELA, her daughter.

NORA MACDIARMUID, her neighbor.

PADRAIC, a half-witted piper.

SIX SIDHE, or faery women.

SCENE.— *The HEGARTYS' cabin. Door at the back of the stage, right. Two out-shot beds, curtained and spread with bright chintz, are at the back. Next to the door hangs a picture of the Virgin, with two rosaries on the corner of the frame. The hearth is at the left; a turf fire is burning brightly, and over it a pot is hung. Beside the hearth turf is stacked, and in front stands a creepy stool. At the right of the cabin, against the wall, is a rude rack for*

*Sidhe is pronounced "Shee."

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dishes, and close to it stands a table with chairs at each end. Across a corner of the room is stretched a line, and on it clothes are hung — a child's pinafore and petticoat, a plaid shawl, a ragged coat, a bit of flannel, and a cloth for drying dishes. SHEILA is sitting on the creepy-stool; PADRAIC lies near her on the floor, and beside him, his hand resting lovingly on them, are his pipes. It is evening, and dark in the cabin, the only light comes from the burning turf.

Shiela.— An' ye saw them, as plain as ye see me here, a-makin' their music an' dancin' their reels on the slope o' the hill? The grass was soft undther their feet, an' the new moon hung in the sky wi' the stars acrowdin' it? Were their dthresses made o' the sea mist, an' their hair the color o' corn? Were their lips as red as the rowans when they're ripest; an' was the music they played sweeter nor the lark's song in the spring? Oh! tell it all over to me, Padraic, every bit as ye saw it, just, for I never tire o' hearin' ye.

Padraic.— Aye, their lips were red, but not so red as yours, Shiela, an' hair the color o' corn is not so fine as black, I'm thinkin'; black hair like yours, wi' the flash o' red gold in it, an' curled like the tassels o' the sally on the loch side.

Shiela.— Don't ye be mindin' my hair, lad, but tell me o' the Sidhe o' Ben-Mor,— tell me o' the faeries!

Padraic.— It were the night Jamie O'Friel brought the new heifer home.

Shiela.— Aye, a twelfth night ago.

Padraic.— I had been lookin' for a reed for my pipes at the loch. Ye'll keep the secret close if I tell ye, for there be mortal few who know that the wondther o' the music lies in the cuttin' o' the reed. No common one will do. It must grow in the loch, by the side of a gentle hill, so the wind o' the moorland can toss it through the day, an the feet o' the gentle people brush it at night. It must grow where the lark builds its nest an' the throstle sings. Ye must be careful not to whisper ugly thoughts over it, or the music it makes in your pipes will be harsh. Ye must cut it with clean hands while the dew still clings to it; an' afterwards — ye must hang it to dthry — where it catches the laughter o' little childher, an' the voices o' the old, when they tell their beads at day's end.

Shiela.— Poor lad! I'll keep your secret; but the faeries, what o' the faeries?

Padraic.— I cut my reed at the ring o' day, an' then I lay beside the loch an' watched the sun circle the hills. A hundthred clouds I counted, an' two hundthred birds as they crossed the sky. I saw the ships sail out of Inver Bay, an' then — night came — before I knew that day had gone.

Shiela.— Where did ye eat, were ye not weak wi' the hunger?

Padraic (shaking his head slowly).— We know hunger too well to mind her over much these days.

Shiela.— Aye, too well!

Padraic.— An' then the stars came out behind Ben-Mor, so close, Shiela, I said that I could reach them if I climbed. So I took the path past the holy well, an' comin' out on the slope near the heap o' stones, I caught the sound o' music, an' a thousan' feet rustled in the grass like leaves afore the wind, then I knew the Sidhe were out, an' —

Shiela.— An' ye dthrew yourself along, huggin' the earth, till ye reached the black thorn bush, an' then —

Padraic.— An' then I saw more than a thousan' faeries dancin' to the music of a hundthred pipers. The feet o' the dancers were lighter nor the thistle tops, an' their skin shone like hoar frost.

Shiela.— An' ye lay there, not darin' for to breathe wi' the wondtherment of it!

Padraic.— Aye! The Sidhe danced on till the moon went down an' the stars grew pale. Then the corncrake called from the bog, an' whist! like a puff o' dthry dust they were gone,— an' I lay alone on Ben-Mor, wi' the dawn comin' out o' the sea.

Shiela.— An' were ye no afeared?

Padraic.— Afeared! why? The faeries would not harm ye.

Shiela.— Ye think so, lad, but ther be's some that thinks different. Tell me, do ye see them often,— the faeries?

Padraic.— Aye, ye might be callin' it often, though it's not often that I see them close. But late o' the nights I hear their pipes when I'm trampin' over the hills; or see their lights, thousan's of them, dancin' over the braes. The night I was comin' back from Barney O'Sullivan's wake, by Glenties, they throoped beside me on the road for a stretch, from the schoolhouse to the rowan tree by the spring. Ah, look ye, Shiela, what I have for ye! *(He takes out a string of rowan berries from his pocket and fingers them lovingly.)* They are fine ones, just; I climbed to the top o' the tree where they were reddest, an' when I had my hat picked full, I borrowed a needle an' a bit o' twine from Peter, the tailor, an' I made ye a necklace. Would ye wear it, Shiela?

Shiela.— I'd be proud to, just. *(She takes the string from PADRAIC, and slips it over her head; as she does so, PADRAIC gives a little moan.)* What ails ye, lad?

Padraic.— Shiela, what makes ye wear your hair in yon ugly way? Ye've been doin' it long. I've counted the days on my fingers, so, an' the hand is counted full.

Shiela (a change comes into SHIELA's face. It has been full of merriment and wonder, but now it grows infinitely sad.)—Ye see I'm growin' up, an' it might be—ye mind I only say it might be—that some day I'll be goin' away, an' I'll have to look oldther against that time.

Padraic.—I don't like the look o' ye, Shiela. Ye look the way wee Nora looked when she went over the seas; ye look like ye was leavin' us. Take the hair down!

Shiela.—If I look that way, then it's time it came down. (*Shaking her hair loose.*) There, Padraic, now do I look like I was goin' away?

Padraic.—Ye look right now. Shiela, ye'll never be leavin' us th' way wee Nora did, will ye? Say—just—ye'll never be leavin' us?

Shiela.—Don't ye be foolish, Padraic. Will ye do somethin' for me? (*PADRAIC nods.*) Get up yondther on the floor an' dance, an' I'll lilt for ye; an' we'll be merry the night.

(*PADRAIC dances one of the old reels, so common among the hill people. When he is tired he throws himself down on the hearth again, beside SHIELA.*)

Shiela.—Ah! Padraic, what would I do if it were not for ye, wi' your music an' your dreams an' your tales o' the faeries! For the childher grow white wi' the long starvin', the tongues o' the village grow bitterer an' bitterer. The fields have been brown an' bare for a twelvemonth now; an' yesternight I heard them whisper at Peter, the tailor's, that fever was acreepin' on us from Killymard.

Padraic.—I'll stand at the cross roads an' send him back when he comes, Shiela. I'll tell him the cabins are empty an' ye're all gone to th' fair at Ballantra.

Shiela (smiling sadly).—Poor lad, he'd no believe ye. He'll come straight down the road. I can see him thrampin' nearer an' nearer. He'll be takin' the wee childher first,—the wee childher! We'll watch them go, one by one; an' then he'll come again for the mothers an' the grannies; an' last o' all he'll take the fine, sthrong men. O Padraic, I'm afear'd, I'm afear'd!

Padraic (catching her skirt and patting it).—Don't ye! Ye look like the face on the cross. Laugh, Shiela, an' I'll pipe for ye. I'll buy bright ribbons for your hair an' a sprigged dthress next fair day. (*He reaches for his pipes.*)

Shiela (stopping him).—Hush, Padraic! Ye must not pipe the night. Don't ye mind that Biddy Burns's father died yester eve, an' they'll be wakin' him soon? (*She rises and puts fresh turf on the fire. She stands stirring the pot over the fire, lost in thought, then she crosses the room and takes*

down bowls and plates from the rack.) Ah! wouldn't I be likin' a new dthress, an' think o' havin' ribbons for my hair! But, Padraic, lad, it takes gold to buy them.

Padraic (peevishly).— Aye, an' I'll be havin' gold.

Shiela (laughing).— Then ye'd better buy meal with it, for there's not the full of a bowl left in the bin, an' the Blessed Lord himself knows where the next is comin' from. (*She goes to the bin which stands in front of the table, against the wall, and scrapes it clean. Then she turns to PADRAIC teasing.*) But I'm filled with a great curiosity, entirely, for to know how you'll be gettin' your gold. Will ye dig it out o' the rocks, or pick it off o' the brambles on the roadside? Or, maybe, ye'll cast a net for it yondther in the bay, an' seine it same as the herrin' fishers.

Padraic.— I'll know how I get it. (*Goes over to SHIELA and whispers.*) I'll sell a tune to the faeries.

Shiela.— What do you mean?

Padraic.— Some night I'll go pipe for the Sidhe to dance on Ben-Mor. All night long will I pipe,— an' when the day comes — they'll pay me gold — bright, shinin' gold, for my music.

Shiela (taking PADRAIC by the shoulders).— Don't ye ever say that again, do ye hear me? Never again! Do ye not mind what Father O'Reilly said, him that knows more about the faeries than any one else in Ireland? He said, 'He that goes to pipe for the Sidhe never comes back.'

Padraic.— I mind it well enough; but do ye think it would be thrue?

Shiela.— Aye, it's thrue. The faeries keep him deep undther the earth, an' they keep his soul afther the Judgment Day. Those who go wi' the Sidhe never see heaven or purgatory. For as Michael cast them out of heaven when the world was made, so does God cast out the souls of all who follow them. Ah, Padraic! promise me ye'll never be sellin' your music for the faeries' gold?

Padraic.— Aye, I promise. But I'm thinkin', Shiela, that God will find those lost souls on his Judgment Day, as the moor fowl finds her lost childher in the grasses o' the moor. They cry to her from the bog ditch bottom, or the tangle o' the thicket; an' she finds them all, every one, an' gathers them undther the shelter o' her wings when the great dark comes.

Shiela.— Father O'Reilly used for to say that, 'them wi' the simple minds often got nearer to God's thruth.' I don't know whether ye be right or no, Padraic. Supposin' your soul was saved on the Judgment Day, think o' spendin' years an' years in the dark of a faery rath! Think o' leavin' the daylight an' all this behind. Ah, it would break my heart if I thought I'd never again see them hills yondther! Never see the moorland,

wi' the black o' the turf fields lyin' afar off. Never see the whin burst into flame, or the thorn bushes linin' the road with white an' makin' the air sweet. Never again to gather the primroses in May, nor watch for the throstles to build their nest in our eaves—the pair o' them, just. Never to count the days till the heather opens, never again to sit by the hearth o' the long winther nights, alistenin' to the tales o' the faeries, an' them beginning 'Once on a time—there was a King o' Ireland's son.'

Padraic.—Shiela, you're cryin'!

Shiela.—No, I'm not cryin',—I'm sick, just,—for the love o' Ireland—

(The children enter, their hair wind tossed, their faces thin and pale.)

Mairin.—We've walked to Father Murphy's an' back, to carry word from Biddy Burns that the funeral would be to-morrow. We're mortal hungry, Shiela, can we have a bowl o' the stir-about?

Shiela.—Ye can, to be sure. Padraic, will ye dthraw a pail o' wather from the spring for me? There's not a dthrop left in the house for the kettle.

(PADRAIC takes the pail and goes out. The children sit down at the table, and SHIELA fills their bowls from the pot over the fire.)

Shiela.—There, eat your stir-about, dearies. I wish I had a bit o' the soda bread to gire ye with it, but there's not a bakin' o' flour left in the chest. *(She pats the children gently, then takes the plaid shawl from the line and wraps it around her.)*

Barney.—Where are ye goin', Shiela?

Shiela.—To Michael Burns's wake. Tidy the dishes when you're through, an' there's a bit o' stir-about left in the pot for Padraic; tell him to take it. An', childher, don't ye bother sayin' anything to Padraic about my goin' away. Do ye mind?

The children.—Aye, Shiela.

(SHIELA goes out.)

Mairin.—Why do ye think Shiela said not to tell Padraic she's goin' away?

Barney.—Sure, she may be afeared o' his followin' her.

Mairin.—Och, silly, he hasn't the sense! Except for the learnin' he has o' the faeries an' the pipes, he be's foolish entirely.

Barney.—But he be's mortal fond o' Shiela. Jamie O'Friel says Shiela an' his pipes are all he loves in the world. Do ye not mind the night he put back his bread in the crock an' went hungry to bed, so Shiela 'd have more in the mornin'?

Mairin.—Aye, an' do ye mind the day he spent all the pennies he got for pipin' at the fair, for sweets for her: he must have had a shillin' most, an' he spent it all on Shiela.

Barney.—An' I mind more than that, Mairin. Does he ever be goin' over the hills that he doesn't be bringin' something back to her,—a bunch o' primroses or a bird's nest or a wisp o' the white heather? Them rowan berries Shiela has round her neck the night, I saw Padraic sthringin' for her on the road above the spring.

Mairin.—Aye, he be's foolish entirely. (*Petulantly.*) But, Barney Hegarty, I'm tired to death's door of eatin' stir-about mornin' and night, wi' never a change on Patrickmas or Easter week.

(PADRAIC enters unnoticed. He puts the pail down by the door and stands quietly watching the children.)

Mairin.—I tell you what I'd like, Barney; I'd like to have this table covered, just, wi' scones, an' butter on them, an' a bowl o' gooseberry jam an' a currant cake an' a new laid egg for every one! An' I'd like to sit an' eat all day, till I'd forgotten what it was to feel hungry.

Barney.—Don't ye, Mairin! Maybe when Shiela goes over the seas she'll send us back all them things; an' gold an' a new cow in the place o' the one that died.

Mairin.—An' she'll send me back a new dthress, maybe, to wear to the chapel o' Sundays. An'd a hat wi' silk knots on it — an' she'll send mother a new shawl, an' —

Padraic.—Who says Shiela's goin' away?

(*The children start.*)

Mairin.—Shiela herself. But ye weren't to know. She's going away because there's nothing left to eat, an' there's nothing left to sell. There's no harvest this year in the fields; an' mother says if help does n't be comin' before winther, we'll all die o' the hunger. So Shiela's goin' over the seas to a strange land.

Barney.—Where there's gold aplenty in the sthreet's! An' every one rides in a grand carriage, wi' silks on their backs an' crowns on their heads, an' every day's a fair day, wi' pipers an' songs, an' they're never hungry at all, at all.

Padraic.—How will she get there?

Mairin.—She's goin' in Paddy MacGrath's smack as far as Malin Head, then a friend o' Paddy's, him that is the captain, takes her over the seas in his big ship.

Padraic.— An' what's the name o' the place over the seas ?

Mairin.— It's called — it's called ——

Barney.— It's called — America! (*The children push back their chairs, gather up their dishes, and BARNEY goes to the fire and blows the dying turf. PADRAIC stands stupidly in the center of the floor.*)

Padraic.— Ye're foolin' me, just, ye're foolin' poor Padraic. Why, Shiela can't be goin' away. When the turf was fresh on the hearth yondther, Shiela let down her hair to show Padraic she'd never be goin' away.

Mairin.— Didn't we tell ye Shiela said you were not to know! 'Don't ye be tellin' Padraic I'm goin' away'; them were her words. Weren't they, Barney ?

Padraic.— An' her face was like wee Nora's when she went over the seas, all dthrown wi' a great hunger. But I'm still thinkin' she's not goin'. It would kill her, just, to be leavin' this for a sthrange country.

Barney.— That's what Mairin an' I say. I'd like to be goin' over the seas in the captain's ship; an' see the people in their carriages an' all. But Shiela says she wants to live an' die here, an' her heart's abreakin'. (*The children start to go out. At the door MAIRIN turns.*)

Mairin.— There be's stir-about in the pot for ye, Padraic. Sheila said for ye to take it.

(*The children go out. PADRAIC fills a bowl for himself from the pot, then sits down on the creepy-stool and eats, and as he eats he thinks and thinks.*)

Padraic.— She never forgets Padraic,— never forgets Padraic. Aye, I'm thinking it's throe — the childher must know. An' who'll be good to Padraic when Shiela goes away ?

(*A voice is heard outside, calling.*)

The Voice.— Padraic! Padraic, the Piper!

(*PADRAIC is lost in thought.*)

The voice.— Padraic, the Piper!

Padraic (looking towards the door and mumbling).— Who's callin' me ? (*Many voices.*) Let us in, Padraic! Let us in!

(*PADRAIC opens the door and six faery women enter. Their dresses are the color of sea mist, and their hair the color of corn. They form a ring about PADRAIC and draw him in their midst into the center of the cabin. There they dance around him, singing.*)

FAERIES' SONG

Ring, ring in a faery ring,—
 White feet dance while red lips sing.
 Round, round on the hard, hard ground,
 Not as soft as our own green mound.
 Sway, sway as the grasses sway —
 Down by the loch at the dawn of the day:
 Circle about as we leap and spring,
 Whirling leaves in a wind-blown ring.
 Light on your toe, light on your heel,
 Two by two in a merry, merry reel;
 Fingers touching by finger tips —
 Dance, white feet, and sing, red lips.

First faery woman.— Come, piper of the foolish heart and sleeping tongue,— come pipe for us upon our faery hill. Our feet are tired of keeping time to faery tunes; our ears are weary of the sound of faery pipes a mortal's music we would have for dancing.

(PADRAIC stands speechless and bewildered.)

Second faery woman.— Come, play for us a reel upon your pipes, and we will fill your pockets full of gold. We will spread a feast for you, and you shall drink wine, newly pressed, and honey from the wild bees' hive; and half the harvests that have failed the world above — and we have reaped below in heaping measure— shall be yours.

Third and fourth faery women (bearing the pipes to PADRAIC and putting them in his arms).— Follow us out on the brae, and play, and we will give you a faery bride to wed. You shall keep your love in an earth-bound rath and fair she shall be, as the flowers of the fields. Come out on the brae and play!

Fifth faery woman.— Listen well, oh foolish heart, listen well! Play one tune on the slope of Ben-Mor, and any wish that your lips may ask that will we give you, Padraic, the Piper.

Padraic.— Shiela! Shiela! Gold? No. A feast o' red wine? No. A faery bride? No, no! A wish? Aye, a wish. Something to keep Shiela from goin' over the seas! (*In a hushed voice, to the faeries.*) Fill the bin yondther with meal, golden meal, and the chest there, fill it wi' flour; an' watch it by day an' by night so it will never be empty. Mind ye the seeds, asleep in the fields, an' waken them to a full harvest. Set ye a watch at the crossroads so fever will not come hither. Plant ye the

primroses early, so they will open by May; an' cluster the buds thick on the thorn bushes, that the road may be white. Send ye the throstles to nest in the eaves in the spring; an' keep ye the turf always stacked by the hearth yondther, so the fire will burn bright when the tales are told about it of a winther night. This, this is my wish, make it thrue, an' I'll play ye the grandest music that was ever heard on Ben-Mor.

Sixth faery woman (singing).

Bright, golden meal that is garnered below,
 And threshed by the flails of the Sidhe,
 Fill yonder bin with your shimmering grains,—
 And full it shall always be.
 Seeds of the wheat flower, white as the thorn,
 Mount to the brim of the chest;
 Brown throstles, hark! the Sidha calls you afar,
 Here in the spring build your nest.
 Primroses, thorn bushes, hist! where you sleep —
 Remember to waken by May.
 Turf to the fire from the bogland shall creep,
 And burn on that hearthstone for aye.
 This is your wish, it is made, it will keep;
 Now come to Ben-Mor. Come away!

(The faeries circle once and go out, followed by PADRAIC.)

(Enter SHIELA and BRIDGET)

Bridget.— Michael is the fifth that has been took since St. John's Eve; before the year is out, there will not be many of us left, I'm thinkin'.

Shiela.— Don't ye be talkin' so. There bes help comin' now I can get away to work, and soon there'll be plenty for ye an' the childher. Aye, an' a bit over an' to spare for the neighbors, please God!

Bridget.— If we can last till help comes.

(Pipes are heard afar off.)

Shiela.— Father Murphy has promised to give ye two measures o' meal each week; an' Neil O'Donnell will spare ye a wee bit o' the flour for a bakin' now and again. As long as the childher can find a wisp o' grass on the hills for Jamie's cow he'll be givin' them a sup o' milk each night, so don't ye be losin' heart, mother, don't ye be losin' heart.

*The children (calling from outside).—*Shiela! Shiela! *(They run in breathless.)*

Barney.—Padraic has gone off pipin' towards Ben-Mor!

Shiela.—Well?

Mairin.—An' Nora saw him startin' by the road,—an' here's Nora herself — she'll be tellin' ye.

(NORA enters, old, bent, and also breathless.)

Nora.—Ochone! May the blessin' o' the Holy Saints be on us this night, Bridget Hegarty, Padraic has been took by the Sidhe!

Shiela.—What do ye mean, Nora MacDiarmuid? Speak the thruth, an' don't ye be givin' us any old woman's tale.

Nora.—It's the thruth I'm tellin' ye, girl, Padraic has been took by the Sidhe o' Ben-Mor. I saw more than ten thousand o' them acrowdin' him down the road, an' him apipin' like his heart was burstin' wi' joy!

*Shiela (going to the door and looking out).—*Aye, it's thrue! I can see their lights, like stars, adottin' the slope,—an' hear his pipes aclimbin' the hill. But why did he go? *Why did he go?* *(She turns in fear and helplessness, the others watch her in wonder. As if she remembered something, she goes to the bin and opens it,—the meal overflows on the floor. She goes to the chest—it is full. Then terror comes into her eyes.)* O God, pity him, an' keep him safe when the great dark comes! *(She takes the rosaries from the frame, and giving them to the children, she leads them to the hearth.)* Kneel ye down there, an' pray for the souls of the dead. *(To NORA and her mother.)* An' kneel ye beside them an' pray ye for the souls of the lost. *(She listens a moment to the far-away music of the pipes, then she turns towards the picture of the Virgin.)* Holy Mother — hear their prayers!

LITERATURE AND THE PEDAGOGUE

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

IT is, of course, impossible to say what the first teacher taught his first pupil. It may have been wifely obedience dogmatically declared the chief end of woman's existence. It is conceivable that it was something about which instructor and instructed could have less occasion for dispute, but at all events it appears somewhat clearly that one of the first branches of knowledge to find a recognized place in the schools and to maintain it was mathematics, about which there is practically no possibility of disagreement between the teacher and the taught. Let the instructor but make a sufficiently clear exposition of the relations of the angles of a triangle to the sum of the angles on one side of a straight line, and the student of this most elementary of the sciences, if he has mind enough to follow the demonstration, must agree with him. He may not wish to be convinced, but there is no escape for him. If he is not convinced he is a fool. He is told to take cognizance of a simple matter of fact, and only stubbornness or intellectual incapacity stands in his way.

Teaching, then, probably began as communication of matters of fact, not as communication of ideas. It is observable, too, that teaching of this sort puts no burden of originality upon the pupil when he on his part becomes teacher. A matter of fact cannot be turned several ways. Two and three are five once and for all, and the mind stops with that. Further juggling with the numbers can but obfuscate the fact, not expand or develop it. We may ignore the teachings of gymnastics, music, and letters as they were taught in Greece before the new education brought in mathematics and philosophy. They were a part of the social development of life analogous to the training in the duties of a home given a girl by her mother, and they did not endure as a formal part of education. The teaching of mathematics did. The propositions that Euclid established are our permanent possession. So, indeed, are the philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, but not in the same sense. Ideas change with the changing years, but facts do not. It is a simpler matter to teach long-established facts than to carry pupils into the moving current of ideas and through that experience to make them care deeply for the things of the mind.

When at the time of the Renaissance men began to take a new interest in the study of the languages, that, too, was in great measure a study of matters of fact. For obvious reasons it was less so than the teaching of

mathematics, but it was so in its degree none the less. These two disciplines, mathematics and the languages, have been until our own day the greater part of the educational curriculum. With the growth in interest and importance of history, sociology, and literature, the firmer establishment of philosophy, and the expansion of the sciences, these conditions have been quite revolutionized. The great significance of the change is in the fact that these newer subjects are not matter of fact subjects, that they are subjects that demand of the teacher that he shall develop ideas.

A great many teachers both in high school and college, coming to their work with no other inspiration than that of the class room, are able to do no more than give out what they have been given. Probably in the majority of cases the pedagogue is a pitcher, not a fountain. He can hold and pour out, but nothing bubbles up in him. He is so both by reason of his own limitations and by further reason of that development of the processes and ideals of education that until our own day has made the communication of matters of fact the teacher's main business. As a consequence there have been carried over into the teaching of literature methods fitted for disciplines of a lower order. Matters of fact that could deserve at best but a passing glance, that could mean almost nothing for culture, have been learned and recited and made much of with a blind infatuation that makes the smile of pity inevitable.

The great fact in the world is man, man and his thoughts. The binomial theorem is strangely insignificant before the ideas that crowd upon his brain and flame upon his tongue. This great fact, man and his thoughts, reaches its supreme greatness as a thing of record that we may study in the mind of Shakespeare. The difficulty of making some one else comprehend him and his fellows is, of course, very much greater than that of elucidating the principles by which we may determine the solid contents of a parallelopiped, and the difference is one, not of degree only, but of kind. Nevertheless the youths of the land must be instructed in the wisdom of the sages as it has been given literary expression. If education is to continue the watchword of our most advanced civilization, it must include, not simply instruction in the fact, as of old, but instruction also in the ideas that embrace the fact, instruction in the things of the mind that are the glory of the larger life, instruction in the things of the spirit toward which the eager mind leaps eternally.

There are none too many original minds in any walk of life. The circumstance that a man has a doctor's degree from a great university may not mean much for his ability to do independent thinking or to inspire independent thinking in others. The pedagogue with his inherited

traditions of the value of matters of fact, unless be he an artist and a human being with red blood in his veins and large eyes for the life about him, is likely to be an alien in the world of letters. To him the trifling fact upon which it is easy to put the finger looms large and the significant thing, so frequently elusive and relatively incommunicable, is lost to the vision in the mass of unimportant and irrelevant detail. He flounders and does not know that he is floundering. He doles out his accumulated stores of information with a smug and comfortable satisfaction that is pitifully unmindful of the prescriptions of his view, of the limitations of the world that must forever hedge him in. In the very presence of the beauty, the sublimity, and the tragedy that the master minds of the world have shaped out of the movement of the Destinies, he fastens his eyes attentively upon the height and thickness of the walls of the castle against which the storm of assault shall thunder or the arrangement of moat and drawbridge, superficial circumstances of the life whose inner being is present before him, if he could see. These are things that the simplest mind can comprehend, that a pedagogue of the least persuasive teaching faculty can communicate to his pupils. Literature furnishes material for such exercises and such drills in great abundance. The student who is so taught will often himself be deceived with regard to the worth of what he gets. Unless possessed of an original mind and a mind somewhat matured, he is rarely able to realize that he is being fed upon the husks of scholarship, and that it would be just as possible for him to starve without assistance. Why should he realize it, when the man in whose footsteps he is supposed to walk with blind docility has no more comprehension of it than the untaught babe to whose vision the eternal verities have never been glimpsed for a moment?

That the pedagogue whose business it is to teach literature is all too often perfectly incapable of appreciating the proper aims of any such teaching may appear in a moment from a list of examination questions as given out by college professors in various reputable schools of the country. In some cases, as a matter of courtesy to the professors and to those through whom the questions have been obtained, they have been altered so as to be not exactly the question as given out by the instructor, but such alteration or substitution of one question for another has not been of a kind to affect the essential character of the question. It seems reasonable to assume that examination questions sufficiently indicate a teacher's understanding of what it is most important for his pupils to know. At any rate, there seems to be no other equally good criterion outside of the teacher's own personal statement of his aims, and that clearly is a thing not readily available. Even if it were, it might be open to some little suspicion, since a

teacher's formal expression of his pedagogical purposes does not always square with the working out of those purposes in practice. In such cases it is too often something trumped up for the display needs of the occasion. Perhaps the examination questions will, after all, serve our needs better. They follow here, numbered in order for convenience of reference.

1. Where did Hawthorne get the plot for 'The Scarlet Letter'?
2. Write briefly of the list of Ashby.
3. Give estimate of the character of Bois-Guilbert.
4. What was the effect on the character of Roger Chillingworth in the persecution of the minister?
5. Name in chronological order the poems written by Byron in which his relations with Lady Byron are in any way touched upon.
6. Give the meaning of line 206 in —.
7. Tell the story of the influences by which Brutus is persuaded to join with Cassius and the other conspirators.
8. To what is the allusion in ('Hamlet') 'their inhibition . . . the late innovation'?

Question number one is very evidently that of a teacher who has no proper conception of the right ends in the teaching of literature. There are various useful things that a student may rightly do with the plot of a novel. He may show how the author changed it from the original form in which it came to him, and may show further why he probably did so change it. He may analyze the plot with a view to developing its structural unity or its structural weaknesses. He may show how it is or is not a natural development of the characters of the novel in their relations to one another. The doing of any one of these things would be an intellectual discipline, would develop ideas and strengthen understanding. The student could reach conclusions only by thinking about the subject matter. On the other hand, asking students to learn the bald facts about the sources from which an author derives his plot is as futile as offering mouldy sawdust as an improvement upon the latest breakfast food. It is worse than childish, because it deceives the student into thinking that such stuff is worth while.

Question number two may fairly be called even worse. The fact that an author does take things and transform them for his own uses, that he does not necessarily invent his plots for himself, is an immediate inference from such study as prepares a student for answering the first question. It is a thing worth learning, although there should be no occasion for learning it again after a year or two in the high school. The second question is therefore worse, because why any one should think it a literary task for

college or other students to prepare themselves to write about the lists at Ashby passes comprehension. Certainly one is not any wiser after having stuffed that kind of intellectual provender into his head as one stuffs hay into a horse's manger. It is mental lumber that he must throw away some time, if he is to have space in his brain for any sufficient quantity of things really worth while. If he is incapable of entertaining ideas, this is better than nothing, but it is a teacher's business to found his teaching on the assumption that his pupils may think and may possibly enjoy thinking, that they have minds fit for something beyond employment as receptacles for such useless odds and ends of information as the thoughtful are in the habit of consigning to the waste basket.

Perhaps the third question is not quite so clearly a case of the bull in the china shop, but certainly it escapes it narrowly. By what standard of worth in character is the student to measure the character of Bois-Guilbert? Is the question to be understood in a simpler sense, and is the student to report merely what Scott has reported about the knight? It looks very much as if this were another case of the teaching of literature understood as an exercise in pneumonics. The question does not suggest that the student has been asked to consider Scott's method of presenting character or to study any of the phases of his handling of character for the purposes of his story. It does not appear to conceive of any intellectual process beyond that of storing away the bald facts in the mind for future reproduction. If it does hint in any way at exercise of any other function of the mind, certainly question number four does not. It is not quite such a triumph of fatuity as the second, but it is in the same atmosphere. Of those that follow much the same may be said, although they are not, perhaps, open to quite so severe a criticism.

Not long ago a student came to me from the reading of some of our older literature with the sigh that it was dreary. 'Yes,' I said, 'but that was the way they wrote then.' 'Let us be thankful for the present,' was his laughing comment. This list of questions is dreary enough to make any one wish to turn with as great a thankfulness to anything offering the hope of something fresher and newer. If there is no better hope and no fairer prospect, the pedagogue should be respectfully advised that he is not equal to the situation. It is a difficult situation for minds that revel in the commonplace. This present for which the student was thankful and for which we all should be thankful is not a present of commonplace either in literature or life. The pedagogical temper, unless it has felt the shaping influence of the newer inspiration, unless beyond the pedagogical temper it adds to itself also the temper of the thinker, the artist, the man of the larger world of the

mind can do little more than recognize its insufficiency and give way to men of finer mold.

There is this difference between the teaching of literature and the teaching of other subjects that it alone has not been necessarily a teaching of law. Mathematics is such a teaching of law from its simplest declaration that two and two make four to the most difficult and abstruse of its higher processes. This is true also of the teaching of languages from that stage at which the student is made to recognize the necessity of agreement between the adjective and the noun it modifies to understanding of the complex relationships existing subsisting between words and phrases having more remote connections with one another. It is hardly possible to advance a step in chemistry or physics without learning or taking into account some one or more of the laws that control the combinations and the motions of matter. The very conditions of study in these subjects impose that necessity upon those who pursue them. This is true in differing degrees of all other subjects in the college curriculum with the single exception of literature. It must be increasingly so with the further growth of the sciences and the arts. It is now possible for us to put into our heads as knowledge only a small fraction of the phenomena of the universe, only a small fraction, indeed, of that small portion of it which is our own peculiar interest. Mastery of that little is a possible human achievement only as we classify related groups of phenomena under law. Knowing the isolated phenomena is only having in our possession the material through use of which we may come to know something.

It is the great and especial difficulty of the teaching of literature that it deals with many laws and many kinds of law. Literature takes for its province the whole of life and all that man has thought about life. Further, it includes within the compass of its interests the whole of art. Other scholastic disciplines are narrower in their range, and it is therefore a simpler matter for those who employ them in the class room to determine what shall be the aim and purpose of their instruction. It is a comparatively unconscious process. With teachers of literature it must be a deliberate and conscious process. The inevitable result of shirking that necessity is failure.

The first step toward establishing order in such a complex of things is that of arranging them in groups that can be considered separately. So arranged, the first group to which attention should be given is one covering the laws of the organization of thought. Every literary production should be written with intelligent regard for the unity and coherence of its essential idea, and both as study in constructive rhetoric and as a discipline it is amply profitable to work out after the author the ordering of his thought,

making discovery of the principle of organization at work in it. Emphasis should be placed upon this last as the important ultimate end of it all. Otherwise such study degenerates easily into a matter of fact observation of the writer's order of presentation. Then it is almost profitless, because the student has not been made to go through the author's intellectual processes after him. He simply sees the result of those processes, and there is not necessarily any virtue in doing that. It is to be said, however, that work of this kind, whether spent upon the essay or the oration or the story or the poem, is perhaps more generally satisfactory and productive, in classes in literature, than any other. It is probably done toward a definite end more generally than work of any other kind. That is because it is the simplest and the most easily conceivable as an end in itself beyond that of such cramming of matters of fact as the quoted questions reveal, which is not teaching at all. Further, it draws attention to itself as a matter of practical use, since it is most readily studied in expository and argumentative writing, and these have naturally to do with the ordinary business of life. It is by explaining to others and persuading others, more or less, that we bring things to pass among our fellows.

Laws of the organization of thought are laws that govern the form of a literary production as determined by its subject matter, considered simply with relation to clarity of statement. There is another group of laws that have to do with the form of a literary work considered as an art product, and these laws we may call laws of expression. Under this heading we may group such laws as have an æsthetic basis, and may be called laws of art in the narrower sense and such other laws as have a psychological basis, and determine the expression of personality in art forms. When we are studying the rhythm of a line of poetry, we are studying it with relation to the laws of expression as a literary art. This is true again when we are studying the movement of a drama to its climax and from that on to the catastrophe. On the other hand, in studying the diction of a bit of prose or making note of the short sentences that render us conscious of some sort of nervous energy in the writer, we are learning something of the laws governing the expression of personality in literary form.

It would be foolish to say that these two groups of laws included under the general head of laws of expression are mutually exclusive. They are not so at all. On the contrary, they are generally so intermingled one with the other that in any given case we can do little more than assert the preponderance of laws of art or the greater evidence of laws of personality. It is not, perhaps, greatly important that we should always be able to make the distinction. It is important that we should realize that our study is leading

us to understanding of laws of some sort. If it does not, either the method of study is wrong or the work with which we have been busy is not worth while.

Turning to substance itself, from these two groups of laws involving relations between form and substance, we shall observe that literature presents to us laws of human personality and development. When Diana, in Meredith's 'Diana of the Crossways,' betrays Dacre to the newspaper editor, and so permits the plans of his political party to be blazoned to the public before they are ripe for execution, she does so through a moral breakdown that is the natural consequence of that shirking of obligation to her fellows to which her life has fallen more and more a victim. When Hester Prynne, in 'The Scarlet Letter,' accepts the punishment of her sin, and pays the price in a lifelong humiliation, she frees her soul from the consequences of guilt in her own nature and becomes in spirit a pure woman. When Tito, in 'Romola,' avoids the unpleasant from motives and impulses of a nature too fastidious and luxury loving, what was at first half a virtue of refinement in him becomes at last wholly evil, and blackens the world for him and for his. All these things are minute and telling presentations of laws of human personality and development. They are laws of tremendous import, laws upon the operation of which the growing mind may well be asked to pause. Recognition of them and of their implications is a disciplinary process of thought. It is a process differing in both degree and kind from that involved in putting together the three angles of a triangle so that they are seen to equal two right angles. It is capable of expansion with the growth of intelligence and the enlargement of life, and it is itself a process of growth and enlargement.

Man is a social creature. He lives in himself, but he lives even more in the lives of others. He is interested in the laws shaping the development of his own being, but he is more interested in the laws that determine the social environment in which he must establish himself and find his happiness. His continual desire is to enlarge his experience of them, and a great deal of his reading he enters upon with that end unconsciously in view. Presentation of them is, therefore, a large part of the business of literature, and the teacher of literature ought to take into account in his teaching this fourth group of laws, laws of social relation and development. When the noble order of the Round Table that Arthur has founded on the principles of Christian chivalry, on manly and womanly honor, on the power of pure thoughts and high deeds, breaks like a shivered brand before the disloyalty of Queen Guinevere, this consequence of her weakness is a social consequence having to do with social relationships and development. When

Dr. Stockmann, in Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People,' attempts to purify the water that brings disease to all those who drink of it in the town that advertises itself as a health resort, he fails because he has not made himself sufficiently familiar with the laws that govern our social relations and development. When Lily Bart, in Mrs. Wharton's 'The House of Mirth,' dies from the immediate effect of having taken too much chloral, that is a consequence, not so much of her own misdeeds and her own betrayed judgment, as of the forces that play upon her from the social relations of her environment. She is the victim of a social development that is the resultant of many factors, of which her own misguided ambition was one, but one only.

It seems unmistakably evident that literature is to concern itself more and more with man in his larger social relations. In the increasing complexity of those relations, with the growing interdependence of man upon man, they are daily becoming more important in the life that literature reflects and interprets. In the effort to keep pace with life, to formulate even vaguely such conclusions as come from the study of an advanced society in the large, literature has a more stupendous task than hitherto, but it is clearly moving toward that task. Ultimately it can certainly accept no smaller task.

There is still another group of laws that it is the business of literature to express. They may be called, perhaps a little loosely, laws of the philosophic and æsthetic apprehension of life. They are less concerned with the transient circumstances of life than with its final meaning and worth. When the curtain falls upon the last scene of 'Hamlet,' the tragic possibility of disaster in life, the chance of thwarting that threatens the fairest promises comes upon the spirit as one of the eternal verities in the presence of which man is little better than a reed shaken by the wind. When in the terrible prison scene in Marlowe's 'Edward II,' we see the weak old king paying the penalty for the follies of a long misrule that has been worse than blind, but after all, not vicious, it is again a sense of unavoidable wreckage waiting upon our human limitations that beats upon us in the agony of his death cries. There are interpretations of life in the large, the author's sense of those immutable possibilities, conditions, and limitations under the control of which man must battle for happiness. It is his understanding of these fixed but incomprehensible laws of the universe, of the dealings of the Destinies with man, that determines his conception of the quality of life. That is always the final question for all who are not sunk into the brute. Is life good or bad? What are the things that make it so, and how are they factors toward that result? Is man helpless in the grip of eternal forces before which he can only stand in awe like a babe looking out over the waves of an

illimitable ocean? 'Is he master of his own fate, or must he be content to be no more than an atom in a universe of worlds whose changing attraction draw him now here, now there, irresistibly? These are the great and enduring problems. Attempted solutions of them and formulations of these solutions as laws of the æsthetic and philosophic apprehension of life constitute our priceless heritage from the great novelists, the great dramatists and the great poets. It is to realization of these things that students should ultimately be led.

We have then, these five groups of laws that may be taught through the study of literature: (1) Laws of organization of thought; (2) Laws of expression, including laws of æsthetic expression and laws of personality expressed in art forms; (3) Laws of human personality and development; (4) Laws of social relationships and development, and (5) Laws of the æsthetic as including the philosophic apprehension of life. To the superficial observer, this systematization and classification may appear mechanical, hard, and unresponsive. It is one of the weaknesses of the teaching of English that, when it is not matter of fact, it is in danger of becoming hazy and indefinite. When it is of the sort that presents the fact rather than the interpretation of the fact, it is not positively injurious, but merely worthless and idle. On the other hand, teaching that is loose and vague may easily be destructive of those finer mental processes that other teaching tends to establish in the student's mind. Those are fruitful mental processes that pass from the fact to clear-cut conclusions about the fact. Processes that only record the fact are valueless, while those that pass from it to uncertain conceptions or misconceptions of its significance are unqualifiedly vicious. No teaching at all is better than teaching that befogs the mind and makes clarity of thinking more and more impossible. The gloriously uncritical enthusiasm that some teachers stimulate is a kind of mental dissipation that enfeebles the faculties and debauches the judgment.

It is perfectly apparent that the great difficulty in teaching literature is to be found in the variety of the laws with which it has to deal, and in their complexity. Each of these five groups of laws is a large and comprehensive one, and it is to be said that one group of some moment has been entirely ignored, the group of laws involving the principles of language usage and development. Any literary product of importance may exhibit many examples or illustrations under each or all of these groups. It is not surprising, then, that, in this bewildering array of material, the pedagogue should find himself confused and troubled and should often fail to recognize the nature of the problem. Indeed, what shall he do? It is practically impossible to lead any but the more mature minds among college students

not to speak of those in the high school, to any such analysis of literature and its elements as this. The formal character of that kind of presentation of things that to the undeveloped mind seem in themselves essentially informal is at once forbidding. Realization of the teaching of literature as the teaching of law should, however, be the ultimate aim of the work from the beginning in the high school to its most advanced stages. He may not find it advisable so to announce to his pupils, but the teacher should come to some such clear understanding of his aims for himself in order that he may know what he is doing and why.

Having these fundamental purposes and conclusions of his work fairly and clearly in mind, the pedagogue should then determine which of these various groups of laws are open for his interpretation in the particular writing that he has in hand. Having settled that, he should decide which among them are most significant, which are most fully and clearly presented, which are most adapted to the particular students with whom he has to deal. He is then prepared to develop such phases of the subject as will be most profitable and to ignore others, to make the teaching of literature a mental discipline and a broadening of the vision such as it should be.

It is only when the pedagogue can enter into some such conception of his function as this that he has any warrant for taking upon himself the office of guide and counsellor in the world of letters. The didactic note is only indirectly the note of the great writings of the world, but the didactic spirit is the spirit of the pedagogue in its first native inspiration. It is only by entering into the larger vision that the pedagogical temper informs itself with that nobler temper of art and letters. Then and then only is it fitted to be the mouthpiece, as it were, of that speech of fullest utterance that is the enduring joy of books.

A WORD FOR ROSSETTI

BY NANCY K. FOSTER

IN this hour of Ibsen problems and D'Annunzio morals, when affinities and the sex question are the insistent themes of novel, poem, and drama, to indulge oneself in the poetry of a singer like Dante Gabriel Rossetti proves an antidote certain to cure, if the reader is still susceptible to delicate stimulants, alleviative even to the confessedly debauched in the school of modern decadence.

Some poetry, Chaucer's, Browning's, is an incentive. Other verse, that of Keats, de Musset, has charm — that inexplicable quality which depends so largely upon the way a thing is said; again there is poetry with *atmosphere* — one dares not separate the manner from the matter, the body from the soul, or the whole falls to pieces,— word and idea, imagery and emotion are inextricably one. As the reader stands off mentally and thinks of Rossetti's verse, he is less likely to recall a suggestive epithet, a felicitous passage, than to find that a change has come over himself. The slow melody, the brooding calm, the colors, pale and fervid, sometimes glowing with prismatic lights, again cool and sequestered, and interpenetrating both music and color, a plaintive human passion, whose intensity continuously reveals incommunicable depths and beauties of the spirit — all this — has worked a spell. One's soul breathes a newer, finer air, one is never quite the same again; such is the effect of the poetry of Rossetti, the poetry of atmosphere.

Representative of that essentially artistic school of poetry, the Pre-Raphaelite, master of color, symbol, and detail, as Rossetti is, his ultimate appeal comes from that which lies within, and the secret of his power is traceable to something more intrinsic, more profound than is to be discovered from a knowledge of æsthetics or verse technique. Much of his imagery is visualized to the point of strangeness; much of it is ornate beyond the limits of taste; there is over-weening melancholy in many a poem, and not a hint of humor anywhere. But the best of his verse, the 'Blessed Damozel,' the long lyrics, 'Her Portrait,' 'The Stream's Secret,' and the 'House of Life,' Sonnets are too full of a haunting pathos and 'terrible earnestness,' of a passion that begins and ends with 'the claims of the soul,' to allow the reader to pause on the threshold to take exception. Inexcusable the discourtesy of the critic, who would misinterpret the outward guise of so unmistakable an aristocrat of the emotions. Everywhere throughout these sumptuous metaphors, a dignified mien of soul is apparent,

and the spirit of the whole body of verse is a protest against gross excipients. The man or woman who can read Swinburne for long will never come near to understanding Rossetti; the person who enjoys Whitman's verse finds his palate too blunted to appreciate the Pre-Raphaelite — these readers are beyond the sway of his delicate sorcery, his holy enchantments. Fancy an habitu   of Mr. Shaw's socialistic plays trying to adjust his ear to the mood of this lyric:

INSOMNIA

Thin are the night skirts left behind
By daybreak hours that onward creep,
And thin, alas! the shred of sleep
That wavers with the spirit's wind:
But in half-dreams that shift and roll
And still remember and forget,
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
A little nearer yet.

Our lives, most dear, are never near,
Our thoughts are never far apart,
Though all that draws us heart to heart
Seems fainter now and now more clear.
To-night Love claims his full control,
And with desire and with regret
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
A little nearer yet.

Is there a home where heavy earth
Melts to bright air that breathes no pain,
Where water leaves no thirst again,
And springing fire is Love's new birth?
If faith long bound to one true goal
May there at length its hope beget,
My soul that hour shall draw your soul
Forever nearer yet.

Rossetti may not have modified in any direct way the great stream of English poetry, but there is no question as to his having powerfully revived one current, that of woman worship. Despite the opinion of Coventry

Patmore, who mournfully declared that the Ark of Passion had been delivered into Rossetti's hands, and that he had played with it, had profaned the Holy of Holies, Rossetti's poetry remains a tribute to the eternal feminine, to ideal womanhood. No one of us can read the 'House of Life' without recognizing the old appeal of the man to the woman, to succor and guide his soul. The boy who at the age of fourteen drank in the soul passion of Dante, in 'La Vita Nuova,' never betrayed his master.

Upon the modern woman the poet throws again the old responsibility of being man's spiritual guide. Ibsen's women are thoroughly engaged in directing their own careers, Meredith's ladies are cavalierly protected and upheld in their efforts to escape the onslaughts of aggressive husbands. In sharp contrast to either one of these distinctively modern attitudes is that of Rossetti. Rossetti's woman stands for no transitional type, no new woman; she belongs to the original scheme of things; she is created, not for her own use, but for man's, for the service of others. We are startled to be so urgently recalled from the pursuit of our own self-realization, to look after the souls of men, but this is the appealing note in the 'House of Life.' No woman can mistake Rossetti's recognition of her moral pre-eminence, nor his insistence that her function is to reveal God to man. With this exaltation comes her power, her mystery, her inviolateness. There is a captivating mystery in Meredith's women, but it is the sort of mystery one might feel before a Naiad, or laughing faun. Rossetti's lady is wrapt in the sanctity of Madonna, the inscrutableness of the Sphinx; her individuality is an inseparable quality, as little artificial and acquired as the perfume in the violet.

'How strange a thing to be what man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen.'

Rossetti was a mystic, and in the 'House of Life' he attempts to realize in thought and feeling what all mystics try to realize — the immanence of the eternal in the temporal, and to do this through a symbol. Rossetti's symbol was a woman — her soul and body as a revelation of God.

The Poet would have us understand that this task is no easy one; often the singer's vision is blurred and limited, indeed, the peculiar interest in these sonnets lies in this very struggle of the dual nature of the man, and in the final conquest in behalf of the spirit — through the first cycle: Youth and change, the conflict is positive, flesh and spirit intermingle, become confused.

‘Lady, I fain would tell how evermore
 Thy soul I know not from thy body nor
 Thee from myself, neither our love from God.’

In the ninth sonnet, passion becomes transfigured into worship, the flesh gives way:

‘Then said my lady, “Thou art Passion of Love,
 And this Love’s worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof
This harp still makes my name its voluntary.’

A note of worship runs as a delicate motif through the series. The vocabulary is religious, the images are taken from the sanctuary,—the beloved’s breath is incense, her face a shrine, and it is ‘between the *scriptured* petals’ that the lover peers for the gift of grace; finally, her eyes flash forth the prophecy of his spirit’s highest ideals and reveal to him the mysteries of being:

‘Sometimes thou seem’st not as thyself alone,
 But as the meaning of all things that are;
 A breathless wonder, shadowing forth afar
 Some heavenly solstice hushed and halcyon;
 Whose unstirred lips are music’s visible tone;
 Whose eyes the sun gate of the soul unbar,
 Being of its furthest fires oracular.’

The greatest poets from Dante to Browning have deified the body of the loved one because it contains the soul; but for Rossetti it *is* the soul. The old controversy as to whether his verse is fleshly or spiritual is forever rebuked by the reading of the sonnet ‘Lovesight’; and there are many more in the same mood:

LOVESIGHT

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
 When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
 Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
 The worship of that Love through thee made known?
 Of when in the dusk hours (we two alone),
 Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
 Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
 And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

Indeed, Rossetti's poetry more than that of any one of the moderns, is a challenge to contemporary verse with its 'moods of modernity — born of a joy that has taken flight.' Take Mr. Arthur Symonds's:

'I have had enough of women, and enough of love;
or his 'Rosa Mundi,' with its

'Angel of pale desire,
Of the flower-soft, rose-white flesh!'

mocking at Love:

'Love, they say, is a pain
Infinite as the soul,
Ever alonging to be
Love's, to infinity,
Ever a longing in vain
After a vanishing goal.'

How full of death and impotence it is before such lines as these!

THE DARK GLASS

Not I myself know all my love for thee;
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray;
And shall my sense pierce love,— the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity?

Lo! what am I to Love, the lord of all?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

Subservient as it may be to the inner loveliness, bodily beauty in and for itself is always 'acceptable' to the artist-poet. One characteristic he never fails to emphasize — calmness — Rossetti's still women! Perhaps no

quality is more lacking in our women to-day than repose. The American woman knows not tranquillity; our artists paint them 'sitting on the edge of their chairs like discoboli waiting for a signal to whirl or hurl anything — anywhere — direction being unimportant, the sibylline contortion everything.' Nervous restlessness is unknown to these peaceful spirits; here are no violent gestures, no strident voices. No more exquisite description of a woman's voice has ever been given than in the following:

' whose voice, attuned above
All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,
Is like a hand laid softly on the soul;
Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
Those worn, tired brows it hath the keeping of.'

Free from sensualism, mystical, as this passion is, it does not become a purely psychological power, a mere influence or experience, as in some of Browning's love poems; never the abstraction, as in Dante himself. It is the love of the man for the woman, whether she be on earth or in heaven. It is always full of yearning, of the need of the person; the blessed Damozel is homesick for her lover even in heaven! The naïve charm of the poem lies in the humanness of the maiden's grief:

' " I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
Have I not prayed in heaven? On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid? " '

The anguish and pain of separation have never been so tenderly and poignantly delineated by any poet in any time. Shakespeare in his sonnets has equaled Rossetti in intensity, but is wanting in the delicacy and mystery. Rossetti belongs to that class of mourners to whom the dead speak directly, because ' they speak to us now from within.' Very much of this poetry is elegiac in strain, without the trappings of classic form that we find in our great elegies, ' Lycidas ' and ' Adonais.' The lover's grief never or rarely becomes impersonal or universal, as in the ' In Memoriam.' It is essentially individual; and for this reason, all the more appealing, full of greater fervour and pathos. In that perfect poem, ' The Portrait,' the lover permits us to share a grief profoundly touching and full of a reserve so simple and dignified that the poem ranks with the concededly great poetry of

pathos, with such fine things as Arnold's 'Requiescat,' Wordsworth's 'Lucy,' Browning's 'Evelyn Hope.'

One instinctively bows the head as he reads these verses:

' This is her picture as she was;
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart! —
And yet the earth is over her.

' Here with her face doth memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine
Even than the old gaze tenderer;
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side.
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the Holy Sepulchre.

In a certain one of his sonnets in the 'House of Life,' Rossetti lets us into the secret of his art, tells us whence the magic of his power to touch the heart:

' *By thine own tears thy song must tears beget,*
O Singer! Magic mirror thou hast none
Except thy manifest heart; and save thine own
Anguish or ardor, else no amulet.'

This impassioned acknowledgment that through experience alone is the artist equipped for his task, coming from Rossetti himself is of inestimable value; the confession marks Rossetti a poet of the first quality, and we discover why his verse is of far too fine a grain to relegate to the class of poetry of hectic passion or mediæval affectations.

Rossetti is a poet of quality rather than of quantity or variety of mood and emotion. Love is his theme, the joy of possession, the grief at the loss

A QUAKER POET IN PURITAN NEW ENGLAND

BY MAUD ELMA KINGSLEY

NO poet has ever been more emphatically the poet of a sectional type than has Whittier. What Scott was to Britain beyond the Tweed, Whittier is to New England,—the bard of its hills and lakes and rivers; the interpreter of its traditions and its history.

‘I bring the old time back,’

is the opening line of the 1844 collection of poems; and it is to those who wish to live again the days of old New England that his poems make their strongest appeal.

The themes and motifs of Whittier's poems are familiar ones; for the loyal New Englander is well versed in the lore of the Puritan, his faith and his works; but the poet as an historian ‘wears his rue with a difference.’ This difference is not apparent in the purely narrative poems, in which the poet appears merely as the chronicler of certain dramatic episodes in our history; but when he turns his attention from the external relations of early New England to its internal history, we are at once reminded that, although come of the oldest and best New England pioneer stock, a Puritan of the Puritans, he nevertheless has inherited a different tradition on many subjects from that which has descended in the families of the Orthodox Church members, and entertains an undisguised dislike for many of the most characteristic and cherished New England institutions. This attitude is conspicuous in all those poems whose scene of action is laid in the Massachusetts Bay Colony at the time when the Quakers were rigorously persecuted; and the most casual reading of any one of these songs of the exiled Quakers reveals the fact that the church organization, out of which was developed the strong and flexible political system which has always given and still gives New England a wholly disproportionate influence in our national councils, seems to Whittier but an engine of oppression and persecution, wielded by a priesthood brutal, stupid, and venal. This animus against the Orthodox Church is displayed openly and undisguisedly in ‘The Pastoral Letter’ (1838); but is lightly and half humorously avowed in ‘The Exiles,’ a tradition of the Nantucket Quakers. The poet's constant

reference to the orthodox clergy as 'priests' and 'hired priests' is a curious survival, in nineteenth century literature, of the theological acrimony of the seventeenth century.

'For there with broad wig drenched with rain,
The parish priest he saw;'

and again,

'And so, sir sheriff and priest, good by.
He bent him to his oar,
And the small boat glided quietly
From the twain upon the shore.'

Nor does the reputation of the worthies of the old theocracy fare better at his hands. It is the pen of the Quaker which, in 'Cassandra Southwick,' draws the picture of

'The dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land;'
and of Rawson with

'Wine-empurpled cheek.'

Whittier's position on the question of the relations between the Quaker and the Puritan, a position so startlingly different from that of the New England historian bred in the faith, needs a word of explanation. The sober judgment of history will probably uphold the firm stand made by the founders of New England against the swarm of absurd and impractical fanatics that threatened to overwhelm the little commonwealth established in the wilderness by so much toil and self-sacrifice. The Society of Friends at a very early period accommodated its practice, if not its doctrines, to the principles of civil law and order, and thereafter had very little trouble with the dominant church. The Quakers seem to have cherished the tradition, however, that their early apostles had been persecuted purely for righteousness' sake; and that all the other sects that fell under the ban of the theocracy would have made, had they been encouraged, useful and respectable component parts of the New England community. This is Whittier's standpoint in 'The Familist's Hymn,' where the simple-minded fanatic laments that a society that would not defend itself against the savages, not only had its houses burned, but was considered an objectionable neighbor by other communities.

But the reader who draws from such poems as these the conclusion that Whittier's attitude toward the Puritan was wholly unsympathetic, does not

know his poet. No keener appreciation of the difficulties with which the early settler had to contend; no more convincing justification of this settler's intolerant creed was ever written than the opening lines of the 'Double-headed Snake of Newbury':

'Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
Consider that strip of Christian earth,
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
Full of terror and mystery,
Half redeemed from the evil hold,
Of the wood so dreary and dark and old.
Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
And the dismal tale the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified;
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve,
And a feebler faith thy need might serve.'

It was not until the descendants of oppressors and oppressed had found themselves united in the anti-slavery agitation, that the Quaker poet began to feel that the New England inheritance in which he claimed his rightful share was, on the whole, one of freedom and resistance to wrong. Therefore, in the first fighting of that long and bitter anti-slavery conflict, which came on over the Fugitive Slave Laws and the laws passed in the slave states discriminating against colored citizens of free states, Whittier ranges himself among the sons of the Pilgrims and appeals to their spirit for inspiration:

'Thank God, not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow and calm and
cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool.'

So speaks 'Massachusetts to Virginia,' and the same note is struck in
'To Faneuil Hall':

‘ Wrongs which freemen never brooked,—
Dangers grim and fierce as they,
Which, like couching lions, looked
On your fathers’ way,—
These your instant zeal demand,
Shaking with their earthquake call
Every rood of Pilgrim land,
Ho, to Faneuil Hall!’

And again in the poem entitled, ‘ To Massachusetts,’ which closes with this patriotic stanza:

‘ To the tyrant’s plot no favor,
No heed to place-fed knaves,
Bar and bolt the door forever
Against the land of slaves.
Hear it, Mother Earth, and hear it,
The heavens around us spread,
The land is roused,— its spirit
Was sleeping, but not dead.’

In the poem, ‘ Texas,’ he even gave the aid of his stirring verse to the New England Separatists who dreamed of erecting a small but homogeneous Puritan state out of the ruins of the great American Union, although he must have realized that such a dwarfed and stunted state would have displayed all the narrow-mindedness of the old theocracy without its buoyancy of hope and promise.

These patriotic poems display most interesting inconsistencies in the mental makeup of our poet, and are as valuable for their revelations of character as for their revelations of the spirit of the time. For instance, from a Quaker poet and the bitter foe of the institution of slavery, we would naturally expect vehement denunciation of the war with Mexico, on moral, religious, and on political grounds; but on this subject our poet is strangely silent. We all remember how the hot-headed young church member, Hosea Bigelow, turns his back on the temptation of fife and drum, and calls war, ‘ murder — plain and flat ’; and how, while tingling to his finger tips at the taunt of cowardice, he declares he

‘ Wun’t go help the Devil
Makin’ man the cuss o’ man.’

But the Quaker calmly reminds 'A Southern Statesman' that it is easier to set the war spirit in motion than to stop it, and that new wars

'May leave to fewer states the same wide door
Through which the slave-cursed Texas entered in.'

And in 'The Angels of Buena Vista,' the same idea is repeated,—that Providence can work out His designs even through 'the smoking hell of battle.' In fact, then, the spirit of non-resistance, patience, and Christian resignation in the presence of wrong and oppression, which should be characteristic of Quaker literature, will be looked for in vain in Whittier's poetry. To be sure, as in duty bound, he gives us the picture of the white-haired Colonel Barclay, riding swordless through the streets of Aberdeen,

'Mock of fool, and sport of child.'

But this is an incident of a far away time and a distant land. For his own time and circumstances the poet has no thought of turning his cheek to the smiter. Every line of the 'Voices of Freedom' is an incitement, if not to war, to the combative spirit which produces war. If one is farsighted, he may

'See the calm future with its robes of green,'

but there is a deal of fighting to be done before that time comes.

Undoubtedly this aspect of Whittier's character would have been far less prominent in his poetry had he not been impelled into the thick of the conflict about slavery at just the time of life when the elemental passions of the mind are the hardest to keep in check. It is the impetuous spirit of youth that speaks in 'Voices of Freedom,' the spirit that cannot wait the Lord's good time; but must throw itself on the forces of wrong with the bludgeon, if not the sword.

The thin volume of poems, 'In War Time,' it must be confessed, seems unworthy of a poet whose stirring songs had done so much to bring on the conflict. In 'A Word for the Hour' (January, 1865), Whittier appeals to the North to let the hated slave states go in peace, slaves and all, unconsciously revealing the attitude of the fanatical abolitionists who, from the beginning of the controversy, had fought, not so much the institution of slavery, as the legal recognition of slavery by the government of the United States. Fortunately for the world, however, the government of the United States was not in the hands of poets or fanatics; and Whittier's adaptation of 'Luther's Hymn' shows that the poet quickly realized that the fight was for the life or death of all that the American nation had stood for. 'The Watchers,' which seems to typify the struggle in the poet's own mind between

conflicting ideas of right and duty; 'The Anniversary Poem,' in which he would like to advise his Quaker friends to abandon for the time their non-resistance principles, but cannot summon strength of mind enough to do so; and the spirited, but wholly fictitious, ballad of 'Barbara Frietchie' are almost the entire contribution of New England's most distinctive poet to the literature of the great crisis of American history. A few excellent songs of victory, when the smoke of battle has rolled away, such as, 'The Mantle of St. John de Matha,' 'Laus Deo,' and 'The Peace Autumn,' and our poet is a controversialist and a champion no longer. He shows himself in his later poems a kindly man, animated by a more than ordinarily kindly religious faith and possessing a delicate sense of humour that lightens the most serious subject. Thus, 'The Pennsylvania Pilgrim' and the poem on Rhode Island toleration delivered at the Brown University Commencement in 1870, breathe an entirely different spirit from his boyhood effusions on religious subjects; and in them he eschews politics altogether.

But such poems as those which have been under discussion will never be reckoned the characteristic poems of Whittier. His contribution to the literature that never dies will be, doubtless, his Indian legends, his tales of New England life, and his sketches of New England customs and scenery.

Whittier derived his Indian lore, not from books, but from the legends and traditions which, in his boyhood, still lingered about every hill, lake, and stream between the Merrimac and the Kennebec. This is evinced, not only by 'The Bridal of Pennacook,' 'The Burial Tree of the Sokokis,' and other poems based directly on Indian history, but by the Indian names and similes scattered so plentifully whenever the subject bears upon New England scenery and country life. Of these Indian legends, 'Mogg Megone,' one of his earliest efforts, is, in spite of its grave defects, a most interesting example of Whittier's literary workmanship. Against a background of grand and awe-inspiring natural scenery stands the Indian of romance and tradition, picturesque, mysterious, appealing. Around him are enacted scene after scene of New England's Tragedy of the Wilderness,—her struggle for life against the French of Canada backed by the resources, tenacity, and discipline of the great Roman Catholic monastic orders. This hundred years' struggle between the English home makers and the French empire builders, prosecuted on both sides with equal obstinacy and courage, and attended by all the cruelties which religious fanaticism and savage ingenuity could add to the ordinary horrors of war, abounded in incidents and characters capable of dramatic treatment. Whittier uses the dramatist's privilege, in his poem, of disregarding chronology and historical sequence.

The death of Rasle and the destruction of Norridgewock took place in 1724, while St. Castine's stormy life had ended in 1712, and the careers of John Bonython and the sachem Mogg belonged to a still earlier period of the struggle. The central figure of the poem is, of course, the courtly Jesuit, Sebastian Rasle, whose zeal for the greater glory of God blinds him to the cruelty of the desolating wars attendant on the policy of keeping the northern wilderness free from heretic settlement,—the cruelty to which he finally falls a victim. The character of Ruth is a part of the ordinary dramatic scenery, and Mogg, too, is merely a familiar stage hero painted red. Bonython and St. Castine, however, are well-drawn types. Bonython, no less than Castine, is a gentleman of birth and breeding attracted to the savage life by love of adventure and contempt for conventionality; both are eagerly welcomed by the Indians and become influential among them; but while the French adventurer is able to employ his influence over his savage friends to his lasting credit and glory, Bonython is disowned by his countrymen and treated as an outlaw, with the result that his alliance with the Indian becomes an added danger instead of a protection to the frontier.

Whittier's tales of early New England life are all alike in treatment. Here his light, half-humorous touch shows itself well suited to the traditions of a race that was born fully grown and whose folklore, consequently, lacks the background of an unhistorical past. 'The Garrison of Cape Ann,' is an example of such a style as applied to an historical incident, and 'Skipper Ireson's Ride,' an example of the same style as applied to a local tradition.

But it is through his sketches of New England customs and scenery that Whittier reaches the hearts of his readers and enters gloriously into his birthright as a son of New England. 'Snowbound,' as a type of this class of poems, must remain for all time the classic representation of New England rural life at its best. It is an absolutely perfect poem of its kind — an old man's memories of home set to music which strikes a responsive chord in the heart of every reader who has passed beyond middle age and sets him to

' Dreaming; in throngful city ways,
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends.'

And it is to 'Snowbound' that we leave the fame of Whittier. This poem is the ultimate expression of a great poet's great love for the people and scenes amid which he lived and died.

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THE RECONCILIATION

(A Play in Three Acts)

BY GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

Translated from the German by Roy Temple House

CHARACTERS

DR. FRITZ SCHOLZ, sixty-eight years old.

MINNA SCHOLZ, his wife, forty-six years old.

AUGUSTE, twenty-nine years old

ROBERT, twenty-eight years old } their children.

WILHELM, twenty-six years old

(As far as is possible, these actors should be made up to indicate a family resemblance.)

FRAU MARIE BUCHNER, forty-two years old.

IDA, her daughter, twenty years old.

FRIEBE, servant, fifty years old.

(Time, a Christmas eve in the eighties, in a lonely country house on the Schützenhugel at Erkner (Brandenburg).)

(The scene of all three acts is a high-ceilinged, roomy hall, whitewashed, adorned with old-fashioned pictures, with antlers and the heads of various sorts of animals. A chandelier of deer antlers is hung from the center of the timbered ceiling and filled with fresh candles. In the middle of the rear wall an enclosed space with a glass door projecting inward. Through the door the heavy carved outside door can be seen. Above the door a pair of stuffed mountain-cock. To the right and left above the door two windows, frozen and partly banked in with snow. In the wall, right, an open gate-like arch which admits to the staircase. Two low doors in the same wall, one leading to the

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cellar, the other to the kitchen. In the opposite wall two doors leading into the same room. Between these doors an old grandfather's clock, on which sits a stuffed brown owl. The room is furnished with heavy old oak tables and chairs. Parallel with the side wall, right, a table with a white cloth. Right, in the foreground, a little iron stove with pipe running along the wall. All the door panels are ornamented with primitive paintings representing parrots, etc.)

ACT ONE

(The hall is adorned with green branches. On the stone floor lies a Christmas tree without a foot. FRIEBE is putting a foot together, on the upper step from the cellar. On opposite sides of table, FRAU BUCHNER and FRAU SCHOLZ are busy fitting wax lights into their holders. FRAU BUCHNER is a healthy-looking, well-nourished, friendly lady, dressed simply, substantially, and very neatly. Her hair simply arranged. Her motions are decided, but entirely natural. Her whole manner indicates unusual cordiality, which is absolutely genuine, even though her way of showing it may at times seem exaggerated. Her speech is careful; when she is excited it becomes declamatory. An atmosphere of satisfaction and comfort seems to surround her. FRAU SCHOLZ is different. A prematurely old person who is already beginning to break. Her form shows a tendency to unhealthy heaviness. Her skin is whitish-gray. Her toilet is less than unpretentious. Her hair is gray and loosely put together; she wears glasses. She is fitful in her motions, restless, generally speaks in a melancholy whining voice, and seems constantly excited. While FRAU BUCHNER appears to live only for others, FRAU SCHOLZ is completely occupied with herself. On the table two five-branched candlesticks with candles. Neither the chandelier nor the candlesticks have their candles lighted. Burning oil lamp.)

Friebe (hits a vigorous blow with the hatchet).— You never saw me miss a lick.

Frau Scholz.— Ffff! I can't stand your noise. *Friebe*! How often have I told you, your hatchet might slip. You shouldn't cut wood on stone.

Friebe.— Don't you worry, ma'am. What for was I in the gover'nment ten years, then?

Frau Buchner.— In the government?

Frau Scholz.— He was foreman of a gang in the royal forests.

Friebe.— Not a (he strikes) lick — ah — (he strikes) would you catch me amissin'. (He rises, examining by the light of the lamp what he has made, and then fastens the tree upright on its new support. FRIEBE is small,

already somewhat bent, bandy-legged, and partially bald. His mobile little baboon face is unshaven. Hair and stubble beard are yellowish gray. He is a laborer who works around at odd jobs. His coat, a garment stiff with polishing powder, shoe blacking, dust, etc., was made for a man of twice the size, so that he has been compelled to roll up the sleeves and lap the skirts one far over the other. He wears a brown, relatively clean porter's apron, from under which he draws out a snuffbox from time to time, and takes a pinch with enthusiasm. The tree is ready. FRIEBE has lifted it to the table; he stands in front of it and studies it.) It's a big, fine, good-lookin' fir tree, all right. (To the ladies, with deprecation and embarrassment.) That's what it is, ain't it?

Frau Buchner.—With your experience you ought to be able to tell whether it is or not.

Friebe.—Well, I guess I ought to! Now the fir tree —

Frau Scholz (interrupts him impatiently).—We mustn't lose time, Friebe. My daughter said, be sure and send Friebe right to me.

Friebe.—Well, well! —'s all the same to me. (With a deprecating gesture, exit through the kitchen door.)

Frau Buchner.—Is he such a useful man as all that?

Frau Scholz.—Oh, pshaw! He's a crazy fool. If 'twasn't for my husband — that's just the way my husband was. This old tobacco-sniffer was just what he wanted, he had to have him around him all the time, or he wasn't happy. Such a strange man he was!

Auguste (rushes in the front door, in haste and trouble. Once inside, she pushes the glass door hurriedly shut, and throws herself against it, as if to prevent some one's entrance.)

Frau Scholz (in violent excitement).—O Lordolordolord! ! !

Frau Buchner.—What — what's the matter?

(AUGUSTE is tall and strikingly thin, her toilet exaggeratedly stylish and tasteless. Fur jacket, fur cap, muff. Face and feet long; features sharp, with thin lips, which fit tight together and curve bitterly. She wears glasses. To her mother's uneasiness she adds a pathological condition of defiance. She spreads about her an atmosphere of discontent, discomfort, and forlornness.)

Auguste.—Outside — good gracious! — somebody followed me!

Frau Buchner (pulling out her watch).—Perhaps it was Wilhelm — no, not yet. The train can't be in yet. (To AUGUSTE.) Just wait a minute. (She reaches for the latch, to open the door.)

Auguste.—No, don't, no, don't.

Frau Buchner.—You're nervous, dear child. (She goes through the

glass door and opens the outside door. *Somewhat timidly.*) Is anybody there? *(Resolutely.)* Is anybody there? *(Pause, no answer.)*

Frau Scholz (irritably).—Well, now, that's a great way! Seems to me we've had excitement enough. It's enough to kill a person. What's the matter with you?

Auguste.—Matter! matter! *(defiantly.)* What's the matter with me?

Frau Scholz.—You're very nice to your mother!

Auguste.—Well, suppose I'm not! Isn't it enough to make a person afraid when — in the dark — all alone —

Frau Buchner (embracing her from behind, soothingly).—Hothead, hothead! Don't get so excited! Come now! *(Helps her lay off her wraps.)* There now — there now!

Auguste.—But Frau Buchner, it's true!

Frau Buchner.—See here, my dear; we've been here four days, I should think. Won't you drop the Frau. Yes? All right. Well, then *(embraces and kisses AUGUSTE then FRAU SCHOLZ).*

Frau Scholz (before she allows the embrace).—Wait a minute, wait, I have wax on my hands.

Frau Buchner (to AUGUSTE, who has gone to the stove to warm).—Well now, don't you feel better? Was the entertainment pretty?

Auguste.—No, I shan't go any more. The air was bad, and it was hot enough to roast a person.

Frau Buchner.—Did the minister make a good talk?

Auguste.—Well, I know this much. If I had been poor and he had made a talk like that, I tell you I'd have thrown the stuff back at their feet.

Frau Buchner.—But it's a great blessing for the poor people.

(Behind the scene a clear, beautiful voice is heard singing):

When the pleasant linden tree
Blooms again,
Comes the old spring dream to me,
Floating through my brain.

(IDA enters from the staircase. She is twenty years old and wears a plain black woolen dress. She has a fine, full form, a very small head, and at her first appearance her long yellow hair hangs loose. In her manner there is a calm content, a quiet cheerfulness and confidence; accordingly, the expression of her intelligent face is generally cheerful, but now and then it changes to mild earnestness and deep thoughtfulness.)

Ida (a handkerchief about her shoulders, several boxes in her arms).—Did some one come in?

Frau Scholz.—Auguste has just frightened us good.

Ida (pointing backward toward the stairs).—It's rather uncanny upstairs, too! (*laughing*) I came down in a hurry.

Frau Scholz.—But child! Robert is up above you.

Ida (puts the boxes on the table, opens them and takes out several objects.)
That doesn't help matters any. The whole story is deserted.

Frau Buchner.—Your hair must be nearly dry, isn't it?

Ida (tossing her head gracefully, and throwing her hair back with the motion).—Feel it!

Frau Buchner (does so).—No, it isn't! You should have taken your bath earlier, child.

Ida.—What a lot of trouble this mane does make! I've been cowering over the stove fully half an hour. (*She takes a yellow silk purse out of one of the boxes and holds it out to AUGUSTE.*) Isn't that a pretty color? Of course it's just a little joke. Has he had many purses?

Auguste (shrugging her shoulders from the fur jacket which she is busy brushing off).—I don't know. (*She brings her short-sighted eyes critically into the neighborhood of the purse.*) Rather careless piece of work. (*Buried in her cleaning again.*) The fur's ruined!

Ida (bringing out a box of cigars).—Oh, this is such fun. You said you had never trimmed a Christmas tree?

Auguste.—Well, it seems to me that that isn't just the thing for grown folks to do.

Frau Scholz.—She never did! If we'd even tried it my husband would have made a scene. When I was at home, now — Oh, whenever I think of it — what a beautiful life we had! Never a Christmas without a tree. (*Imitating her father's walk and manner.*) Oh, when father came from his office in the evening and brought the beau-eau-tiful Lehmann ginger cookies! (*She brings her thumb and index finger to her mouth as if she held a piece of the superb cakes in question.*) Yes, yes, that's all past! My husband — he never even ate dinner with us. He lived upstairs, we lived downstairs. We was a regular hermit. If we wanted anything of him we always had to get at him through Friebe.

Auguste (busy with the stove).—Oh, don't talk like that all the time!

Frau Scholz.—Well, don't you build such an awful fire!

Auguste.—Don't we want to keep warm?

Frau Scholz.—All of the heat flies out of the chimney to-day.

Auguste (hesitates, irritated).—Well, shan't I build any more fire, then?

Frau Scholz.— Don't bother me!

Auguste (*throws the coal shovel noisily into the box*).— All right, then, I won't. (*Exit left, raging.*)

Ida.— Oh, don't go, Gustie! (*To FRAU SCHOLZ.*) Just wait, I'll get her in a good humor again. (*Exit after her.*)

Frau Scholz (*resignedly*).— That's the way all my children are. Such a girl, such a girl! She has no self-control. Now she wants this, now that. Now she has an idea, and there's something she must do. Then she mopes around upstairs and doesn't say a word for weeks — then she's all alive and in the way again. Oh, gracious, how I envy you! Such a dear little thing as your daughter is —

Frau Buchner.— But so is Gustie.

Frau Scholz.— How beautifully she plays the piano; and that charming voice! How I like to hear her sing!

Frau Buchner.— Why don't *you* play sometimes?

Frau Scholz.— I! that wouldn't do at all, I'd never hear the last of it! Auguste is so nervous, you know! Just like her father; he'd run from a piano.

Frau Buchner.— You ought to hear your Wilhelm play now. He is a perfect artist! What would Ida be without him? She has learned everything she knows from him.

Frau Scholz.— Yes, you said so before. He has talent; I know that. It was a pleasure to teach him.

Frau Buchner.— Yes, and he likes so to remember the time when his dear mother gave him his first lessons.

Frau Scholz.— Does he? Yes, yes, those were beautiful times, too. I thought then, everything turns out different. But it works me all up, anyway.

Frau Buchner.— It works you up— what?

Frau Scholz.— Why, his coming. What does he look like now?

Frau Buchner.— He looks well, plump, healthy. You will be proud of your son.

Frau Scholz.— I can't believe the boy is really coming. It has nearly broken my heart. And what a lot of letters I've written! He never once even answered his old mother. How did you ever bring him to it? I can't understand it. I can't understand it.

Frau Buchner.— I? Oh, I didn't do it. It was Ida persuaded him.

Frau Scholz.— Robert doesn't bother his head about us either, but he at least comes home a few days each year, at Christmas. And he thinks he's doing a very generous thing! But Wilhelm — it has been six full years since he's been here; he and my husband, six full years! Does she get along well with him?

Frau Buchner.— Ida? Very well in every way.

Frau Scholz.— That is too wonderful! You can't imagine how close-mouthed the boy always was; just like his father. He never had a playmate, never had a school friend, never had anything.

Frau Buchner.— Yes, yes, that's the way he was at the beginning with us. He never would come to our house for anything except at lesson times.

Frau Scholz.— But he got to coming after a while?

Frau Buchner.— Well, yes. He said we must leave him alone for a while, and when he got to it he would come without asking. We had the good sense to let him do as he wished, and sure enough, after we had waited half a year, in fact, after we had quit waiting, he came. After that he came every day. So little by little he grew to be very different.

Frau Scholz.— You must use magic. The engagement is a miracle itself. I can't understand it at all.

Frau Buchner.— You must know how to treat geniuses. I learned how — my poor husband was another one.

Frau Scholz.— And about — about — his father? Has he told you that — that secret too?

Frau Buchner.— N-no, dear friend. That is the one matter, that is, in that one matter he hasn't been able to conquer himself yet. He said it didn't amount to anything, but you can well believe that he suffers terribly from that memory. He suffers just as much as ever. One reason for his suffering, of course, is that he keeps the affair secret. You know he must get over it, he must get over this, too.

Frau Scholz.— He must not hold a grudge — no, no, no, that isn't right! Honor thy father and thy mother — the hand that's raised against its own father — such hands will grow out of their graves. We quarreled, I know. Both of us have our faults, my husband and I, but this is *our* affair. No one has a right to interfere, least of all our own son. And who has had to suffer for it? I, of course. It is the old mother that has the broad back to bear the burden. My husband went out of the house, and that same day, half an hour later, Wilhelm went too. Talking didn't do any good. At first I thought they would come back, but they never had any idea of coming. And Wilhelm alone is to blame, and nobody else, — Wilhelm and nobody else.

Frau Buchner.— Wilhelm may be a great deal to blame, I am sure of that, but when a person has suffered so long for his sins —

Frau Scholz.— No, no! Good gracious, what are you thinking about? A person can't get out of things as easy as that. That would be too much! Of course it's very good of you to take the boy's part as you've done, and

it's very nice of him to come; why shouldn't he? But after all, what good does all that do? The breaks are not so easy to heal over as all that. Yes, yes, there are breaks — great, deep chasms between us.

Frau Buchner.— But it seems to me that when we are honest and determined —

Frau Scholz.— Determined, determined! Don't say that to me. I know better. You can wish and wish and wish a hundred times, and things don't change. No, no! your daughter's made of different clay entirely; she's one way and Wilhelm's another, and both of them stay the way they are. That's too high a viewpoint for folks like us; that's too high, too high. You can will as much as you please — yes, yes, good will,— your will is very good, but what does it get for you? I don't believe in such things.

Frau Buchner.— But I hope there is something in them.

Frau Scholz.— Oh, there may be. I won't deny anything. After all, I'm glad for the boy with all my heart, and it bothers me — it bothers me a good deal, and you may be sure you think it's easier than it is.

Ida (enters left; to FRAU SCHOLZ, insinuatingly).— She's gilding nuts, mother Scholz.

Frau Buchner.— It's high time, Ida! You must dress now. He may be here any minute.

Ida (frightened).— Oh! So soon?

Frau Scholz.— Oh, don't bother her! She's entirely too pretty for the boy now.

Frau Buchner.— I've laid out the blue dress for you. (*Calling after IDA*) and put on the brooch, do you hear? (*Exit IDA.*)

Frau Buchner (continuing, to FRAU SCHOLZ).— She doesn't care anything about jewelry. (*A knock at the outer door.*)

Frau Scholz.— Wait — who's that? (*To FRAU BUCHNER.*) Won't you see about it — I can't go now, I —

Frau Buchner (calling at the stair door).— Ida! Your Wilhelm is coming!

(*Enter DR. SCHOLZ through the glass door.*)

(*DR. SCHOLZ is strikingly large, bloated. Face fat, skin gray and dirty, eyes now expressionless, now glittering as if glazed; vague look. He wears bushy gray side whiskers. His motions are heavy and uncertain. He speaks by jerks, and gaspingly, articulates as if he had meal in his mouth, and stumbles over syllables. He is dressed carelessly, a faded velvet vest which was once brown, coat and trousers of indifferent color. Cap with a great visor, stone gray, of unusual shape. Rough silk neckcloth. Worn*

linen. He blows his nose occasionally on a great Turkey-red handkerchief. He carries in his right hand a cane with a staghorn head, wears a great military overcoat and carries a fur foot warmer over his left arm.)

Dr. Scholz.—Your servant! your servant!

Frau Scholz (staring at the doctor as if he were an apparition from another world.)—Fritz!

Dr. Scholz.—Yes, that's who I am.

Frau Scholz (throwing her arms around her husband's neck with a cry.)—Fritz!

Auguste (opens the door, right, but withdraws at once.)—Father!

(FRAU BUCHNER steps back in astonishment, then exit through the side door, left.)

Dr. Scholz.—I'm back, as you see. Now tell me first, is Friebe here?

Friebe (peeps through the kitchen door, frightened, then comes forward.)

Herr Doctor! (He rushes to him, seizes both his hands and kisses them.)

Well now, who'd a thought it? Lord, give me a dollar, who'd a thought it?

Dr. Scholz.—Pssst! — be careful — shut the front door tight. *(FRIEBE runs and obeys with joyous zeal.)*

Frau Scholz (beside herself with astonishment.)—But tell me now, Fritz, tell me now — my thoughts are flying away from me *(embracing him with sobs)*. Ah, Fritz! what a lot of pain you've given me in this long time!

Dr. Scholz (pushing his wife gently away.)—Oh, yes, my life, too — we'd better not begin to blame each other — you're still the same old melancholy soul *(with something of bitterness)*. Anyway, I wouldn't have troubled you, if it hadn't been — *(FRIEBE takes his overcoat, his foot bag, etc.)* There are circumstances, dear Minna, when a man has influential enemies, as I did —

(Exit FRIEBE through the stair door, with the doctor's effects.)

Frau Scholz (sulking good humoredly.)—But nobody told you to go, Fritz! You had a safe, warm home here. You might have lived here so nice!

Dr. Scholz.—I don't want to hurt your feelings, but there are some things about it you don't understand.

Frau Scholz.—Yes, I know; I'm a very simple-minded person, that is possible, but you weren't responsible for any one. It wasn't necessary at all that you —

Dr. Scholz.—Pssst! it was very necessary. *(Somewhat mysteriously.)* After guilt comes atonement, after sin comes punishment.

Frau Scholz.—Well, yes, of course, Fritz, you had a good deal to bear, I know. *(From now till the conclusion of the conversation she keeps casting*

anxious glances toward the door, as if she feared WILHELM'S arrival at any moment.) We could have been so quiet, so contented, if you had only wanted to.

Dr. Scholz.— I had it all to bear, every bit of it.

Frau Scholz.— Now you're unfair again.

Dr. Scholz.— Well, maybe I am; but a lot of scoundrels banded together against me; that's known well enough. For example, just imagine — in the hotels — the waiters — I never could get a night's sleep, back and forth, back and forth in the corridors and always right in front of *my* door.

Frau Scholz.— But they certainly didn't disturb you on purpose.

Dr. Scholz.— They didn't? Well now, there you are, that's what you can't understand.

Frau Scholz.— Well, it's possible; the waiters are awful mean sometimes.

Dr. Scholz.— Mean? Well, I guess they are mean! Well, we could talk about that, but I have a headache (*reaches for the back of his head*) there! Oh, it's a scoundrelly business! I know well enough who I owe that to. I want to see now if I can drive it off with a sound sleep. I'm *very* tired.

Frau Scholz.— But there's no fire upstairs, Fritz.

Dr. Scholz.— Just imagine, in a trip about Vienna. No fire? That doesn't make any difference. Friebe will see to that at once. Tell me, how is Friebe now? I mean, can you still depend on him as much as ever?

Frau Scholz.— Friebe's just like he always was.

Dr. Scholz.— I thought so. Good by! (*After he has pressed his wife's hand he turns toward the staircase with a deeply thoughtful expression. Noticing the tree, he stops and stares at it absently.*) What does that mean?

Frau Scholz (*with a mixture of shame, fear, and emotion*).— We are keeping Christmas! .

Dr. Scholz.— Keeping Christmas? (*After a long pause, lost in memories.*) It's — been — a — long — time — ago! (*Turning around and speaking with genuine emotion.*) And you've turned white, too.

Frau Scholz.— Yes, Fritz — both of us —

(*DR. SCHOLZ nods and turns away. Exit through the stair entrance.*)

Frau Buchner (*enters hastily, left*).— And your husband's back again

Frau Scholz.— It's like — as if — I don't know! Lord, what am I to think about it?

Frau Buchner.— That it's a dispensation, dear friend, and we all must be thankful for it.

Frau Scholz.— Oh, how he looks! What a time he's had! Such a life as he must have lived; from one country to another, from one town — oh! he's paid the price.

(FRAU BUCHNER starts for the stairs.)

Frau Scholz (frightened).— Where are you going?

Frau Buchner.— To tell Ida the good news. (*Exit through the stair door.*)

Frau Scholz.— Oh, yes! No, what are you thinking about? We mustn't let him notice it! I know my husband too well for that! When he finds out there's anybody but him living upstairs — then I'd have trouble for sure!

Frau Buchner (from the stairs).— I'll go very softly —

Frau Scholz.— Yes, yes! don't make any noise!

Frau Buchner.— I'll be very quiet.

Frau Scholz.— Olorolordolord! be as still as you can!

Auguste (enters hastily, left).— Father's here?

Frau Scholz (beside herself).— Yes, he's here! What are we going to do? And now Wilhelm's going to be here too. I'm nearly dead for fright. Suppose he met father? He might come in any minute. All the things a poor old woman like me has to stand!

Auguste.— O mamma, I have such a strange feeling, such a strange feeling! We had got so used to it without him. It's as if a dead man came back. I'm afraid, mamma!

Frau Scholz.— I suppose he's spent all his money.

Auguste.— Yes, that would be — Yes, yes! that would be the last straw.

Frau Scholz.— Well, I don't know how we'll come out if he has. We'll have to go out and beg.

Ida (comes down dressed, joyfully. Pressing AUGUSTE's hand cordially).— Gustie! Is it true? Oh? I'm so glad! (FRAU SCHOLZ and AUGUSTE are painfully moved.)

(ROBERT enters at one of the doors, left. Medium size, delicate, haggard, and pale. His eyes are deep set and glow at times as if he were ill. Moustache and full beard. He smokes Turkish tobacco from a pipe with a very short stem.)

Robert (lightly).— It's getting uncomfortable here, mother.

Frau Scholz.— Now he begins on me!

Auguste.— Let him begin, if he wants to. (*Privately casting discontented glances at IDA's toilet.*)

Robert (to IDA, who has looked at him in surprise).— Well, that's the way I'm built, Fräulein Ida!

Ida (shakes her head incredulously).— No — No —

Robert.— Why not? I don't think it's worth the trouble to pretend to feel what I don't — It isn't worth the trouble.

Ida.— No — that isn't your real self.

Auguste (breaking out).— You'll drive us mad, Robert.

Robert.— Not intentionally. I don't want anybody to go mad!

Auguste.— I don't care!

Robert.— Ditto here.

Auguste.— Ditto, ditto — idiocy!

Robert (with feigned astonishment).— I beg your pardon. I supposed you'd be a little politer, but I see you don't care anything about outward charms any longer.

Ida (soothingly).— Oh, Herr Robert —

Robert.— Well, I must defend myself, must n't I —

Auguste (half choked with tears).— Oh, you! — oh, you! There's no good in you, you brute, you're as mean as you can be! Frau Buchner! isn't it a shame? He — I — I've sat here with mother — here — the best — best part of my — life I've spent, while you — I — just like a servant girl —

Robert.— That sounds very fine. I'll admit it does! You ought to go on the stage! (*Changing his tone, brutally.*) None of your bad jokes. Listen to me: You and your martyr-halo, — it's all tommyrot. It's somewhere else besides at home that the trouble lies; you know that well enough.

Auguste.— Mother! I can prove it by you, that I've refused three offers!

Robert.— Pshaw! If mother'd just shelled out the necessary financial wherewithal, of course the gentlemen would have taken *you* to boot.

Frau Scholz.— Money? (*Approaching ROBERT, holding out her hand.*) Here, take a knife and cut it out, cut the money out of my hand!

Auguste.— They'd have taken *me*, would they? Do you want to see the letters of refusal?

Frau Scholz (interrupting).— Children! (*She makes a motion as if she would bare her breast to the death thrust.*) Here, kill me first! Haven't you as much consideration for me as that comes to? Not that much? Haven't you? Good gracious Lord, not five minutes — I don't know what kind of children they are — not five minutes will they keep from quarreling.

Robert.— Yes, I know it; that's what I was saying; it's getting uncomfortable again.

(FRIEBE comes downstairs officiously. He whispers something to FRAU SCHOLZ, whereupon she hands him a key. Exit FRIEBE into the cellar.)

*Robert (has observed the scene silently. At the moment when FRIEBE vanishes in the cellar door).—*Aha!

*Auguste (has been watching ROBERT. Now she breaks out, furiously).—*You haven't a grain of mercy — not a grain!

*Robert.—*Ditto!

*Auguste.—*But you're playing a part. You're the wretchedest liar, and that's the disgusting part about it.

*Robert.—*About father, do you mean?

*Auguste.—*Of course about father.

*Robert (shrugging his shoulders).—*If you think —

*Auguste.—*Yes — that's what I think — yes — for — if you're not then — then — you're a miserable rascal!

*Frau Scholz (interrupting).—*Will this ever stop, or what —

*Robert (indifferently).—*Then I am a rascal. Well, what of it? (*IDA, who has been waiting uneasily for some time, goes out through the glass door.*)

*Auguste.—*You shameless wretch!

*Robert.—*Shameless, that's right, so I am.

*Frau Buchner.—*Herr Robert! I don't believe you. You are better than you want to make us believe — better even than you think you are yourself.

*Robert (coldly, in a slightly sarcastic tone which becomes more evident as he proceeds).—*My dear Frau Buchner, I suppose it's very kind of you — but as I've said before, I don't exactly understand what I have done to deserve — I must even go so far as to refuse to take advantage of your kindness. My self-respect is, thus far at least, by no means so completely gone that I need anybody to —

*Frau Buchner (slightly bewildered).—*That's exactly what I think about it. But — your father —

*Robert.—*My father is to me a certain Doctor Fritz Scholz.

*Auguste.—*Yes, yes, there you go!

*Robert.—*And if I am not exactly as indifferent in the eyes of this person as any other fool he might meet, it is because I — well, because — (*he smokes a moment*) because I — because I am in a certain sense the product of his folly.

*Frau Buchner (apparently dazed).—*Excuse me! I can't let you go on this way any longer. How can you dare to say such things? It makes the cold chills run over me.

*Frau Scholz (to FRAU BUCHNER).—*Let him go, let him go! You'll see some things here that —

*Auguste.—*Now what do you mean by that, mother? We can't help

the way we're made. Other people, with all their remarkable ways, aren't a bit better.

Robert.— Of course I know that there are still a few naïve souls who never feel comfortable unless they're pulling and patching at their fellowmen. Mediæval superstition! Nonsense!

Frau Buchner (seizing ROBERT by both hands, heartily).— Herr Robert! I have a mission to accomplish with you. That makes me proof against you. It's an honest fact, you haven't offended me in the least.

Robert (a little taken back).— You're a remarkable woman.

Friebe (comes out of the cellar. He carries in his left hand three bottles of red wine, holding the necks between his fingers, and under his left arm a bottle of cognac. In his right hand he holds the key. Approaching FRAU SCHOLZ officiously).— Now where is the cigars?

Frau Scholz.— Good gracious, Friebe! I don't know anything —

Robert.— In the writing desk, mother.

Frau Scholz.— Oh, yes. (She takes the bunch of keys and hunts nervously for the right one.)

Auguste.— You know the key to the writing desk, don't you?

Robert.— The one with the straight ward.

Frau Scholz.— Yes, I know! — wait a minute!

Robert.— Let him have it —

Frau Scholz.— Wait a minute, wait! — here! No, that isn't the one. I'm all out of my head. (Holding the bunch of keys out to ROBERT.) There!

Robert (drawing off the right key and handing it to FRIEBE).— There it is. Hope you'll enjoy father's cigars.

Friebe.— Well, he's at it just the same as ever! Never stops it all day long. (A violent ring above.) I'm a-comin'! (Exit FRIEBE up the stairs.)

Frau Scholz.— The wine won't last much longer, at that rate. Good gracious, where will it all end? All that wine! And such a lot of those expensive, strong cigars! I'm sure he'll ruin himself yet.

Robert.— That's something you've no right to deprive any one of.

Frau Buchner.— What do you mean?

Robert.— Every one must enjoy himself in his own fashion. As far as I'm concerned, at least, I'm not going to let any one take that privilege away from me. Not even if there's law against me. It's strange, though!

Frau Buchner.— What did you say?

Robert.— Strange!

Frau Buchner.— What makes you look at me like that? Is it something about me that's strange?

Robert.— In a way, yes. You have been at our house several days, and you're not thinking of going away yet.

Auguste.— How you do talk!

Frau Scholz.— Will you never stop it? (*Shakes her head in despair.*)

Robert (with brutal violence).— Well now, mother, isn't it the truth? Did anybody ever stay longer than half a day with us before? Haven't they all fallen away from us, the Nitzsches, the Lehmanns —

Auguste.— Well, what do we care if they do? It's all the same to me. We can get along very well without them —

Robert.— Yes, very nicely indeed! (*In a brutal tone.*) I tell you, Frau Buchner, right under the noses of company they'd tug at each other's hair till the dust would fairly fly. Mother would tear the table cloth off, father would make passes at her with the water bottle. Cheerful, wasn't it? Cheerful scenes, cheerful impressions for childhood?

Auguste.— You ought to crawl on the floor for shame, you miserable wretch! (*Exit hastily.*)

Frau Scholz.— Now do you see how it is? I've had to stand that for years and years! (*Exit, greatly moved.*)

Robert (goes on unfalteringly).— Of course there's nothing remarkable about it. A man of forty marries a girl of sixteen and drags her into this God-forsaken corner. A man who has been in the Turkish service as a physician, and has traveled over Japan. An educated, enterprising sort of fellow. A man who has been busy forging the most ambitious projects joins himself to a woman who has scarcely outgrown the idea that you can see America as a star in the heavens. Yes, it's a fact! I'm not exaggerating a particle. Yes, and that's the way it happened; a standing, dirty, putrefying marsh, and that's where we had the delightful privilege of taking our origin. Mutual understanding, respect, consideration, and this is the bed we children grew out of.

Frau Buchner.— Herr Robert! I'd like to ask you —

Robert.— Very well! I'm not anxious to talk about it. Anyway, the story's —

Frau Buchner.— No, no, I want to ask a favor of you; I'm in a hurry.

Robert.— A favor — of me?

Frau Buchner.— Couldn't you do it to please me? — couldn't you — wouldn't it be possible some way? Couldn't you just for this evening lay off your mask?

Robert.— What do you mean? Lay off my mask?

Frau Buchner.— Yes, for it is surely not your real face that you are showing us.

Robert.— What ideas you have!

Frau Buchner.— Promise me, Herr Robert —

Robert.— But I haven't any idea —

Frau Buchner.— Wilhelm, your brother Wilhelm may come any minute, and —

Robert (contemptuously).— Frau Buchner! if you would only, only believe me! Your efforts, I'm sure of it, will fail absolutely. We're all rotten to the bone. Rotten in our makeup, completely ruined in our bringing up. You can't do anything with us. It all looks very nice. Christmas tree, lights, presents, family festivities, but it's all on the surface; tortured, black lie, nothing more! And now father shows up. If I didn't know how un-get-at-able he is, I swear, I'd believe you brought him here.

Frau Buchner.— The Lord knows I didn't! That was what started me to hoping in the first place. That can't be an accident, that's a dispensation of Providence. And so I say from the bottom of my heart, be friendly and kind to your brother. If you knew how well he speaks of you, with what love and respect —

Robert (interrupting).— Yes, but what for?

Frau Buchner.— What do you mean?

Robert.— Why should I be kind and good to him?

Frau Buchner.— How can you ask that?

Robert.— Why shouldn't I?

Frau Buchner.— Well, in the first place, so as not to spoil his coming back to his parents' house at the very start.

Robert.— Oh, we'll not indulge in physical violence, as you seem to believe, and, anyway, if you think that when he enters these precincts a subtle emotion will take possession of him —

Frau Buchner.— Your brother is such a good man, such a noble man at bottom! He fought a terribly hard fight before he could decide to take this step. I can assure you he is very anxious indeed to be reconciled with you.

Robert.— I can't understand at all what that means! Reconciled? What has he got to be reconciled about? I don't understand this business at all. We always got along pretty well together, we children. This is all a new thing to me. I haven't anything to reproach him with. Of course there are certain facts that aren't easy to get around. Let me ask you; do you think I have any particular reverence for my father? I haven't, have I? Not to speak of loving him. Do you see any evidences of filial gratitude? Of course you know there isn't any reason why there should be. All my life we have got along best with each other when we simply ignored

each other. Now and then, when we got to blaming each other for our mutual misfortunes, we have even gone as far as to hate each other. Well now, this same hate reached an awful state between father and Wilhelm. Of course I can appreciate that perfectly well. And perhaps it's an accident that I didn't do as Wilhelm did. So I have no grudge against him, with the restriction that I never see him. When I do see him, all my tolerance goes to the devil; then I'm rather — rather — well, how shall I say it? Then — then I don't see anything else but the man who struck *my* father — not his, but *my* father — who struck my father in the face.

Frau Buchner.— Oh, good Lord!

Robert.— And then I can't tell what I won't do, I can't tell anything about it.

Frau Buchner.— Oh, gracious, gracious! is that true? Struck him, did you say? — in the face? — his *own* father?

Robert.— That's exactly what he did.

Frau Buchner (half beside herself).— Oh, good Lord, good Lord! But — then I can — then I must go right off and talk to your good old father, then —

Robert (thoroughly alarmed).— Talk to whom?

Frau Buchner (half crying).— To your good old, poor, abused father.

Robert (tries to hold her back).— For heaven's sake, who is it you want to see?

Frau Buchner.— Let me go! I must, must. (*Exit up the stairs.*)

Robert (calling after her).— Frau Buchner! (*Turning back.*) Damned hysterical foolishness!

(*He shrugs his shoulders and walks back and forth across the room; several times he starts as if to rush after her, then changes his mind each time; finally he gives up all idea of interference and by a visible effort forces himself into a condition of apparent calmness. First he busies himself with his tobacco pipe; he taps it clean, fills it with fresh tobacco, which he takes from a pouch, lights it and seems for a minute or two completely given up to the enjoyment of smoking. Then his attention turns gradually to the Christmas tree and the presents on the table; standing before them with his legs wide apart, he surveys the scene, pipe in mouth, and laughs bitterly several times. Suddenly he starts, takes his pipe in his hand, and bends low over the table. Straightening up he seems to come for the first time to the realization that he is alone. Looking around as cautiously as a thief, he bends again, hastily seizes the yellow silk purse, carries it nearer his eyes, and with a quick, passionate motion touches it to his lips. He is evidently the prey of a secret and morbid passion. A noise disturbs him. Instantly the purse finds its*

way to its old position. Robert rises on his toes and tries to slink away. As he is passing through the side door, left, he sees his mother, who is entering through the outer door on the same side, and stops.)

Frau Scholz (goes heavily but hurriedly across the room to the stairway door; here she stops and listens.)

Robert (turning back).—Tell me, mother, what in the world is it that this woman is after?

Frau Scholz (frightened).—Olordolordolord! You do scare a person so —

Robert.—What — wh — what they're af — just what the Buchners are after here is what I'd like to know.

Frau Scholz.—I'd rather know what your father — what can he be after here? Yes, tell me that! What does he want here?

Robert.—Well, I suppose you're not going to refuse to lodge him, are you?

Frau Scholz (protesting, half crying).—I can't see why. It was so long that he had no use for me. At least I was my own master. Now it'll all begin again, the old squabbling. I'll have to spend my old days running errands like a little child.

Robert.—You always have to exaggerate. That's the way you always are; you can't get along without it.

Frau Scholz.—You just watch him when he sees the empty hot house to-morrow. I can't keep an extra gardener just for the stuff, can I? And the ant boxes are gone too. I don't care if the flowers never grow at all; I never got anything but headaches out of them! And all the vermin! I can't see what good it all does. And I've got to be worn down by all this kind of doing. The very noise is enough to worry me to death. Oh, life isn't worth living any more.

Robert (while FRAU SCHOLZ is still speaking, has started away, shrugging his shoulders; now he stops and speaks back).—Can you remember the time when it was any more worth living?

Frau Scholz.—Can't I? Of course I can!

Robert.—You can? Well, that must have been before my time. (*Exit through the first door, left.*)

Frau Scholz (listening again at the stairway door).—When I think back —They're talking up there. (*She looks up, notices that she is alone, listens anxiously, and goes up at last, her hand at her ear, her face full of pain, grief, and curiosity.*)

(IDA and WILHELM enter through the glass door. WILHELM, of medium

height, powerful build, prepossessing appearance. Blond, close-cropped hair. Clothing neatly fitting, not at all foppish. Topcoat, hat, traveling bag. His left arm is about IDA's shoulders, her right arm is about his waist, and she draws him forward, slightly resisting.)

Ida.— Now you're here, do you see? The worst of it is over already.

Wilhelm (sighing heavily).— Not yet, dear.

Ida.— You can be sure your mother will be very, very glad to see you. So will Gustie. *(She pulls off his heavy gloves.)* Where did you get these?

Wilhelm.— How do you — like them?

Ida.— Thoroughly good people, you know that yourself.

Wilhelm (from now on more and more embarrassed with every moment, speaking slowly and as if to himself).— Re — markable. *(His eyes fall on the Christmas tree; buried in contemplation of it, he unconsciously stops and stands motionless.)*

Ida (unbuttoning his great-coat).— But sweetheart! that isn't the first Christmas tree you ever —

Wilhelm.— The first one I ever saw here, and you can't, you can't imagine — how strange —

Ida (drawing off the coat, while he submits mechanically).— Please, please, Willy. *(Standing before him, the coat over her arm, his hat and bag in her hand.)* Willy! look at me! *(emphatically)* hard! *(She stands for a moment stiffly upright, then she lays the things quickly aside and returns to WILHELM.)* You — promised — me —

Wilhelm.— Did you ever, Ida! did you ever see a funeral vault with wreaths and —

Ida (frightened).— Why, Wilhelm! *(Embraces him stormily, completely beside herself.)* That's wicked! that's really wicked of you! that's very, very wicked!

Wilhelm (pushing her back gently, struggling to repress his emotion).— No, it doesn't do a bit of good. *(Coldly, absently.)* Very well, very well!

Ida.— Oh, oh, what's the matter with you?

Wilhelm (studying the tree).— Except for this, everything is just as it was before, Ida! You can be sure of that!

Ida.— I'm so afraid all of a sudden, Willy. I wonder if it wouldn't have been better. I'm sure mother didn't know that it would be so, so hard for you, and I — I just thought, because mother said so, I didn't really want to do it. But now — now you've gone this far, now be — listen — do it for my sake! Oh! *(She embraces him.)*

Wilhelm (drawn a little farther by IDA's arms, with signs of deep inward disturbance).— Every step forward! Oh, what I've gone through here!

Ida.— No, don't stir it up! don't stir up the old days!

Wilhelm.— See here! It's all clear to me now. Your mother ought not have persuaded me to do it. She is always so confident, so— I knew it well enough, I told her so, but that naïve unshakable confidence of hers — I shouldn't have let it blind me!

Ida.— Oh, how hard you do take everything, Wilhelm! I'm sure you will talk differently to-morrow, when you have seen them all again. Then you will at least be justified in your own eyes. You have proved that you are seriously anxious to live in peace with your family.

Wilhelm.— When I see all this again, all the old places — everything comes out so, so distinctly, you understand! The past comes so close to me, so terribly close! I can't — I'm completely defenseless.

Ida (embracing him, weeping).— When I see you like this, Wilhelm, oh, you mustn't believe, you mustn't ever believe, for heaven's sake, that I would have made you do it, if I had had the slightest idea — Oh, don't ever believe that! Oh, it hurts me so to see you like that.

Wilhelm.— *Ida!* I must tell you, I tell you solemnly, I've got to get away from here, I must! I can't stand this thing, I can't! I'm not sure but it will ruin me forever. You're only a child, a sweet, pure child, *Ida*, what do you know, thank God forever and ever, you can't ever have even a suspicion of what I — what this creature beside you — I must tell you — Hate! Gall! — the minute I came in —

Ida.— Shall we go? Shall we go away from here this minute?

Wilhelm.— Yes, for when I'm here, even you! — I can scarcely separate you from the others. I'm losing you! It makes me a criminal, just to have you here.

Ida.— If you could just be a little plainer! There must have been — something terrible must have happened here, to —

Wilhelm.— Here? A crime! all the more horrible because it isn't called a crime. They gave me life here, and then right here they — I must tell you — I could almost say, they systematically ruined me, till I loathed the place, till I dragged around and panted under it like a beast of burden, crawled away under the burden, dug a cave for myself, buried myself alive, anything — oh, I can't tell you what I suffered, hate, rage, remorse, despair, never a minute of peace! Day and night the same goading, eating pains (*points to his forehead*) here! (*and to his heart*) and here too!

Ida.— Oh, what can I do, Wilhelm? I can't trust myself any more — to advise you at all, I'm so —

Wilhelm.— You ought to have been satisfied, that I was so nearly

happy as I was. It was all so beautiful, so nearly forgotten, I didn't realize till now how beautiful. (*Crushed by his emotion he drops into a chair.*)

Ida (*suppressing a cry*).— Wilhelm!

Frau Buchner (*enters from the stairs in wild haste. Rushes to WILHELM*).— Wilhelm, listen to me, Wilhelm! Remember what we agreed to do. Now, if you care anything for me, I beg — Now show — Now I order you, I command you, as the mother of my child, Wilhelm! It depends on you, now, on you alone, Wilhelm, you have done an awful wrong! You have an awful weight on your conscience. You will be happy again — I have done it, I have spoken to your father. He —

Wilhelm (*leaps up stiffly, with staring eyes and stammering speech*).— F — father? What! W — with m — my f — father? (*He sways, staggers like a stupid person and reaches dully for his hat and coat.*)

Ida (*frightened*).— Wil — W —

(*WILHELM gives her to understand by signs that she must not touch him.*)

Ida.— Oh, mother — Wilhelm — You shouldn't — You shouldn't have told him that — right away.

Frau Buchner.— Wilhelm! are you a man? You can't have been deceiving us. If you have a spark of love for us left, for Ida, I insist — I, a woman —

(*WILHELM has taken up his belongings. IDA rushes to him, throws her arms around him, and holds him tight.*)

Ida.— You mustn't go, or I — Mother! if he goes, I will go with him!

Wilhelm.— Why — Why didn't you tell me that before?

Ida.— We haven't kept anything from you. You mustn't think as badly of us as that. We haven't kept anything from you at all.

Frau Buchner.— None of us, your mother, your sister, none of us knew anything about it, anything more about it than you did. He came a few minutes ago; without telling anybody he was coming; and of course I thought at once of —

Wilhelm.— Who told you that?

Frau Buchner (*weeping, reaches for his hand*).— You did an awful, awful thing.

Wilhelm.— So you know?

Frau Buchner.— Yes, I know now —

Wilhelm.— Everything?

Frau Buchner.— Yes, everything; and you see, I was right, I knew you were carrying something around with you. That was the secret.

Wilhelm.— You know that I —

(*FRAU BUCHNER nods yes.*)

Wilhelm.— And Ida? Is she to be sacrificed to a creature like — like me, — a — Does she know it? Do you know it, Ida, too?

Ida.— No, Wilhelm, but, whether I know it or not; that doesn't make a particle of difference.

Wilhelm.— No. This hand that you — this hand that has often — this hand has — (*To FRAU BUCHNER.*) Is that what you mean?

(*FRAU BUCHNER nods yes.*)

Wilhelm (to IDA).— How shamefully I have been deceiving you! I can't bring myself to it. Later!

Frau Buchner.— Wilhelm, I know how much I'm asking, but I — You must humble yourself before your poor father. Not till you do can you feel entirely free. Ask him to help you! Ask him to forgive you! Oh, Wilhelm, you must do that! You must fall down before him! And if he treads on you with his foot, you mustn't resist him! Don't say a word! Be as humble as a lamb! Believe what I say, I'm a woman, and I know what is best for you.

Wilhelm.— No, you don't know. You don't have any idea what you're asking of me. Oh, you must thank God, Frau Buchner, that He hasn't shown you the horror of the thing you're insisting on. That may be pitiless. What I have done may be pitiless. But what I have gone through with — that! — what I've fought through and suffered through the horrible pain of it. He threw it all on me, and to cap the climax, this damnable crime. But in spite of it all — (*After a long, deep look into IDA's eyes, he fights his way to a firm resolution.*) Perhaps — I can do it — in spite of it all!

ACT TWO

(*The stage is empty. It is lighted partly by a hanging lamp in the stairway entrance, but principally through the open doors which lead into the side room at the left. A dinner is in progress there, as may be inferred from the clinking of glasses and the rattling of dishes. Enter IDA from the dining-room, WILHELM after her.*)

Ida.— At last! (*Insinuatingly.*) But you must think of father now, Willy! Don't be angry at me, but if you have something to — apologize to father for, you mustn't wait till he comes down to you —

Wilhelm.— Do you suppose father will come down to dinner?

Ida.— Of course! Mamma has —

(*WILHELM suddenly embraces IDA and presses her to himself with an impulse of wild passion.*)

Ida.— Oh — why — you — if somebody — my hair will be —

(WILHELM lets his arms drop limply, folds his hands, drops his head, and stands before her, suddenly sobered, like a convicted criminal.)

Ida (arranging her hair).— What an enthusiastic boy you are!

Wilhelm.— You call it enthusiasm. I call it — something — very different —

Ida.— But, Willy! why are you so cast down all of a sudden? I can't make anything out of you.

Wilhelm (seizing her hand convulsively, laying his arm about her shoulders, draws her hastily across the room with him).— You can't make anything out of me. Yes, that's just it — the thing I'm most afraid of is that I — that all your trouble about me will be useless. I'm so horribly changeable. (Pointing to his forehead.) There's never any peace back there! Everything turned topsy turvy in a second! I'm afraid of myself. Could you have any idea what it is like to be running away from yourself? Well, that's what I'm doing — been doing all my life long.

Ida.— Well, after all — but I mustn't say that —

Wilhelm.— Tell me, please!

Ida.— Sometimes — I've thought sometimes — it's true, sometimes it has seemed to me as if — don't be angry at me — as there was nothing at all that you needed to run away from. I've felt, myself, as if —

Wilhelm.— No, you needn't think that! Did you notice Robert, did you watch him?

Ida.— No — what did he do?

Wilhelm.— Did you notice how he met me? He knows well enough what I have to run away from! He knows me. Just ask him, he'll tell you all about it! That's what he's threatening me with. Don't you worry, sir, I know better than that. Just watch, he always looks at me! I'm expected to be frightened, and cringe before him. Ha! ha! ha! No, my dear brother, we aren't in such a bad state as all that yet. And now you can see well enough, Ida, that I can't allow that,— I mean, you mustn't cherish any illusions about me. There's only one thing for me to do, and that is to be frank with you. I must force myself to it — that's what I'm trying to do. When you know me perfectly well, if you can still stand me then — or if you — can still love me — then — that would be something gained, then something would come to me — something brave and proud, I mean, then I would have somebody, and if all the rest of them despised me —

(IDA, in an impulse of devotion, nestles close to him.)

Wilhelm.— And now — and now you must — before I go up to father— You know what I mean?

(IDA nods.)

Wilhelm.— Now you must — I must make myself tell you what happened between me and my father. Yes, Ida, I will do it. (*Walking back and forth with her.*) It was like this! I was here on a visit — no — I can't begin that way, I must go back farther. You remember when I fought it out for a long time all alone. I've told you all about that, haven't I?

Ida.— No — but be calm, dear, it isn't necessary, don't let yourself get so excited, Willy!

Wilhelm.— Well, now, that's my trouble; I'm such a coward; I've never had the courage yet to tell you about my past. Of course I'm taking a risk when I do. I'm risking something, even with myself. No matter! If I can't even make myself do that, how can I ever reach the point of going up to see father?

Ida.— Don't do that if it's hard, dear! You have enough to suffer without it.

Wilhelm.— You're afraid of it, are you? You're afraid you will hear something —

Ida.— No, no, you mustn't talk like that!

Wilhelm.— Well, then, you must remember that father was living up there. Till he took mother, he had lived alone, and he soon dropped back into the same way; he lived on his lonely single life. All of a sudden he turned on us, Robert and me, that is; he never paid any attention to Auguste. Full ten hours a day we moped over our books. When I see the prison hole, even to-day, it was right next his workroom. You've seen the room?

Ida.— The great hall above?

Wilhelm.— Yes, that's it. When they put us in that room, it made no difference how bright the sun shone in at the windows — it was always night for us. Well, you know how it would be, we would run to mother. We would escape from him, and then there would be a scene. Mother would pull me by the left arm, father by the right. We would keep it up till Friebe had to carry us upstairs. We fought, we bit his hands; of course that did no good, it only made our lives worse. But we remained just as obstinate as ever, and now I can see that father began to hate us. Matters reached such a state that one day he drove both of us downstairs. He couldn't endure us any longer. The sight of us was hateful to him.

Ida.— But your father — you certainly think that? — meant well by you. He wanted you to learn a great deal, like —

Wilhelm.— Up to a certain point he may have meant well at the time — he *may* have. But when *that* happened we were only boys of nine or ten, and the meaning well ended with that. He was so far from meaning well

that he decided to ruin us completely. Yes, he did, just to spite mother. For five years we were left to ourselves with a vengeance. We were rascals and loafers. I still had something, for I happened to stumble into music. Robert had nothing. But we stumbled into all sorts of other things that I'm afraid we will never get entirely over. At last father's conscience troubled him. There were fearful scenes with mother. Finally we were packed up and taken to a reform school. And when I was unable to get used to the life of slavery there, and ran away, he had me caught and sent to Hamburg; the worthless vagabond was to be shipped to America.' Naturally, the worthless vagabond escaped again. I let my family go, and starved and suffered my own way through the world. Robert has about the same record behind him. But in spite of all this we are still good for nothings in father's eyes. Some time later I was so simple minded as to demand an allowance from him — not to beg for it! I wanted to attend the conservatory. Then he wrote back to me on a post card: Be a shoemaker! This is how, Ida, we are a sort of self-made men, but we are not particularly proud of it.

Ida.— Truly, Willy, I can't help it, dear, I sympathize with you in all of it, but — I can't be serious for the moment — Don't look at me so strangely, please, please!

Wilhelm.— Oh, Ida! It's bitter. It isn't anything to laugh about.

Ida (breaking out).— It's a feeling of jubilation, Wilhelm! I must tell you, it may be selfish, but I'm very, very happy, that you need me so. I want to love you so much, Wilhelm. I see the end of it all now. But I am all confused! I'm awfully, awfully sorry for you. But the sorrier I am for you the gladder I am. Do you understand what I mean? I mean — I imagine — all that you have missed — all the love you have missed, I mean, I could make up for to you richly —

Wilhelm.— If I could only deserve it, dear! For now comes — something — that's my affair, and nobody else's. Years ago — no — it seems — I came back to see mother, now and then, you know. Can you make it clear to yourself, Ida, when I saw all the misery over again — can you make it clear how I — how I felt then?

Ida.— You mean — your mother — suffered — a great deal?

Wilhelm.— In a good many respects I have a different idea about mother now. But, anyway, most of the fault is father's. At that time it seemed to me as if he kept mother a prisoner here against her will. I insisted that she separate from him.

Ida.— But — your mother couldn't do that, at all —

Wilhelm.— No, and she would not listen to me. She didn't have the

courage. Now, the way I looked at father — well, you can imagine that for yourself, I suppose.

Ida.— But listen, Wilhelm! Perhaps you were not entirely just to your father. A man —

Wilhelm (without noticing *IDA's* interruption).— Once I was so foolish as to invite a friend — foolishness: friend! A casual acquaintance, a musician, I brought him here with me. That was a great thing for mother. She played with him, a whole week, four-handed pieces every day. Then — Oh, it makes my blood run cold! As true as I stand before you, there wasn't a shadow of possibility! And by the end of the week the servants bellowed it right into her face.

Ida.— Please — I don't — What was it?

Wilhelm.— Mother! They said mother — they said my mother — they said — Can you believe it? — they had the brazenness to tell her openly that she — was too, too familiar with — that is, I made the girl say it — what shamelessness — she said the coachman had told her. I went to the coachman and he — he — he said — he told me the man had told him — the man himself. Of course I had no reason for believing such vile nonsense! Or, at least, I refused to till — till — I heard a — a talk — that father — had in the — the stables — in the horse stalls with the boy — and — I know you'll believe me — my hands turned to ice when I heard him talk there about my mother.

Ida.— Please don't — please let me — don't let yourself get so terribly excited. You're all —

Wilhelm.— I don't know what happened then — I only know — There is something in a man — his will is a scrap of straw — A man can't help seeing a thing like that through — it was like an avalanche — It was like — and all of a sudden I found myself in father's room — I saw him. He was at work at something — I can't remember what any more. And then — I — I — with — these — with my own hands — I punished him! (*He has difficulty in holding himself upright.*)

(*IDA, her eyes are full of tears, which she wipes away. Pale and troubled, she gazes at WILHELM, then kisses him on the forehead, weeping silently.*)

Wilhelm.— You angel of mercy!

(*The DOCTOR's voice is heard from the stairs.*)

Wilhelm.— And now — or never! (*He pulls himself together, IDA kisses him again. He has seized her hand convulsively. The DOCTOR's voice dies away, and gay laughter is heard from the dining-room.*)

Wilhelm (indicating the dining-room and then the staircase, on which the DOCTOR's steps are heard descending).— You and your mother have a

wonderful influence! (*A hand grasp of mutual encouragement, then IDA leaves WILHELM. Before she goes, she turns once more, seizes WILHELM's hand and says, "Be brave"; then goes out.*)

Dr. Scholz (still on the stairs).— Ah, foolishness! To the right, Friebe! Ah! my elbow — don't hold me, don't hold me! Thunder!

(*WILHELM as the DOCTOR approaches appears more and more excited. His color changes frequently, he runs his fingers through his hair, breathes deeply, moves the fingers of his right hand as if he were playing a piano, etc. It is evident that contradictory impulses are struggling within him, that the decision is still uncertain. He seems inclined to escape, but his design is prevented by the entrance of the DOCTOR. He has seized the back of a chair to support himself, and stands, pale and trembling. The DOCTOR has stopped likewise, drawn up to his full imposing height, and gazes at his son with a look which expresses successively fear, hate, and contempt. The room is silent. FRIEBE, who has entered also, supporting the DOCTOR and holding a light for him, slinks away into the kitchen. There are physical signs of a struggle in WILHELM. He tries to speak, but his throat refuses to produce a sound, and he does no more than move his lips noiselessly. He takes his hand from the back of the chair and walks toward his father. He walks unsteadily, he sways, he seems on the point of falling, he tries to speak again, but is unable to utter a sound; he drags himself a little farther and falls with folded hands at his father's feet. In the DOCTOR's face have been visible, first hate, then astonishment, growing sympathy, alarm.*)

Dr. Scholz.— Boy — my dear boy! My — (He tries to lift him by the hands.) Please stand up! (He seizes WILHELM's head, which hangs limp, and turns it toward himself.) Look at me, boy, look at me, please. What's the matter — with —

(*WILHELM moves his lips.*)

Dr. Scholz (in a trembling voice).— What — What — are you saying to me? I —

Wilhelm.— F — father — I —

Dr. Scholz.— What — do you mean?

Wilhelm.— I — hav — I have h — h —

Dr. Scholz.— Foolishness, foolishness! Don't talk any more about such —

Wilhelm.— I've committed — a crime — against you —

Dr. Scholz.— Foolishness, foolishness! I don't know what you're driving at. Bygones are bygones. Do me the favor, boy —

Wilhelm.— But — take it from me! Take the burden from me!

Dr. Scholz.— Forgiven and forgotten, boy! forgiven and forgotten —

wonderful influence! (*A hand grasp of mutual encouragement, then IDA leaves WILHELM. Before she goes, she turns once more, seizes WILHELM's hand and says, "Be brave"; then goes out.*)

Dr. Scholz (still on the stairs).— Ah, foolishness! To the right, Friebe! Ah! my elbow — don't hold me, don't hold me! Thunder!

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Wilhelm.— But — take it from me! Take the burden from me!

Dr. Scholz.— Forgiven and forgotten, boy! forgiven and forgotten —

Wilhelm.— Thank you. (*He takes a deep breath and falls unconscious.*)

Dr. Scholz.— Boy! What's this you're doing? What ——

(*He lifts the body and drags it to the nearest armchair. Before he has arranged it, enter IDA, ROBERT, AUGUSTE, FRAU SCHOLZ, and FRAU BUCHNER hastily from the dining-room; FRIEBE from the kitchen.*)

Dr. Scholz.— Wine! Bring some wine, quick!

(*IDA goes out and returns at once with wine.*)

Frau Scholz.— Olordolordolord! Water! Throw some water over him, right away!

(*DR. SCHOLZ pours wine down his throat.*)

Auguste.— What was the matter?

Ida (*pale and in tears, lays her cheek against WILHELM's*).— He feels as cold as ice.

Frau Scholz.— What was it stirred the boy up so, I'd like to know? It all seems perfectly ——

Robert (*seizing her hand and interrupting her reprovngly*).— Mother!

Frau Buchner.— Use some water, use some water, Doctor!

Dr. Scholz.— Pshaw, pshaw! Have you — have you any *eau de cologne*?

Frau Buchner.— Yes. (*She gives him a bottle.*) Here is some.

Dr. Scholz.— Thank you. (*He spreads the liquid over the young man's forehead.*)

Ida (*to the DOCTOR*).— It isn't — oh, I hope it isn't so! but — (*She breaks out into sobs.*) Oh, he looks so terrible, he looks just as if he were — dead.

(*ROBERT comforts IDA.*)

Frau Scholz.— How the boy's sweating! (*She wipes his forehead.*)

(*WILHELM yawns.*)

Dr. Scholz.— Pshaw! (*He and all the rest study WILHELM in suspense.*)

(*WILHELM clears his throat, stretches himself, opens and closes his eyes like a person drunk with sleep, and lays his head back as if falling asleep again.*)

Dr. Scholz (*aloud*).— Thank God!

(*He straightens up, wipes his forehead with his handkerchief and studies his surroundings with emotion and something of embarrassment. IDA has thrown her arms about her mother's neck, laughing and crying at the same time. ROBERT stands with folded hands, repressing his emotion with difficulty, and looking in turn at the others. AUGUSTE walks up and down, her handkerchief held tight against her mouth, and every time she passes she stops a moment before WILHELM and gazes at him earnestly. FRIEBE goes out on tiptoe. The DOCTOR's glance meets his wife's. She approaches him timidly and earnestly, takes his hand quietly, and touches him on the back.*)

Frau Scholz.— My dear!

(AUGUSTE, following her mother's example, embraces and then kisses her father, who submits unresponsibly, without taking his hand from his wife's.)

Auguste (her arms about his neck).— My dearest father!

(ROBERT, with a sudden resolution, steps up to his father and shakes his hand.)

(FRAU SCHOLZ releases the DOCTOR's hand and leads IDA to him.)

(DR. SCHOLZ looks first at IDA, then at WILHELM, and casts an inquiring glance at FRAU BUCHNER.)

(FRAU BUCHNER nods.)

(DR. SCHOLZ makes a motion which seems to say: *I see nothing against it, although I'd rather not commit myself. Then he holds out his hand to the girl.*)

(IDA approaches him, takes his hand, bends over it and kisses it.)

(DR. SCHOLZ draws his hand back quickly, as if frightened.)

(WILHELM sighs deeply. Every one is startled.)

(AUGUSTE in the dining-room door, makes a sign to FRAU SCHOLZ, then exit.)

(FRAU SCHOLZ makes signs to the DOCTOR, indicating that it would be better to go into the next room and leave the patient.)

(DR. SCHOLZ nods assent, and goes away carefully, hand in hand with FRAU SCHOLZ.)

FRAU BUCHNER (who has indicated to IDA that she must stay with WILHELM, goes into the next room also.)

Robert (softly).— Fraulein Ida, would you — would you want to let me watch a while now?

Ida (joyfully surprised).— I'd be glad to! (Presses his hand, then exit into the dining-room.)

(ROBERT draws a chair near WILHELM'S and sits down, his eyes on the sleeper as he does so. After a while he draws a pipe out of his pocket, and makes preparations to light it, but remembers the patient in time, and puts it away again.)

(WILHELM sighs, stretches out his limbs.)

Robert (softly and cautiously).— Wilhelm!

Wilhelm (clears his throat, opens his eyes in astonishment, and says after a while, as if ROBERT'S call had just reached his consciousness).— Yes?

Robert.— How do you feel now?

Wilhelm (after he has looked thoughtfully at ROBERT for some time, in a weak voice).— Robert? Isn't it?

Robert.— Yes, it's me, Robert. How are you now?

Wilhelm.— All right. (*Clears his throat.*) I'm very well — now. (*He smiles in a constrained fashion and makes a feeble effort to rise, which fails.*)

Robert.— No, no! It's a little bit too soon for that, isn't it?

(*WILHELM nods yes, sighs, closes his eyes in exhaustion.*)

(*A pause.*)

Wilhelm (*opens his eyes wide and speaks calmly, softly, but distinctly*).— Just what was it happened? Here?

Robert.— I think, Wilhelm, it will be best not to discuss it at present. I can assure you of one thing: it was something — I at least would never have supposed it was possible.

Wilhelm (*enthusiastically*).— Nor I, either.

Robert.— How could a fellow — oh, pshaw! Nobody would have guessed it in a thousand years! But it happened, all the same.

Wilhelm.— Yes — now I remember — more and more — it — was — beautiful! (*His eyes fill with tears.*)

Robert (*with a slight trembling in his voice*).— A fellow gets to be a sentimental old woman. Well, there's this much certain, now. We've had the proposition all wrong. We didn't know the old man. It's clear enough we didn't know what we were doing.

Wilhelm.— Father? No! We are all — *so* blind, *so* blind!

Robert.— Yes — the Lord knows! — we are that —

Wilhelm.— How strange it all seems! How wonderful! He loves us! The old man is good at heart!

Robert.— It looks as if he might be, and I never had any idea of it till now.

Wilhelm.— I'm beginning to see all sorts of things!

Robert.— As far as reasoning the thing out is concerned — you know — I had it settled a long time ago. Everything just happened to work out the way it did. I never held father responsible, that is, I haven't for years. Not for what happened to me, nor for any of us. But to-day I've *felt* it; and you know that's a very different thing. My word of honor, it's unbalanced me completely. When I saw him like that — anxious about you — it struck me like a thunderbolt. And now I keep asking myself: Why didn't we see it, why in the world didn't we? It's all come out now, so it must have been *in* us — why didn't it break out before? In father, in you — and in me; good Lord, why didn't it? It was in us, sure enough! And he swallowed it all down in himself. Father, I mean — yes, and we did, too, for so many years —

Wilhelm.— I see how it is now; a person not only turns a different side to everybody he meets, but he is actually different to each person —

Robert.— But why must that be so between us? Why must we always and forever repel each other?

Wilhelm.— I'll tell you: We're not warm-hearted! Now take Ida, for example! This way of thinking you've figured out is perfectly natural to her. She never sits in judgment. She's instinctively tender and gentle toward everything. That's what wins, you see! That — and I believe that's —

Robert (rising).— How do you feel now?

Wilhelm.— I'm perfectly comfortable now —

Robert.— Pshaw — what good does all this do? Why, I mean — I mean — of course *you* may come out all right!

Wilhelm.— You think so?

Robert.— Yes. You and — and Ida, of course.

Wilhelm.— I hope so. They have such an influence, both of them. Frau Buchner has, too, but Ida has more. I've been hoping that could save me. At first I struggled against it —

Robert (thoughtfully).— They certainly have! They have an influence and that's why, at first — to be frank with you, I was envious of you.

Wilhelm.— I saw that well enough.

Robert.— Well, you see, I heard about an engagement, and then I saw Ida. She ran up and down the stairs and sang so cheerfully, without an idea of —

Wilhelm (rises).— I understood it all well enough; I couldn't hold it against you, of course.

Robert.— Of course not! And now, well now, I've got to be different — I've got to be good, as I said, the way things have come out. So you're all right now?

Wilhelm.— Perfectly well.

Robert.— Then you'll come in pretty soon?

Wilhelm.— As soon as — you go on with the others!

Robert.— All right! (*Starts away, comes back.*) Let me tell you, I can't help it, I owe it to you, your whole conduct, toward father, and everywhere, was very honorable. I jumped on you, like a brute, with my cursed stupidity. Well, devil take it all! This is the first time in a long while that I've felt such an imperative impulse to kick myself all over town. Does that satisfy you now? Well, you'll have the kindness to — if I — well, I've been insulting you once a minute ever since you came. And — I'm sorry for it! Do you hear that?

Wilhelm.— Brother! (*They shake hands, greatly moved.*)

Robert (quietly takes his hand out of Wilhelm's, pulls out his pipe, lights

it, puffs a few times, saying to himself as he does so).— Can't a fellow's soul turn somersaults, though — pff! pff! Strange thing. (Turns and starts away again. Before he opens the door of the dining-room he turns back and calls over his shoulder to Wilhelm.) I'll send her out to you!

Wilhelm.— Oh, well, you needn't do that! All right, if you —

(ROBERT nods and vanishes through the door.)

(WILHELM takes a deep breath of relief. He is beaming visibly.)

Ida (comes out of the dining-room, rushes into his arms).— Willy!

Wilhelm.— Now — now, you, the two of you — you two angels have got me free. Now, a brand-new life. It seems to me as if I've grown twice as big! Oh, you dearest! I never knew till now what a terrible weight it was on me! And now I'm strong! I'm strong, dear! You can depend on it, I'll win out now! I'll show him what the good for nothing is worth! I'll show father what I can do. I'll show him there's something living in me; there's power, there's art, and people shall bow before it. The stiffest heads will bend, I feel it! I've been tied, that's all! My finger tips are itching this minute. I want to create, I want to do something!

Ida.— I knew it, I knew it! Now you've found yourself at last. Dearest, I'd like to shout for joy. I'd like to shout and sing. See, I was right; there's nothing dead in you! It was just asleep. It will all wake up again in time, I kept telling you. It has waked up, you see now!

(They embrace and kiss each other, and walk up and down the room with their arms around each other, speechless with happiness.)

Wilhelm (stops, gazes into the eyes of his bride in a sort of blissful amazement, then lets his glance rove around the room).— In these ice-cold vaults, how enchantingly happy it is! (They kiss again, and walk on in happy silence.)

Ida (sings softly, with roguish reference to something in the past, as if implying).— Now, you see I was right:

When the pleasant linden tree
Blooms again,
Comes the old spring dream to me —

(FRAU SCHOLZ enters, sees the pair, and starts hastily back.)

Ida (who has seen her, interrupts her song, and rushes to her).— Don't run away, mother!

Frau Scholz.— Oh, but I must! What do you want of me?

Wilhelm (embraces and kisses his mother, and helps IDA bring her back).

Frau Scholz (petulantly).— You aren't careful enough. You're — you're tearing something —

Wilhelm.— Oh, well, mother! that doesn't make any difference. Mother! You see another man before you. (*Between mother and bride, holding a hand of each.*) Come, my dear old mother! Look each other in the eyes! There, take hold of each other's hands!

Frau Scholz.— Foolish boy!

Wilhelm.— Kiss each other!

Frau Scholz (*after she has wiped her mouth with her apron*).— Ah, you stupid fellow! That — there isn't any use of that — you don't need me for that, does he, Ida? (*They kiss each other, laughing.*)

Wilhelm.— And now we'll have peace!

Frau Scholz.— Don't boast too soon, my boy!

(*FRIEBE carrying a smoking punch tureen, comes from the kitchen, and goes into the dining-room.*)

Wilhelm.— Oho! There it is. Friebe, is it good?

Friebe (*as he passes*).— Ah, you can put all of the stuff before me you please. I never touch none of it.

Wilhelm.— Impossible, Friebe!

Friebe.— I used to, I know. Now I'm sworn off long ago. Now I don't drink nothing — most of the time — but bitters. (*Exit.*)

Ida (*has arranged WILHELM's cravat and straightened his coat*).— There you are —

Wilhelm.— Thank you, dear! Is father in a good humor?

Frau Scholz.— He's telling such strange stories. Half of the time you can't understand him at all.

Wilhelm.— My heart's beginning to hammer again!

Frau Scholz.— If Robert just didn't drink so much.

Wilhem.— Oh, mother! To-day — to-day it doesn't make any difference! To-day —

Ida.— Well, come in quick now, before you —

Wilhelm (*to FRAU SCHOLZ*).— Will you go with us?

Frau Scholz.— You go in first!

(*IDA and WILHELM go into the dining-room.*)

(*FRAU SCHOLZ stands thoughtfully stroking her forehead, and following a sudden impulse, goes and listens at the dining-room door.*)

Friebe (*enters through the same door. It is evident that he is tipsy*).— Frau Doctor!

Frau Scholz.— What do you want?

Friebe (*cunningly mysterious*).— It's mighty strange, Frau Doc — tor'em.

Frau Scholz (*retreating*).— You've drunk too much. You —

Friebe.— I've been awatchin' all I could — I could and — and I wanted to tell you a secret.

Frau Scholz.— Yes, yes, yes! Tell ahead, what you've got to say.

Friebe.— Well, I just mean —

Frau Scholz.— Go on, Friebe, go on!

Friebe.— I just mean — it ain't just the thing. In this here b — bisness there's a great lot of things that I mustn't blab. I just mean yer *man*, he can't make it much longer —

Frau Scholz.— Oh, gracious, gracious, Friebe! You mean he has — Oh, gracious: Has he been complaining? Is he sick, do you mean?

Friebe.— Well, about that — I don't know nothing about that!

Frau Scholz.— What's the matter with him, then?

Friebe.— Why, I shouldn't — hadn't ought to say.

Frau Scholz.— Is it something serious? (*FRIEBE nods solemnly*).— He hasn't been talking about dying?

Friebe.— He's done — more'n that — he's settled his business and his holdin's, but —

Frau Scholz.— Well, tell me what you mean, can't you? The fellow's so drunk —

Friebe (angrily).— Yes, I — well, gardner and shoemaker and whatever happens to come along — no, no! I don't have to do everything comes along, that ain't my bisness. I did before, but I won't no more, there's the whole thing — clear — point! (*He wheels around and goes into the kitchen.*)

Frau Scholz.— The man's gone crazy.

Ida (enters by the second door into the dining-room, closing it behind her. Opening it a little again, she calls back into the room).— Wait, ladies and gentlemen! Wait patiently and obediently!

Wilhelm (following her).— I want to help you.

Ida.— Well, you and nobody else!

(*IDA and WILHELM light the candles on the Christmas tree.*)

Frau Scholz.— See here! Listen! Wilhelm!

Wilhelm (busy with the lights).— In a minute, mother! We'll be ready in a second.

(*The tree, the chandelier, and the stairway light are all lighted. IDA removes a great cloth which was spread over the presents on the table. WILHELM approaches his mother.*)

Ida (calls through the dining-room door).— Now!

(*FRAU SCHOLZ is about to tell WILHELM something, when she is in-*

interrupted by the entrance of DR. SCHOLZ. He is followed, in this order, by AUGUSTE, ROBERT, and FRAU BUCHNER).

Dr. Scholz (face heated by drinking, with affected astonishment).— Ah! Ah!

Frau Buchner.— Like a fairy story!

(AUGUSTE smiles, with some constraint.)

(ROBERT walks around the room, pipe in mouth, with a smile that is at first embarrassed, then more and more ironical.)

Ida (has led WILHELM, who is visibly moved by the scene, to the place where his presents are lying).— Don't laugh at me, Willy. (She offers him the purse.)

Wilhelm.— Why no! Ida! I asked you not —

Ida.— I knit it for father. The last year before his death he carried it a great deal. Then I thought —

Wilhelm (with rising embarrassment, under the eyes of the others).— Yes, yes, very well, thank you very much, Ida!

Robert.— The things ought to be more practical.

Frau Scholz (led to the table by FRAU BUCHNER).— But what's all this about? I can't do anything — I haven't anything for you (before a knit cloth)— no, no, now you — please don't! Did you knit that for me? Now, did you, for an old woman like me? Well now, I'm very thankful to you. (They kiss.)

Frau Buchner.— And I'm very, very glad, if you like it.

Frau Scholz.— Splendid! Wonderful, beautiful. How much time and trouble! Well, now!

Ida.— And I have something for you, too, Herr Robert! Only you mustn't laugh at me!

Robert (turning red to the roots of his hair).— Ah, what's that for?

Ida.— I thought your tobacco pipe is going to burn your nose pretty soon, and so I took pity on you, and yesterday, I went out in a hurry. (She produces a new pipe, which she has been holding behind her back, and offers it to him.) There's the work of art!

(General merriment.)

Robert (without taking the pipe from her).— You're joking, Fraulein!

Ida.— Well, yes! But the giving it to you is bitterly serious.

Robert.— Oh, no, no! I can't believe it!

Frau Scholz (in an exasperated aside to WILHELM).— Robert is unendurable!

Ida.— No, I'm not joking, really!

THE RECONCILIATION

Robert.— Well, now, you see — this thing here — I've got used to it — pshaw, and you're just joking, anyway!

Ida (her eyes full of tears; mastering her annoyance, in a trembling voice.) — Well, all right, as you please. (She lays the gift back on the table.)

Frau Buchner (has called to *IDA* softly several times during the conversation; now she rushes over to her).— *Ida*, dear, have you forgotten?

Ida.— What, mamma?

Frau Buchner.— Oh, you know. (To the others.) Now you'll hear something.

(*IDA*, glad of this opportunity to conceal her emotions, follows her mother, who has seized her by the hand, into the adjoining room.)

Frau Scholz (to *ROBERT*).— Why did you spoil her pleasure for her?

(*WILHELM* walks nervously up and down, chewing the ends of his moustache, and now and then casts a threatening glance at *ROBERT*.)

Robert.— What's that? How's that? I haven't any idea what you're talking about.

Auguste.— Well, it certainly wasn't exactly kind of you.

Robert.— Let me alone! How could I help it, anyway?

(A song with piano accompaniment, sounding from the next room, interrupts the speakers. All look at each other in astonishment.)

(*IDA's voice.*)

Oh, come, little children,
Oh, come, one and all!
Oh, come to the manger
In Bethlehem's stall,
And see, in this holy,
This blessedest night,
What the Father has given
To bring us delight!

(*DR. SCHOLZ* has grown more and more displeased at *ROBERT's* behavior. At the beginning of the song he looks shyly around, as if he feared an attack, and tries as unostentatiously as possible to place a certain distance between himself and all the others.)

Frau Scholz (at the beginning of the song).— Ah, how beautiful! (She listens eagerly for a moment, then breaks out into sobs.)

(*ROBERT*, when the song begins, moves slowly away, with a face that seems to say, *This is more than I can stand*, smiles ironically and shakes his head several times. As he passes he says something in a low voice to *AUGUSTE*.)

(AUGUSTE, considerably disturbed before, breaks out into an angry exclamation.)

(WILHELM, a prey to contradictory emotions, has been leaning against the table, nervously drumming on it; now his face flushes angrily.)

Robert (seems toward the end of the song to be suffering physically from the sound. The impossibility of remaining free from its influence seems to torment him, and to embitter him more and more. Immediately after the conclusion of the stanza he delivers himself involuntarily, as if it were a fragment of an inner monologue, of the words).—Childish tomfoolery! (in a biting and contemptuous tone.)

(Everybody, including the DOCTOR, has heard the words, and they all stare at ROBERT in horror.)

Frau Scholz, Auguste.—Robert!

(DR. SCHOLZ checks an impulse of violent anger.)

(WILHELM, pale with rage, takes several steps toward ROBERT.)

Frau Scholz (rushes in front of him, embraces him).—Wilhelm! For my sake, for my sake!

Wilhelm.—Very well. For your sake, mother!

(He walks around the room struggling with himself. At this moment the second stanza begins. Scarcely have the first tones reached his ear, when he comes to a decision, as the result of which he starts toward the door of the side room.)

He lies in the manger,
The dear little boy;
While Mary and Joseph
Gaze on Him with joy.
The good simple shepherds
Are kneeling in love:
A chorus of angels
Floats joyous above.

Frau Scholz (steps in his way).—Wilhelm! What are you going to do?

Wilhelm (in an outburst of indignation).—I'm going to have them stop singing.

Auguste.—Are you crazy?

Wilhelm.—Never you mind! I say, they shall stop singing.

Frau Scholz.—But be a little—You're certainly the—All right then, you'll not see me any more this evening.

Robert.—Don't go, mother! Let him do it, if he wants to! It's his own private affair!

Wilhelm.— Robert! Don't carry this thing too far! Take my advice! You played the sentimental act a while ago, and that makes you all the more disgusting to me now.

Robert.— That's a fact. Sentimental act. I'm of the opinion —
(*WILHELM starts for the side room again*).

Frau Scholz (stopping him again).— Oh Lordolordolord, child, why must you? The second stanza is finished.

Wilhelm.— Because the whole gang of you aren't worth it.

Robert (stepping close to WILHELM, with a defiant, significant look in his eyes).— But perhaps you are?

Frau Scholz.— Oh, my Lord, you must stop it! (*The third stanza begins.*)

The glad shepherd children
With faces so brown,
Bring milk, butter, honey,
To Bethlehem town;
A heaping fruit basket
All glowing and red,
A shining white lambkin
With flower-crowned head.

Wilhelm.— They must stop!

Frau Scholz (holding him again).— My boy!

Wilhelm.— It is simply too shameful for words. It's blasphemy! It's a crime against those two, for us to listen to them. I—I swear it makes me blush with shame for the bunch of you!

Auguste (piqued).— Well, now, I guess we're not so much wicked and more contemptible than everybody else, after all.

Wilhelm.— Auguste! It turns my stomach to think of it!

Auguste.— All right, very well, I see you've broken out again, just the same as ever. You've got something to complain of about your sister at every crook and corner. Now this isn't right, and now that isn't right. But Fraulein Ida —

Wilhelm (beside himself, interrupting her).— Don't speak that name again!

Auguste.— Well now, I guess I can speak about Ida —

Wilhelm.— Leave that name alone, I tell you!

Auguste.— Have you gone raving mad? I guess I can. I tell you she's no angel from heaven, either.

Wilhelm (shrieking).— Be still, I tell you!

Auguste (turning her back to him).— Oh well, you're just in love, that's all.

Wilhelm (seizing AUGUSTE roughly by the shoulder).— See here, woman, I —

Robert (seizing WILHELM's arm, speaks coldly, bringing each word out distinctly).— Wilhelm, are you going to do the same thing again?

Wilhelm.— The devil!

Auguste.— Have you got anything to say? You? who raised your hand against your own father?

Dr. Scholz (in a voice trembling with anger, in a tone of absolute command).— Auguste! Leave the room! this minute!

Auguste.— Well now, I'd like to know —

Dr. Scholz.— You will leave the room this minute!

Frau Scholz.— Oh, my good Lord, why don't you take me to yourself? *(In a half-weeping tone.)* Auguste! Do you hear! Obey your father!

Robert.— Why, mother! She shouldn't do anything of the sort. She's no child any longer. Times have changed, by the Lord they have!

Dr. Scholz.— But I haven't changed. I'm the master in this house. I'll show you that!

Robert.— Ridiculous!

Dr. Scholz (shrieking).— Rob — ber and mur — derer! I — disinherit you! I'll throw you out in the street.

Robert.— This is simply comical.

Dr. Scholz (conquers a fearful outburst of anger, and speaks with ominous calmness and firmness).— You or I, one of us leaves the house this moment.

Robert.— I, of course, and I shall be very glad to do so.

Frau Scholz (half commanding, half entreating).— Robert, you must stay.

Dr. Scholz.— He goes.

Frau Scholz.— Fritz! Listen to me! He is the only one — in the long, long years he hasn't forgotten us, he —

Dr. Scholz.— He or I —

Frau Scholz.— Give up this time, Fritz, for my sake!

Dr. Scholz.— Stop that! He or I!

Frau Scholz.— Oh, you needn't have anything to do with each other, as far as I'm concerned; it can be arranged all right — but —

Dr. Scholz.— Very well, I give in. I give in to you and your pack. You and your pack, you've won the victory for good!

Wilhelm.— Don't go, father! Or if you do go, let me go with you this time!

Dr. Scholz (drawing back involuntarily, between anger and horror).— Don't bother me, vagabonds! (*Hunting blindly for his effects.*) Thieves and loafers, wretched vagabonds!

Wilhelm (with an outburst of indignation).— Father! And you dare call us that! And it was you who made us that. No, no, father, I didn't mean to say that! Let me go with you, I will stay with you, let me make up for all I have — (*He has laid his hand on his father's arm.*)

Dr. Scholz (as if paralyzed with horror and disgust, draws heavily away).— Let me loose! I tell you — the schemes of my persecutors are going to come to — I'm sure — to come to grief. Are these the people, these mighty folks — and are these mighty folks men? A man like me, who is partly to blame, but anyway is entirely — and — through and through, and short and simple —

Wilhelm.— Father! Father! Oh, my dear father! Try to collect yourself, try to think where you are!

Dr. Scholz (swaying to the rhythm of the words, softly).— Short and simple — through and through —

Wilhelm (embracing him, in an instinctive effort to stop the motion).— Try, father, try to think!

Dr. Scholz (pushing at him, like a little child).— Oh, don't hit me! Oh, don't punish me!

Wilhelm.— For God's sake, father!

Dr. Scholz.— Don't hit me! Don't — hit — me again! (*He makes convulsive efforts to free himself from WILHELM's arms.*)

Wilhelm.— May my hand rot off, dear father, you mustn't believe — father, you mustn't think —

(*DR. SCHOLZ frees himself and starts away, followed by WILHELM.*)

Wilhelm.— Strike me! You strike me!

Dr. Scholz.— Please, please, please — help!

(*IDA appears in the door from the side room, pale as death.*)

Wilhelm (catches up with his father, embraces him anew).— Oh, you strike me!

Dr. Scholz (in WILHELM's arms, collapses into a chair).— I — ah — ah! I — think — it's all over — with — me!

Wilhelm.— Father! !!

(*FRAU SCHOLZ and AUGUSTE have fallen in terror into each other's arms. ROBERT, as pale as death, has not moved: but his face bears an expression of invincible determination.*)

ACT THREE

(It is nearly dark in the hall. All the lights have been extinguished except one or two in the chandelier and one on the Christmas tree. Forward, near the stove, by the table, his back to the side room, sits WILHELM, his elbows on the table, evidently buried in a heavy, comfortless reverie. ROBERT and FRAU SCHOLZ enter the hall at the same time, coming from the dining-room.)

*Frau Scholz (apparently exhausted, speaks in subdued tones).—*Well, boy! Don't talk about it! Now—I don't know, I don't know. It's awful, but what good will it do?

*Robert.—*You aren't alone, mother!

*Frau Scholz.—*But do you mean—you can't be in earnest, you surely can't! It's an awful thing! Where in the world will you go in the middle of the night?

*Robert.—*If that were the worst of it! There's a train every few minutes, and I must leave here! This time I simply can't stand it—anyway, it's the best thing for all of us.

*Frau Scholz (in her whining tone).—*It's been so nice in these last years! Oh, I tell you, we must have them back again. Since the Buchners have been here everything has been all turned around, everything.

*Robert.—*You ought to be glad you have them, mother!

*Frau Scholz.—*Oh, I could have done it all myself, very well.

*Robert.—*I suppose he won't let any of us come near him—Father?

*Frau Scholz (weeping).—*It's just as if I had done him some harm. And yet, I have always been just the same. I know I've always done my best—now tell the truth, Robert, I've always cooked the things he liked to eat—he's always had his warm stockings——

*Robert.—*Now, don't talk like that, mother! What's the use of always complaining?

*Frau Scholz.—*You can say what you please! It's very nice to talk, but when I've worn myself out all my life long, when I've racked my brains to find out how and how to do things the best, and here come strangers in, and step in before me!

*Robert.—*Is Ida still with him?

*Frau Scholz.—*An utter stranger. Oh, I'd rather die right here! And this rascal! This Friebe!—this rascal! How he gives himself airs! But Gustie put it to him! Auguste told him the truth to his face, all right! This fellow's getting too bold, he hustled her right out of the room. The girl was crazy. And she's his own daughter—no—oh, dear, dear, what I've stood in my life! I hope nobody else will ever have to stand as much.

Robert (involuntarily, with a slight sigh).— So has father.

Frau Scholz.— What?

Robert.— Nothing. So has father, I said.

Frau Scholz.— What do you mean?

Robert.— Why, father has stood a good deal, too.

Frau Scholz.— Well, it hasn't been my fault if he has. He never worried much about me. I'm sure I haven't troubled him.

Robert (skeptically).— Well now — well now —

Frau Scholz.— Just wait, when I'm laid in my grave — then you'll see, all right —

Robert.— Oh mother, don't begin that! I've heard that a hundred times already.

Frau Scholz.— All right! You'll find out all right — just remember, and pretty soon, too.

Robert.— Oh, mother, I don't deny that you've suffered a great deal from father; but you've both suffered. I can't see why you keep telling me.

Frau Scholz.— Foolishness! What did I ever fail to do for him, I'd like to know?

Robert (without hesitation).— If you're absolutely determined to know: You failed to understand him!

Frau Scholz.— I can't pretend to be wiser than I am.

Robert.— Nobody ever asked you to be that. But — oh, it's rank foolishness to keep on talking about it now!

Frau Scholz.— Well, stop it then (*weeping*). Now I suppose it's all my fault that he lies sick there, now —

Robert.— I didn't say that, at all.

Frau Scholz.— Yes, you *did* say that.

Robert.— Oh, mother! I'd better go — I — mother, I simply can't —

Frau Scholz.— No! I want to know — what I have to reproach myself with. I have a good conscience.

Robert.— Well, I hope you'll keep it then! May the Lord help you keep it, is all I have to say! (*protesting.*) Now, please don't let's say any more!

Frau Scholz.— I suppose you mean about the money?

Robert.— I don't mean about anything.

Frau Scholz.— My father and mother worked hard to earn it. What woman would have stood it any better than I did? Your father just threw it out of the window.

Robert.— Your uncle cheated you out of it.

Frau Scholz.— We don't know that.

Robert.— And father could earn as much as that —

Frau Scholz.— Yes, and lose it all in speculation.

(*ROBERT laughs bitterly.*)

Frau Scholz.— I know I'm a simple creature. Your father was too high toned for me. His mother was high toned, just like him. But my father had been as poor as a church mouse. I've got the poverty blood in me! I can't make myself over different. Oh, well, the few years will go past soon enough. The Lord will set me free in His good time.

Robert.— You'd better wish to be set free from the Lord!

Frau Scholz.— Horrors! Nobody but a rascal would say that. Oh — set free from the Lord, then I'd take a knife and stick it into me, here into my heart, into my ribs. What an awful thing that would be, to be set free from the Lord! What would have happened to me if I hadn't had my Lord! Well, are you really going away, Robert?

Robert (on the stairs).— Oh, be still, mother! I need rest — rest. (*Exit.*)

Frau Scholz.— Lord, yes! Lord, yes! You make an old woman's life hard enough! (*To WILHELM, who all through the scene has been brooding at his table, and has paid no attention to the conversation.*) Well, what do you think of that? Robert wants to go away!

Wilhelm.— Well, let him go!

Frau Scholz.— Tell me, what are you sitting like that all the time for? That doesn't do any good, child! Try to be reasonable!

Wilhelm (sighs deeply).— Yes, yes!

Frau Scholz.— It don't do any good to sigh! Just look at me! I'm an old woman. If I sat down the way you're doing. What's done is done. There's no use trying to change it now. Listen! Read something! Get up and get a book and distract your mind!

Wilhelm (sighs).— Oh, mother! Let me alone, please! I'm not disturbing anybody! Is Friebe back from the doctor's?

Frau Scholz.— No, not yet. That's what I always say, whenever you need a doctor, there's never any to be had.

Wilhelm.— It's serious, isn't it? Oh, I wonder if there will be another attack?

Frau Scholz.— Lord, yes! who knows!

(*WILHELM stares at his mother, and suddenly breaks into a wild sob, and lets his forehead fall on his hands.*)

Frau Scholz.— Yes, yes, my boy; who would have thought of that happening? I don't mean to say — I don't want to throw the guilt on anybody, but to-day of all days you didn't need to begin quarreling again. Well, we must always hope for the best. At least his mind isn't wandering any

more. If Ida just doesn't make a mistake. Some of the rest of us have had a hundred times more experience. How can he be so friendly to Ida? I guess I don't want to bite him! Of course Ida's a nice girl, she is that. And you, my boy (*tapping him on the head*), you can thank the good Lord,—you might wait a long time before you found another one like Ida! (*Cautiously, confidentially.*) Tell me, Wilhelm, are the Buchners well fixed?

Wilhelm (irascibly).— Oh, don't bother me! How should I know that? What difference does that make to me?

Frau Scholz.— Well, what have I done? I guess a person can ask a question, you cross bear, you!

Wilhelm.— Oh, mother, have mercy on me! If you have a spark of pity for me — let me alone! Don't bother about me — let me alone!

Frau Scholz.— Yes, yes, that's the way it always is — I'm always in the way. An old woman like me isn't good for anything but to browbeat.

(*AUGUSTE and FRAU BUCHNER enter hastily from the side room.*)

Auguste.— Mother!

Frau Scholz.— Oh, Lord! What is it?

Auguste.— Friebe's come back.

Frau Buchner.— Friebe didn't bring a doctor with him.

Auguste.— Father asked him, and then he said —

Frau Buchner.— He doesn't want a doctor!

Auguste.— He's swearing horribly — he says he'll throw him outdoors.

Frau Buchner.— Friebe won't go again.

Auguste.— You go and talk to Friebe!

Frau Buchner.— Yes, you go and talk to him! It's absolutely necessary that —

Auguste.— We must have a doctor. I'll go myself if he won't. I'm not afraid, even if I have to walk to Friedrichshagen.

Frau Scholz.— Oh, what a thing to say! Now, in the middle of the night. Just wait, wait — let me fix it! (*FRAU SCHOLZ, FRAU BUCHNER, and AUGUSTE return hastily to the side room.*)

(*FRAU BUCHNER has scarcely disappeared, when she returns again. Before she went out, she turned her eyes furtively and anxiously several times toward WILHELM, who sits silent and gloomy by his table. A glance tells FRAU BUCHNER that there is no one in the room but herself and WILHELM. Hastily at first, then with increasing hesitation, she approaches WILHELM.*)

Wilhelm (who has noticed her approach, raises his head).— What do — do you want? I told you all about it before.

Frau Buchner.— But I wouldn't believe it — I couldn't think it could be true.

Wilhelm.— And now — do you believe it?

Frau Buchner.— I — don't know —

Wilhelm.— Why don't you tell me the truth? Tell me — right out — yes. It had to come out like this — it was all so ridiculously natural. How could I ever have let myself be blinded so?

Frau Buchner (with feverish zeal).— Wilhelm! I think now, as I always thought, that you're a good, noble man. I swear to you that I never doubted you for a second. Even now, though I'm so anxious and afraid —

Wilhelm (rises and takes a violent inspiration, as if he had difficulty in breathing).— It seems to me now — I've known it for a long time, and yet —

Frau Buchner.— I come to you, Wilhelm, I say to you frankly — it's come over me all of a sudden. I'm so horribly anxious about Ida.

Wilhelm.— I must make a confession, but just now —

Frau Buchner.— I know well enough you love the child. Nobody could love her any more dearly than you do! I know you will try with all your might to make my daughter happy. You will not lack the will, but now — now there have been so many things — now I've seen so much here, and heard so much. Now a great deal — a great deal of what you told me before I have just come to understand. I didn't know you. I thought you were a pessimist. A great deal of what you said I didn't take seriously at all. I came here with a firm, cheerful faith. I'm thoroughly ashamed of myself. I thought I would do wonders. I would guide such natures — weak, foolish I! Now I'm losing all my faith. I'm feeling all at once my fearful responsibility; I'm responsible for my child, for my Ida. Every mother is responsible for her child. Speak to me, Wilhelm! Tell me everything is going to be all right, after all! Tell me we will be happy! You and Ida will be happy. Prove to me that I have no need to be afraid or anxious, Wilhelm!

Wilhelm.— Why have you let it go so far? I warned you and warned you. What did I say to you? I said this: All of us, the Scholz family, are incurably diseased, that I'm the worst of all, that we're hopeless wrecks. Don't bind your daughter to a cripple, I've said to you. Why wouldn't you believe me?

Frau Buchner.— I don't know. I don't know, myself.

Wilhelm.— And you put me to sleep, you silenced my conscience. And now — I've been half mad with happiness. I've lived through moments, tasted them, and then others, the most terrible battles of my life, and now you want — now I must try — perhaps, perhaps —

Frau Buchner.— Wilhelm, I honor you. I know that you are ready for

any sacrifice. But Ida — if it is too late for her — if it is more than she can stand!

Wilhelm.— Why weren't you willing to believe me? You don't know what it costs me now. I struggled and built myself up step by step — oh, it was so hard! so hard! This house here lay behind me. I was almost saved. Now I've been sucked into it again. Why did you have to let it come so far? Why —

Frau Buchner (in tears).— I don't know! I don't know anything about it! I raised the child. She was everything to me; to work for her happiness was my only calling on earth. Then you came into our home. I came to like you. I thought of your happiness, too, I — perhaps I shouldn't have done it. Perhaps I thought a great deal of *your* happiness, and, who knows? — at last, too much of *your* happiness. (*For a moment the two gaze in terror into each other's eyes.*)

Wilhelm.— Frau Buchner!

(*FRAU BUCHNER, covering her face with her hands as if overcome with shame, goes out weeping through the stairway door.*)

(*WILHELM instinctively takes several steps after her, tries to master his emotion, but falls suddenly against the wall, shaken with sobs.*)

Ida (her face is pale, her manner very serious and anxious. She steps softly to WILHELM, embraces him and presses her cheek against his).— Oh, Willy! Listen: sad days come and then — isn't it so, Willy? Bright days come again. You mustn't let yourself be so — so utterly and completely crushed.

Wilhelm (stammering passionately).— Ida! My only dear! My dearest! Sweet, how can I — how could I even live without you? Your voice, your words, your whole sweet, wonderful self, your hands, your kind, true hands —

Ida.— And what about me? Do you think I want to live without *you*? No, sweetheart! We will put our arms around each other and not let go — tight — tight — and as long as we're like that —

Wilhelm.— Yes, yes! But suppose we can't stay so?

Ida.— Oh, don't talk like that!

Wilhelm.— I only mean — you can never tell — one of us might die——

Ida.— Oh, but we're young.

Wilhelm.— That doesn't make any difference. It will have to come at last. I'm sure I'll not live to be very old.

Ida (hotly).— Then I'll put my arms around you, then I'll press up close to you, then I'll go with you.

Wilhelm.— Ida, people say such things. But you won't do that.

Ida.— I will do that!

Wilhelm.— You think you will now. You don't know how quickly people forget.

Ida.— I couldn't breathe without you!

Wilhelm.— You just imagine so —

Ida.— No, no, no, Wilhelm!

Wilhelm.— To love like that would be pure foolishness. You don't want to stake everything on one card.

Ida.— I don't understand you exactly.

Wilhelm.— Well, it's I — see here. (*In a tone of exasperation.*) Ah, Ida, the theme is inexhaustible! How is father?

Ida.— He's asleep now, but why, what's the matter with you?

Wilhelm (walking about).— I have these moods. I don't know why. (*Suddenly gnashing his teeth.*) There are times, I tell you — when I'm mad and desperate, and can't control myself — when I'm like this it seems as if I could throw myself down five stories, head first, to the pavement; the idea is really a tempting one.

Ida.— Gracious, how terrible! You mustn't let yourself think of such things, Willy!

Wilhelm.— Why shouldn't I, I'd like to know? Why should such fellows as I sponge our way along between heaven and earth? Useless creatures. To put ourselves out of the way, that would be something, then we'd be doing something useful at least once.

Ida.— Of course it isn't to be wondered at. You're excited and unnerved.

Wilhelm (in a rough, disdainful tone).— Let me alone, you don't understand what I'm talking about! (*Frightened at himself, suddenly changing his manner.*) Oh, dearest! You mustn't be hard on me. You'd better go now! I don't want to hurt you. And feeling as I do now, I can't go bail for myself.

(*IDA kisses WILHELM silently on the mouth, then goes into the side room.*)

(*WILHELM looks after her, starts in the same direction, stops, shows a face full of fear and astonishment, and grasps at his head like one who has caught himself in evil thoughts. In the mean time ROBERT has entered from the stairs.*)

(*ROBERT, his hat in his right hand, his overcoat and a traveling rug over his arm, in his left hand a shawl strap, walks to the table and deposits his effects on it.*)

Wilhelm (looks at him, and after he has studied him a while).— Where are you going?

Robert.— Away.

Wilhelm.— Now?

Robert.— Why not? (*Spreading out the shawl strap.*) I've had enough, and good measure, even! Mother will in the future — in the future have to celebrate the Christmas holidays without me. (*Looking around at the stove.*) It's cold here.

Wilhelm.— It's freezing cold outside.

Robert (*rolling up the rug*).— There! It was thawing at ten.

Wilhelm.— There's a change in the weather.

Robert.— How can I get down the hill on the ice?

Wilhelm.— The moon's shining!

Robert.— Even if it is —

Wilhelm.— He isn't out of his head any longer.

Robert.— Is that so?

Wilhelm.— He doesn't want a doctor.

Robert.— So?

Wilhelm.— It came so suddenly, I —

Robert.— Hm — yes, yes!

Wilhelm.— It must have been coming on before.

Robert.— Of course. If it hadn't been he wouldn't have come home—

Wilhelm.— It's horrible! How will it end?

Robert.— What can a person do?

Wilhelm.— My soul, I don't know what I can do, if he dies. With what I know! With what I've learned this time! I don't know how — and now there's the remorse too, the stings of conscience. O! What do you think? What is the thing to do, after all?

Robert.— Oh, my boy! You'll have a lot to do if you try to straighten things out. The old man is a little different — that's true — our idea wasn't exactly right. But, Lord, that doesn't change matters at all.

Wilhelm.— I tell you, and I'm in dead earnest about it — I'd be glad to give up my whole wretched life if I could give his back to him.

Robert (*pulling on his overcoat*).— That isn't very sensible, my boy — in my opinion. Now, see here, I'm headed for a nice, warm little office, where I sit down with my back to the stove, cross my legs under the table, light up this same pipe here, and write, in all calmness of mind, it is to be hoped, such, well, you know, such jokes, such advertising jokes: traveler in Africa, at the point of death, you know, and then I generally have a caravan come, laden with the article we sell. My boss is very well satisfied; it goes through the advertising columns of as many newspapers as possible; and the principal thing is, when I sit like that, you know, and hear the gas flame

spitting above me all day long — from time to time a glance into the court — the court of a factory like that is a wonderful thing, really! A romantic thing, I tell you! Well, there's no bumble bee bothering me there.

Wilhelm.— I'd rather be dead.

Robert.— Matter of taste! For me it's the ideal corner of all corners. Has a man got to be thrown off his balance all the time, has a man got to be driven crazy? I'll need a matter of two or three days to get back the little philosophy of life I'm able to command.

Wilhelm.— You can say what you will; I call that cowardly.

Robert.— All right, call it so if you like. But sooner or later you'll come round to my point of view. Father came round to this point of view at last, too. Father and you are nearly enough alike, so that you might take one for the other. You're the same sort of idealist. In the year '48 father started out on the barricades, and he ends up as a lonely hypochondriac. The thing to do is to get used to the world and yourself in *time*, boy! Before you sow your wild oats.

Wilhelm.— Or else go to work on yourself to make yourself different.

Robert.— Catch me doing that! I am what I am. I have a right to be what I am.

Wilhelm.— Then come out and demand your rights like a man!

Robert.— I'll take care not to do that, because I want to *get* my rights. The moral Philistines are for the present in the majority. Well, I must go now — so — if you'll take my advice, look out for the so-called good resolutions!

Wilhelm (coldly).— What do you mean by that?

Robert.— Simply this. You mustn't try to do things that your whole natural bent make impossible for you.

Wilhelm.— For example?

Robert.— Well! For example there comes to my mind a lot of fellows who drive me mad chattering about ideals. We must fight for human ideals, and all that stuff! I must fight for others! Fabulous assumptions! And for what and to what? Now I know you, and I know you're in trouble; you feel like slinking around like a thief. What a wretched scoundrel I am, you want to keep saying to yourself. Am I not right? Well, pretty soon you'll come to a good resolution, and they weigh a fellow down, I know that. I used to stagger around with a hundred different brands of good resolutions on my back — did it for years — and it's no fun, I tell you!

Wilhelm.— I don't understand exactly what you're driving at.

Robert.— I haven't anything perfectly definite in mind; the uneasiness that's troubling you now — has other causes, I know. For my part, at

least, when I used to notice, I've gone through the same sort of thing in the past, but as soon as I noticed that the business was more than I could handle, I generally came to a sudden decision and turned my back square on it.

Wilhelm.— And that's a suggestion, is it?

Robert.— Suggestion? I don't know. Well, once more, treat yourself well and ——

Wilhelm.— Tell me now, very definitely, it has a certain interest for me — it is only because ——

Robert.— Well, what do you want me to tell you?

Wilhelm.— You said something yourself a while ago ——

Robert.— When?

Wilhelm.— When we were talking about father.

Robert.— Oh, yes, I remember — what did I say then?

Wilhelm.— You said things might turn out all right for Ida and me.

Robert.— Oh, yes, your love affair. Did I say that?

Wilhelm.— You said that.

Robert.— Well, yes, I said a number of things then.

Wilhelm.— I suppose that means — you have backed out of a number of things you said then.

Robert.— That's right, I have.

Wilhelm.— But as for — this special thing?

Robert.— Your love affair?

Wilhelm.— Yes.

Robert.— Is it a very important thing to you?

Wilhelm.— Yes, perhaps.

Robert.— Yes.

Wilhelm.— So you don't think any longer — that we —

Robert.— No.

Wilhelm.— Very well — thank you. You are frank — thank you. But suppose — suppose I turn my back on the whole thing — let's say nothing about what that would mean to me — suppose we say I go off with you right here — what would happen to Ida then?

Robert.— How — Ida? (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) Hm, yes, yes, that isn't so easy, that is, well, I wouldn't worry about that very much.

Wilhelm.— Robert! You're as tricky as ever. Just as you always were.

Robert.— Tricky? What do you mean? No, you're entirely mistaken! I'm not interested enough to be tricky — in this matter, I mean. Really, now, I don't believe ——

Wilhelm.— I know better, I tell you. You don't think you know

more about this girl than I do? It's a fact — you can be sure of it — she has a certain feeling for me, and I can't help it. I'm not boasting about it at all. Now what will become of her if I go off?

Robert.— How — is it really troubling you to know?

Wilhelm.— Of course, yes, of course.

Robert.— Well, now please tell me first — suppose you marry, what will become of Ida?

Wilhelm.— That's more than anybody on earth can tell.

Robert.— Oh, yes, they can! Everybody knows: Mother.

Wilhelm.— As if Ida were anything like mother!

Robert.— Or you anything like father.

Wilhelm.— Every person is entirely different from every other person.

Robert.— You'd be very glad to believe that, wouldn't you? Let the thing drop! You're asking too much of yourself. You're the incarnate contradiction of your own theory.

Wilhelm.— What do you mean by that?

Robert.— Why, you know well enough.

Wilhelm.— But a man can work out of a thing.

Robert.— If he has had the proper training, that is.

Wilhelm.— Oh, there's no use talking any more.

Robert.— Exactly my opinion.

Wilhelm.— It isn't getting us anywhere. (*Indignantly, losing control of himself.*) You want to ruin me! I'm sacrificed to a plot! You've sworn an oath against us, you're trying to wreck me! You're trying to ruin me!

Robert.— That's what father got to saying.

Wilhelm.— It's ridiculous. What you say is simply ridiculous! Haven't I right to say that — aren't you trying to separate me from Ida? It is — to tell the truth — I haven't the words, it's such monstrous presumption, such brutality, it's simply beyond all comprehension! I'm to have mercy on Ida! Who's having mercy on me, I'd like to know? Name him, if there's any one! Who is there?

Robert.— Of course! If you take it like that, of course!

Wilhelm.— You're asking me to make a sacrifice. Without the slightest preparation I'm to make the craziest sacrifice you ever heard of! I'm to —

Robert.— Cheer up, and save your words. Of course, under the circumstances, you have a perfect right to hold on to the girl.

Wilhelm.— Under the circumstances? Under what circumstances, pray tell me?

Robert.— You were talking about Ida, a moment ago, I remember —

Wilhelm.— Yes — well — what?

Robert.— Now you're talking about yourself. I didn't mean to say anything — well — in one word, if you don't care what happens to the girl — if you have the requisite amount of, well, let's say, ruthlessness in your makeup, if you take her, like a new coat or hat, or something like that —

Wilhelm — Robert! Absolutely heartless as you are, you're right this time. I'll go with you — away — not far — and then — then I'm through with all of you. Yes, yes, I am, don't say a word — now I'm through for sure — absolutely —

(ROBERT looks at him in astonishment, and then shrugs his shoulders.)

Wilhelm (with increasing violence).— See here! Don't trouble yourself, you can't do it, you can't deceive me with your innocent calmness. You're right, I admit, but the thing that has brought you to the right thought, I say it to your face, is the wretchedest envy. It's simply miserable jealousy. You know very well that I would make an honest struggle to become in some measure worthy of her at last. You know very well how this girl is purifying me with her purity. But you don't want that to happen! You don't want to know that I'm purified. Why don't you? Just because you've got to stay, yourself, just as you are, because she loves me and not you! And that's the reason you've watched me the whole evening with your detective eye, you've given me to understand over and over that you know something about me — all right! You're entirely right! I'm vicious through and through. There isn't a particle of purity in me any more. Black as I am, I don't belong with such innocence, and I have determined not to commit a crime. But you, Robert! All this doesn't make you any cleaner; it's a good thing for you that you no longer have any sense of shame!

(ROBERT during the last third of WILHELM'S speech has taken his things and started toward the door. The knob in his hand, he stops as if he would speak, changes his mind, shrugs his shoulders resignedly, and goes quietly out.)

Wilhelm (calling after him).— Robert! Robert!

Ida (enters from the side room).— Whom are you calling?

Wilhelm.— Oh — you're here!

Ida.— The doctor's in there, Wilhelm — he says it's very serious, it —

Voice of Frau Scholz (wailing).— My dear, good husband, oh! oh, my dear, good husband!

Wilhelm.— What have I done? What have I done now?

Ida.— It breaks my heart. I'd like to — not ask you, I — but there must be something — there's something the matter with you, Willy!

Wilhelm.— There's nothing at all the matter with me. I'd like to go off and be alone again. There's where I belong, Ida.

Ida.— Why? I don't understand at all.

Wilhelm (roughly and violently).— Yes, yes, yes! That's the old song—I don't understand you. I don't understand you! Mother and father have been talking different languages all their life long; you don't understand me! You don't know me! You have the flat ideas of an ignorant child, and so I have nothing to do in the future except to conceal myself from you, to hide and hide, till I'm nothing more than a miserable deceiver and scoundrel.

Ida (has been looking at WILHELM in amazement; now she begins to cry.)

Wilhelm.— Now you see. This is my real face. And I need only forget for a moment the part I'm playing before you, and it shows up again. You can't endure my real face. You're crying, and you'd cry for years, if I didn't take pity on you. No, *Ida*, there must be nothing between us. I've come to a firm decision.

Ida (throwing her arms about his neck).— That isn't true! That can never be true!

Wilhelm.— Think of what you've seen here! Shall we start another household like this? Shall we start this establishment over again?

Ida.— It will be different! It will grow better, *Wilhelm*!

Wilhelm.— How can you say that?

Ida.— I feel it.

Wilhelm.— But you're throwing yourself headlong into destruction, *Ida*! I'm dragging you to destruction!

Ida.— I'm not afraid. I'm not at all afraid of that, *Wilhelm*! Take courage again! Just give me your hand again! Then I'll be able to say something to you — don't push me away from you — I won't cry any more, I promise you —

Wilhelm.— Let me go! You're loving for the first time! You love an illusion. I have thrown myself away, again and again. I am a scoundrel. I am an outcast.

Ida (embracing him in an ecstasy of weeping).— You are mine! You are mine!

Wilhelm.— I am not worthy of you!

Ida.— Oh, don't say that! Before you I'm small, oh, how small! I'm only like a little, little moth. *Wilhelm*, I'm nothing without you! I am everything with you. Don't pull your hand away from me — poor me!

Wilhelm.— *Ida*! I from you? *Ida*, I? (*They embrace and kiss each other, between laughing and crying.*) I'm not to pull my hand away from you? Yes, what do you say now, you bad —

Ida.— Now, you'll promise me now —

Wilhelm.— I'll swear it, now— (*A terrible cry from the next room interrupts her. Startled and frightened IDA and WILHELM stare into each other's eyes.*)

Voice of Frau Scholz.— My husband—is dying! My good, dear husband, he's dying — my husband — (*loud weeping.*)

Wilhelm.— Good God! God! What? Father!! Father!! (*Rushes toward the side room; IDA stops him half way.*)

Ida.— Wilhelm! Come to yourself! And don't go without me!

(FRIEBE comes from the next room, shaken with sobs, and vanishes into the kitchen.)

Auguste (*comes close on FRIEBE's heels. Stopping before WILHELM, she drags out the words with difficulty.*)— Who is to blame for this? Who? Who? (*She falls against the table and leans upon it, groaning in a strange dull and hollow fashion. The loud weeping of FRAU SCHOLZ is heard constantly.*)

Wilhelm (*bursts out violently.*)— Auguste!

Ida (*on WILHELM's breast, calming him, in a trembling voice.*)— Wilhelm, I believe your father is gone.

(WILHELM burst out again, is calmed by IDA, fights down his agony, seeks and finds IDA's hand, which he presses convulsively in his, and goes toward the side room, hand in hand with the girl, erect and composed.)

POE AND WHISTLER

BY HARRIET MONROE

BETWEEN Poe and Whistler, the two finest artists, each in his province, that America has yet produced, there is a close spiritual kinship. Whistler was much the more fortunate of the two: first, in having a sense of humor; second, in not having a hereditary love of drink; third, in being born twenty-five years later into a less opinionated age; fourth, in escaping from his provincial America of the mid-nineteenth century into a world more aware of art; and fifth, in living long enough to fight his battle to a finish and enjoy his triumph. Whistler accomplished more; his genius was more prolific, of broader range and of more human quality than Poe's was, or, perhaps, had a chance to be. Poe lacked some of Whistler's weapons, notably the sharp wit which drew blood from the Philistines, and he was heavily handicapped by the disease whose attacks made him half insane, and finally killed him at little more than half the age Whistler fortunately reached. Moreover, his imagination leaned toward sombreness and Whistler's toward gayety. One is tempted to believe that Whistler had the larger vision and was the greater man of the two, because he stood to his guns, cheerfully endured siege after siege, led many a dashing sortie, and finally 'made good,' carried his point with the reluctant world, and died victorious. But who shall balance the ifs and measure success and failure? Who can tell which is the abler soldier — he who wins his long fight against heavy odds and plants his banner high on the crest of the citadel, or he who leads a forlorn hope and falls with the flag, overwhelmed by numbers and treachery?

More important than apparent success or failure is the cause a man lives for and the work he does in loyalty to it. In these two lives the cause was the same — the austerity of beauty and the reticence of art. Whistler may have been quite ignorant of Poe; neither of them invented the principle. But in their time it was revolutionary, and loyalty to it, or indeed to any artistic ideal beyond the crude taste of the crowd, meant a perpetual struggle. Both men abhorred sentimentality and crudity, and delighted in artistry, that clearness of line and delicacy of touch which chooses and eliminates and refrains. To such a temperament the fatuous facility of 'Evangeline' and of Royal Academy painting was anathema, and the wonder is, not that

Whistler vented his righteous wrath in irony, but that Poe could remain courteous in exposing the prosiness of Longfellow's alleged dactylic measures. Poe's criticism of the poetry of his day remains in its essence sound, and his essay on the 'Rationale of Verse,' written thirty years before Sidney Lanier's great book, was the first sure word ever uttered in English on the subject. But he was firing in the air; his missiles flew far over the head of the solidly intrenched New England School. And he did not live long enough, as Whistler did, to gather the 'fit audience though few' together, and watch it grow into a world.

Poe did not live to down his enemies; and even now, strangely enough, a hundred years after his birth, and nearly sixty after his death — even now they are strong enough to deny him justice. We still hear, in the echoes from the centennial comments, that old familiar note of personal dislike and temperamental enmity, shrill insistence of the naggings and denials which irritated the poet almost to insanity and kept him miserably poor throughout his life, which slandered his memory and would have liked to stamp out his fame. Since Emerson obliterated him as 'the jingleman,' and Lowell considered it beneath his dignity to have a controversy with him, a curious antagonism between Poe and the truly authoritative among his fellow-countrymen has persisted even into the twentieth century. And as no superior person can ever be a fair judge, as the last word about a man and his work must always be said in sympathy, his fame still appeals for justice 'to man's charitable judgments, to foreign nations and the next age'; Poe's rather carping fellow-countrymen do not yet pronounce the verdict of time.

We feel this antagonism in Mr. Brownell's elaborate analysis, which tries so hard to say all that it says nothing; which turns a cold light upon Poe's poor misguided genius, studies it from all possible points of view, and so covers it with contradictory tickets and labels as to obscure it altogether. We feel it still more strongly in Mr. Howells's article, in which a kindly man makes a desperate effort to be generous, but cannot help betraying temperamental antipathy at every step. Poe is an immortal, he decides, by virtue merely of one entire poem and two lines besides; and his best tales, though conceded to be 'the work of a master,' would not win admission to-day into the sacred pages of our magazines. The unconscious humor of this verdict, which is intended as a criticism of the tales and not of the magazines, its delicious ascription of supernal wisdom to the modern editor, is perhaps inevitable after a lifetime spent in the editorial atmosphere. But not inevitable is the grudging tone of whatever praise he accords the poet's work, praise as eager and happy as though extracted by a surgical

operation; still less the bitter severity of his estimate of the poet's character.

Poe has always been unlucky in his biographers; at best they have been cold and distant, as if ashamed to make friends with a person of habits so irregular. But the first of them, Griswold, was slanderous both in his statements and his omissions. The lies and exaggerations which he offered as facts to satisfy some obscure unconscious malice still prejudice Poe's fame; yet it is surprising to hear Mr. Howells, in his benign old age, saying that Poe was 'insanely made up of weakness, pride, viciousness, cruelty, and tenderness.'

Now what is the basis of this heavy indictment repeated by three generations of the people whose æsthetic perceptions Poe did so much to quicken and inspire? Pride and tenderness may be admitted as fundamental in his character; also certain obvious and superficial weaknesses, combined, however, with a profound strength, the strength of an inevitable loyalty to a disprised ideal. But how and wherein was he vicious or cruel? True, he drank to excess, and the occasionalsprees of his youth developed, through those later years of privation and bereavement and despair, into a heavy slavery to the dark hereditary mania. But why should this evil habit, battled against to the bitter end, a habit which modern science calls a disease rather than vice, earn for the poet that very complete little adjective, 'vicious'? Other men of letters have drunk to excess, even the amiable and admirable Addison, whom generations of school children are taught to revere. Burns drank himself to death, and clogged his genius with other vices which the more delicate nature of Poe shunned with Puritanic austerity. But we do not, for this reason or greater reasons, dismiss these men as 'vicious.' Most of us, with Poe and Burns, lapse into vice, fall and fight, conquer or are conquered; but he only is vicious who prefers vicious practices, who loves evil and has a contempt for good.

And this over-emphasis of Poe's weaknesses is not balanced by any mention of his virtues. We hear nothing of the 'uniform gentleness of disposition and kindness of heart,' which, even in so cold a biography as Professor Woodberry's, are testified to by a score of the poet's friends. Mrs. Osgood's description is typical of many. 'It was in his own house,' she says, 'that his character appeared in its most beautiful light. There he was playful, affectionate, witty, alternately docile and wayward as a petted child. Even in the midst of his most harassing literary duties he had, for his young, gentle, and idolized wife, and for all who came, a kind word, a pleasant smile, a graceful and courteous attention.' Poets' marriages are not always pleasant reading — how forbearing the world has been in spreading a mantle of charity over the marital failures of Shelley, Byron,

Burns, Coleridge, even the lofty-minded Milton! Why, then, do we hear so little of the devotion of Poe and his frail little child wife through the ten years of their marriage? They were poor, but their little cottage home was simple and beautiful, and 'she idolized him.' There was 'never an impatient word,' even when the poverty became wretchedness, even when there was not enough food and fire for the dying woman, and her husband had to nurse her night and day, and spread his great-coat over the meager blankets on her bed. Is this cruelty and viciousness? Is it even the heartlessness of which we hear him accused? How many poets, how many men, though born without Poe's craving for drink, could endure a strain like this for months, for years?

But enough of all this; it makes one impatient to have to defend Poe's private character against his censorious fellow countrymen. His loyalty to his invalid wife was typical of a more heroic loyalty in him which is more our affair, and of which we hear no mention. He kept his intellectual integrity; he was unflinchingly true to his ideal of art; he fought and starved for it in a world which had not the remotest idea of what he meant or what he was trying to do. In those arid eighteen forties, banished for life, with his passionate love of the inner subtleties of beauty, to a 'poor little vain-glorious, self-distrustful country, still abjectly provincial,' Poe fought the same battle which Whistler waged so gallantly to a happier end. Whistler, keenly American as he was by temperament, had to cross the ocean to gain even a reluctant hearing, even a mocking response; his own country was still too barren of art — who can imagine him achieving anything through the heroic din and turmoil of the civil war? Poe never found his way to the cosmopolitan world of which he was born a citizen, never, except in extreme youth, had the chance to cross the sea; and even if he had reached Europe with his message his time was out of joint, not yet ready to understand him. He was obliged to fight blindly, and with increasing sorrow and bitterness, a battle in the air; while the great and wise of his day, that firmly intrenched group up in New England, looked on smilingly, as from a height, unmoved even to scorn until the Quixotic swordsman dared point a thrust at Longfellow.

Yet if we may estimate a man's genius by its fecundity, which of all those Bostonians may stand with him? Even Emerson, the wise and gentle and noble, proves not, on the whole, such a modern; to-day he is not so intensely and passionately alive as this jingle man he despised. Mr. Brownell says, 'We cannot imagine American literature without him'; and we have clouds of witnesses, from Baudelaire to Conan Doyle, to prove him the only American writer whose power has been fruitful in other lands

and tongues. As Whistler had his way with modern graphic art, compelling the painters and etchers of our time and later times to follow the trend of his footsteps, or at least to feel in their veins the quickening influence of his blood and fire, so, to a somewhat less degree and in a narrower sense, Poe has influenced literary art and clarified its ideals. His battle in the air dispersed clouds and put demons to flight. We perceive, as his contemporaries did not, that it was fought for certain inviolable principles of beauty, which had been obscured and ignored; the same principles, essentially, of which Whistler, in his 'Ten O'Clock,' a full half century later, so brilliantly reminded the British Philistine world.

If Poe's spirit listened to that lecture, how he must have rejoiced! 'Art is limited to the infinite, and beginning there cannot progress.' 'She is, withal, selfishly occupied with her own perfection only, having no desire to teach.' 'Beauty is confounded with virtue!' 'As the laws of their art were revealed to them (the artists) they saw, in the development of their work, that real beauty which, to them, was as much a matter of certainty and triumph as is to the astronomer the unification of the result, foreseen with the light given to him alone. In all this, their world was completely severed from that of their fellow-creatures with whom sentiment is mistaken for poetry; and for whom there is no perfect work that shall not be explained by the benefit conferred upon themselves.' The voice was Whistler's, but Poe must have risen from his unquiet grave to join the ghostly company of masters who inspired it. Here across the tides of time, was his comrade, his fellow-workman, abler, more efficient than he, and of a happier star.

Thus there is a familiar ring in Miss Edith Thomas's long arraignment of Poe as 'a master mechanician.' He *was* a master mechanician, as every artist should be, and if Miss Thomas can see nothing more in him, so much the worse for Miss Thomas. Hers is the old familiar minor-poet attitude, that also of the forgotten minor painters who flung similar epithets at Whistler, for these ladies and gentlemen have always been sentimentalists. One must wear one's heart on one's sleeve to persuade them that one has a heart; they detect no 'feeling' in a feeling for pure beauty, no 'tenderness' in reticence from unmelodious clamor.

Is there no feeling, no tenderness in

"Helen, thy beauty is to me,"

or in

"I heed not that my earthly lot,"

or

"Thou wast that all to me, love,"

or 'To My Mother,' or the second 'To Helen,' or the 'Dream Within a Dream,' or 'Annabel Lee,' or 'Israfel,' or 'El Dorado,' or the lightly touched 'Romance' and 'Fairylane'? Each of these perfect poems is inspired by feeling too profound to need over-emphasis and too exquisite to indulge in it; feeling in no haste to display the roots it springs from, but reserved until it blooms into a flower.

Now and then a string of Poe's harp is strained, more rarely it breaks, as in the case of every master who keeps an instrument of rarest quality at concert pitch. Now and then we detect the artificial note of virtuosity rather than the pure clear tone of art. 'The Raven,' for example, is rather deliberately overwrought, the extravagant playing of a master whose hands outrun his theme for once, who indulges his skill with a passionate joy. 'The Bells,' of course, makes no higher pretense than this, is frankly a virtuoso's happy exercise in verbal felicities — a tour de force, like a Paganini cadenza, in whose gay abandon of ingenuity all the world delights with the artist. But in the small volume of Poe's verse mere virtuosity is rare; in fact, the most subtle beauty of his art is its instinct for stopping short of precise perfection, of that mechanical rigidity of form which is so essential to the mere technician. Here again the parallel with Whistler holds. The best of Poe's poems are like the Venice etchings — masterpieces of arrangement, of luckily contrasted light and shadow, with figures suggested, half outlined, against backgrounds emerging in beauty from the universal mystery; and all expressive of that feeling which is of all feelings deepest in the heart of man, the delight in life, the commanding sense of its beauty and tragedy, the passion to share in its great creative processes, to leave some record of a phase or two of its elusive, evanescent charm.

Poe's verse, in short, has the magic touch. He had an instinct for words as fine as Whistler's for line, an instinct which always baffles analysis, always puzzles, often even enrages the square-toed critic keen for faults and sure of rules. To read his poetry is to bathe in limpid waters by moonlight or sunlight, to sift pearly sands on the shore of an infinite sea. The sands are a mere handful, the waters a mere pool in a forest, the poems mere love songs or little ecstasies of grief or joy, but the magic makes of these trifles the very essence of the elements, the stuff out of which worlds are builded and hearts are born, the mystery through whose far free spaces dreams take flight.

THE INSPIRATION OF CRASHAW

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

CRASHAW will never be popular in his appeal. The few elements in his poetry which make for popularity are counter-balanced by the love of conceit, which at first amuses, and then repels, the casual reader. Yet there must be some great merit in the man whose poetry has attracted the eager attention of men with such diverse temperaments as Milton and Pope, Shelley and Coleridge, Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore. Let us endeavor to comprehend an attraction which is so potent, and see what we can find in Crashaw's poetry to inspire an 'Ode on the Nativity' and a 'Christabel.'

His sacred poems breathe a passionate fervor of devotion, which manifest itself in imagery of a richness seldom surpassed in our language. There is an hysterical intensity of conviction in them, which was accentuated, no doubt, by the reaction from the cold religious atmosphere of his boyhood to the fervid Anglicanism of Cambridge, reflected in such a novel as 'John Inglesant.'

Even the early work of the poet, though clearly written in conformity to the traditions of 'the tribe of Ben,' has an indefinable touch of color which we vainly look for in the poetry of Jonson. Its exaltation and unearthliness reflect the influence of Nicholas Ferrar and his household, spurring the young enthusiast to emulation of this shining example of sanctity and single-heartedness.

We feel that this poetry is poetry of ecstasy and devotion, not of experience and meditation. There is no such self-analysis as we find in reading Herbert or King or Donne. There is naught but the flame-colored seraph of worship. His poetry is such as St. John of the Cross might have sent to St. Teresa. Melodious rapture is sustained to an unprecedented degree. We read the magnificent apostrophe to St. Teresa, with a sense almost of suffocation. This 'thirst of love,' these 'large draughts of intellectual day,' these 'brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,' leave us exhausted with an unsatisfied strain of aspiration, 'too full for sound and foam.'

Both Crashaw and St. Teresa are love's victims, and the sacrifice is the holier because its consummation is so long drawn out. If, as Coleridge, I think, somewhere says, the first ebullience of his imagination was given

unshapen into form, yet the mental labor continued for long afterward; the gold did not emerge pure from the furnace till it had been long tried; and much, even, never came out untainted by the consciously wrought conceits which mar the poet's most deeply felt work. If there is a dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, there is also a compensating sweetness in artistry, a choice subtlety, a mastery of supple and cunning implication.

Crashaw's metrical effects, though often magnificent, are very unequal. This seeking after effectiveness sometimes produces a grotesque diffuseness which is very far from the simple tenderness of Herbert, for example. Indeed the poet's ardent study of the Spanish mystics seems to have induced a morbidly hysterical delight in blood, and in the details of martyrdom.

Often again every extravagance and inappropriate image conceivable are dragged in to eke out a small idea. This habit of diluting a thought or line until all its force is lost is exemplified in Crashaw's opening poem, 'The Weeper,' of which the eccentric commencement must have driven many a timid reader away from the poet forever.

Yet if we read on a little way we meet with a sweetness of diction and purity of fancy which is equalled by few and excelled by none. We soon begin to feel that here is the soul of a man revealing to us, if we will but listen, the heart of humanity, flooding us with the beauty of the spirit, full of flying color and lambent flame. We are reminded vividly of Shelley and of Swinburne, of their virtues and their faults, and we say instinctively, 'Here is a man whom they have read with their hearts, and translated into their own flowing harmonies.' We have here with us the great Shelley, the great Swinburne, the great Crashaw of the fiery surprises.

This naked poetical ardor, only found previously in Marlowe, though of the most ethereal impulse, is yet equipoised throughout with the most imperial and imperious structure. Meter and diction are plastic to a shaping spirit of inevitable righteousness, the spirit of a premeditating angel.

The fire of Crashaw's fancy is none the less tempered by a human and lover-like tenderness, itself tinged by that *Weltschmerz* which is all pervasive in the work of the world-worn poet. This *Weltschmerz*, however, never degenerates into mere sentiment, but is the expression of a lofty nature looking with a pity untinged of bitterness on the unfeeling world about him.

Dignity indeed is one of his characteristic traits, and no matter how profuse his ornament may be, it is nearly always subordinate to the moral effect. We feel this dignity most in his noble ode to St. Teresa, the ode which Coleridge admits to have been the inspiration of 'Christabel.'

This ode is an exquisite composition, full of real vision and music of the most delicate order. If it is marred here and there by puerile conceits, these conceits are simply virtues that have overshot their mark.

Conceit reaches its highest level in 'Music's Duel,' a brilliant and unique attempt to express quality and variety of musical notation in words. If this constant trifling seems hard, dull, and laborious elsewhere, here it leaves us delighted by the rare effect which it produces of delicately musical cadences. Similar charm inheres in the sweet and picturesque ingenuity of 'Love's Horoscope.'

But we must not linger over individual poems. Let it suffice to call attention to Crashaw's 'Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.' Am I guilty of overstatement when I express my opinion that its quality of thrilling tenderness makes it one of the loveliest lyrics of this lyric century? If we take any poem as typical of Crashaw, let it be this. It reveals more clearly perhaps than any other the debt which Crashaw owes to Jonson and to Donne; but his originality of treatment and of technique is likewise patent, and we are able to realize more clearly the poet's power of forging brilliant lines of glittering felicity.

Other poems show hectic beauties of style that delight and evade us. We see all the colors of the rainbow, but the rainbow vanishes even while we gaze, and leaves nothing but a chaste mystic pondering in his shy seclusion, and writing some of the sweetest and most artistic epitaphs of the age. And then suddenly, as we read, all the ardor and brave-soaring transport of his lyric inspiration is revived, and the metal comes red from the furnace. But then once more Crashaw becomes the Botticelli of poetry, his lines move with undulant pliancy, and the phrasing is miraculously complete. And so the process goes on. Do you see now why his poetry baffles analysis?

He is endowed with a kind of divine familiarity. Even his imperfections have the breath of life. He sings, we feel, because his nature forces him, and when it gains the mastery, the soul of the poet overflows in a flood of warm beauty and majestic power. Sudden tender apostrophes check the torrent of his luxuriant and flaming fancy, and yet underneath and regulating all there is a delicate poise of line and couplet, a loving dexterity of beautiful expression. If he sometimes gives a factitious value to what is poetically low, the fault is an original one, and we accept the splendid phrase thankfully, and dismiss the unworthy idea.

For Crashaw's place is high in the hierarchy of song. The subtlety of his emotion and the depth of his imaginative sensuousness are unearthly. The most evanescent emotions charge the leaping flame of his yearning. His imagination is imperial, but both thought and feeling are of the inmost, utmost things of faith.

In the ecstasy of his devotion his mind is abnormally active. Indeed

the conceit in Crashaw is, like his mysticism, the result of a certain flashing suddenness in establishing psychological associations. His impetuous devotion is like the sweeping rush of a fiery chariot, and carries the soul upward. Best of all, he is a Catholic, true to his faith and true to his inspiration; flawless as a man, genuine as a poet, faithful and pure.

He has thus left behind him poetry which sweetens our lives, calls forth our admiration, and stirs us to noble purposes. His religious emotion is of an enchanting beauty. Nowhere, perhaps, but in Southwell, do we find this peculiar blending of emotional tenderness with ascetic mysticism. But even Southwell's softened fire is not fanned by such an ecstasy of lyrical movement. Crashaw has been called the Christian Shelley, and in this, as in every paradox, there is much truth. For with Crashaw, to be was to be musical; life was a hymn. The hymn sweeps with majestic cadences, often wonderfully severe and solemn, yet always awfully intense. He grasps the eternal realities, and the melody of their expression is the music of a master.

It is miraculous how he finds words to clothe a subtle and ravishing emotion. We who listen hear lyric music flowing from a master's hand. Often the swell of cathedral organ is more limited than seems to be his majestic rising into the sublimity of seraphic adoration.

Rarely autobiographical, the seal of his individuality is stamped upon Crashaw's verse. We must love the man a little in order to appreciate his poetry. But once known he is unforgettable, and so forever down the years the flame and music of his song will echo as he appeals with characteristic self-effacement to his beloved Teresa.

‘O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire;
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him,
Fair sister of the Seraphim!
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die!’

THE BUTTERFLY

BY LUCINE FINCH

Author of 'Two in Arcadia'

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

A PRINCESS

HANDMAID to the PRINCESS

A FAUN

A MOON GODDESS

ACT I

SCENE

A deep wood, dark but for the moonlight glimmering through the leaves. Silent but for the subtle noises of the night: the call of wood things and the passing of wind through high trees.

A faun comes leaping, playing on his reed pipe a weird, minor, tuneless melody. He is as wild as the unpathed wood, fierce in his abandon — a creature of the forest with the wind in his flying hair. Brown as the leaves that are falling about him. Without soul, without heart, but enchanting and charming in his freedom. He dashes in among the trees like a wind-blown leaf, and with haunting laughter, strange and elusive and inhuman, seems more a part of the deep wood than a separate thing.

In the midst of his leaping a pale and wonderful Moon Goddess enters the wood. She watches him, he not seeing her, with a certain sadness in her face, but also with a wisdom that is never sad. It is as if the rays of the moon lingered lovingly upon her, touching her hair with pale glow and gleaming on her white arms.

As she draws nearer the leaping creature, the luminous glow about her lightens the forest, and whirling he sees her and darts as though frightened behind a tree.

The Faun.—Art thou a human, thou ?

The Moon Goddess.—Nay, like thee, I am at best a force,—

Hear me. I come a messenger to thee.

In my hands I bear a soul,

THE BUTTERFLY

A quivering, eager, restless soul.

'Tis thine! A gift of gods, high gods above.

Stretch forth thy hands and take what is thine own.

(The FAUN, startled, shrinks farther behind the tree.)

The Faun (in wonder and with unconscious premonition of fear). —

Who art thou?

Moon Goddess.— I am the Watcher of Births.

I stand beside the wondering maid

When gods first whisper in her ear

The marvel that she is to bear a child.

I soothe her fear, her wondering, startled, darting fear.

The new life lying next her heart

I watch and wait for, yearning o'er,—

Thou can'st not understand.

The Faun.— And what dost thou want with me?

Moon Goddess.— Draw near and I will tell thee.

(*The FAUN dances lightly towards her, darting back and forth, tantalizing, weird, elusive.*)

The Faun.— Nay! I come not near!

I stand behind a tree and hear.

Speak thou!

Moon Goddess.— When one late come from high gods dies,

His spirit flies straight as a bird to me.

A homing place am I for little baffled souls,

For little wandering, wistful souls.

And as I passed within the wood,

I heard a cry, a low, faint cry.

My heart was listening and I heard.

And there upon the earth a babe

New come, lay sick, and moaning, breathing fast.

And as I paused, Death rustled by

And gently closed the fluttering lids,

The little feeble, fluttering lids.

And from his mouth

A living violet flame crept forth.

Crept quivering forth and fluttered for a space

'Twixt him and me.

And lo! Here in my hands I bear it.

Nearer draw and listen,

'Tis thine!

The Faun (*withdrawing deeper into the wood*).— Mine!

Moon Goddess.— Thine!

The Faun (*leaping wildly*).— I will not have it! No! Not I!

Moon Goddess.— Thou needs must have it, thou!

The Faun.— But why?

Moon Goddess.— The gods have said — And who gainsays what
Gods have said?

That he who first is met by me,
Within the wood, upon the road,
The open road beneath the sky,
'Tis he to whom the soul belongs.
Thee have I met, and meeting thee
I give thee what thou needs must take.
'Tis thine!

The Faun (*laughing wildly and leaping like a wild thing*).—

A soul!

To me?

Nay, *not* to me!

What should I with it?

A soul means haunts of men,
And splendid, useless clothes,
And foolish jewels and thought of food!
And barren blitheness! Nay, not I!

For, once I met a man — a Prince —
And he was gaily clad, but he was sad
And sighed so —

But I am gay!

All day I play upon my pipes
With none to hear except
The wood things creeping near.

A soul? To me?

Nay, *not* to me!

Moon Goddess.— The gods have said.

The Faun.— My gods, here in my breast,

Say, nay!

(*The MOON GODDESS remains quiet, looking fixedly at him. As she gazes a change comes over him. As he whirls and laughs flinging out his arms, the change grows more apparent.*)

The Faun (*bewildered*).— What is it thou hast done to me?

Moon Goddess.— Thy soul is entering into thee.

The Faun.— I am heavy here within —
A pain!

Moon Goddess.— The coming of a soul brings pain.
Kneel thou and receive.

The Faun.— Give it, thy quivering, violet flame,
To soulless men, for such they say
There are. But, I, a faun — !
Oh, let me go! I will not have a soul!
Oh! let me go!
What is it thou hast done to me?

Moon Goddess (irrevocable and unmoved by his wild fear).—
Kneel thou and receive.

The Faun (wildly).— I will not have a soul!
(*fearfully*).— I will not have a soul!
(*weakly*).— I will not have a soul!

(*Reaching forth his arms, limply, as through no willing of his own, and wearily, as if in fierce struggle*). — I will not have a soul! (*He falls exhausted.*)

Moon Goddess. Reach up thine arms—
And take what is thine own.

The Faun (lying prone, reaches up weak arms).— I will not —
I will not.
Oh, the pain!

(*His voice falters. He lies upon the ground helpless. The MOON GODDESS very tenderly brushes his forehead with her lips, and throws about his neck a fine gold chain with a single pearl*).

'Tis bitter to become a man.
But men are nearer far to gods
Than thou, poor, leaping deep-wood thing!
Be thou a man.
Thou hast a soul.
And fierce unhappiness and pain,
And longing past all else, will come.
And sad'ning thought and dull despair,
And faltering, failings, sudden fear.
But heights as depths!
Thou art a man! Farewell!

(*She passes quietly out of the woods, lingeringly.*)

The Faun (starting up, his face showing fear mingled with wonder and the new fierce joy of being).—
I will not!

I will not!
Nay, give me not a soul! Nay! Nay!
(*The curtain falls.*)

ACT II

The Garden of the Palace

(*A very young and lovely princess sits beside a fountain playing with a golden ball. Her little maid runs after it and brings it back to her.*)

The Princess (sings).—Strings of pearl are in my hair,
Gold, gold, gold my hair!

And in my heart, who knows? who knows?

In my deep heart, who knows?

(*Breaking off in her song, mystically and dreamingly, the PRINCESS speaks.*)

Princess.— Little maid of mine thinkst thou he will come?

Little Maid.— Nay, I know not.

Princess.— But thinkst thou?

Little Maid.— Oh, he will come.

Princess.— I have sung my song and waited.

Little Maid.— Sweet Lady, have no fear,

Thou art so young and very fair.

He needs must come

Thou art so fair.

(*The PRINCESS laughs merrily and they two play gaily with the golden ball.*)

Princess.— And when he comes my little maid,

How will he be, think you?

Fine and straight like a slender tree, think you?

Little Maid.— Look in thine heart,

There shalt thou see.

Princess (dreamingly).— Yea, in my heart!

Little Maid.— Oh, let us play

And trouble not of men!

Throw thou me the ball!

Princess.— Yea, let us play.

(*They play again laughing merrily the while.*)

Princess.— Now, I to thee!

Little Maid.— Now, I to thee!

Princess.— And when he comes my little maid,

What will he say, think you?

Little Maid (knowingly).— Oh, men say ever

The same, same word.

Princess (leaning toward her).— Yea? What word say men?

Little Maid (throwing ball and catching it).— I love you — or, I love you not!

Princess.— How wise we are, we two!

Little Maid.— For we are women!

Princess.— I shall know him when he comes, think you?

Little Maid.— Oh, yea! For thou hast seen his image in thine heart.

Princess.— Else what can hearts be for?

Little Maid.— Oh, let him come,

If come he will!

It boots us not to watch,

For ill oft comes of watching.

Princess.— Ah! Little Maid,

Thou art a child,

And children very wise can be

So near are they to heart of things

From having been so little while

Here on the earth,

Where we grow dull, I fear.

Little Maid.— And you forget to play —

Princess.— Oh, yea! (*They play with the golden ball.*)

Princess (throwing the ball from her into the garden).—

Nimble little maid, run, run —

And come not back.

Thou little, little, maid! (*kissing her.*)

(*LITTLE MAID runs gaily off.*)

Princess.— Heart of mine, O heart of mine.

Be still! He comes,

My Prince, my Lord!

My dear Desire!

I have waited, singing out my heart to him,

When was it that he went from me?

A day? A thousand years?

Or did I dream and has he never come?

Yet, I have seen him with eyes of the heart.

Yea, he will come, he will come!

Yea, he must come, and I shall know —

(*She breaks off singing as at first and gazing into the fountain.*)—

Strings of pearls are in my hair.

Gold, gold, gold my hair.

And in my heart.—

(The PRINCE enters, the PRINCESS not seeing him. In wonder and child-like delight at so lovely a picture, he draws nearer the fountain and still nearer, gazing in as the PRINCESS does, hardly knowing the difference between the maiden and her image in the water. As she looks within, the PRINCESS, with sudden start of joy, sees the image of the PRINCE. They look up and for the space of a moment they stand looking into each other's eyes. Then, as if drawn by an irresistible force, they move toward each other.)

The Princess.— Is it thou ?

The Prince.— It is I.

The Princess.— Then thou hast come!

The Prince.— I have come — Beloved!

Princess.— I knew that thou wouldst come.

I sang to thee and waited.

The Prince.— I have been dull — I have been dull.

The Princess.— Art thou in pain ?

The Prince.— Yea, mortal pain.

But thou — as I draw near thee —

The Princess.— Yea, thy pain will go.

I, too, was restless, eager, hurting here —

But thou — as I draw near thee —

The Prince.— Yea, thy pain will go.

The Princess.— Is it strange to thee that we — knew ?

The Prince.— Nay, Beloved, not strange to me, and thou ?

The Princess.— I am a woman. I knew that I must know

Thee when thou cam'st to me.

The Prince.— Within my heart I felt a pang —

A dull, unreasoning, thrilling pang.

'Twas thou that I did long for — thou!

The Princess.— And I for thee! Sit here beside me. . . .

Who art thou ?

The Prince.— The one whom thou dost love!

The Princess.— Ah, yea. I know —

But of thy father and thy country

Say —

Prince (mystically).— I have no father, no country, I —

Princess.— But how strange! I do not understand!

Prince.— And must thou understand, Beloved ?

Princess.— Nay,— I have thee for whom my heart has sung

And waited, singing.

Prince.— I come to thee out of a Silence.

Love thou me and question not.

Princess (leaning to him).—

Yea, I will love!

Prince.— Gold hair! Gold hair!

Princess.— 'Tis thine, as I am thine.

Prince (to himself as he touches her hair lovingly). —

And this it is to be a man,

To have a soul! And this I fought against,

Rebelling! Ah — I did not know!

Princess.— What sayst thou?

Prince.— Nay, Gold Hair, I spoke but idly to myself.

Princess.— I am thyself. Speak thou to me.

Prince.— Thou art indeed myself, and I am thee

Love thou me and question not.

Princess (lightly).—Art thou a mystery?

I have heard them say —

The wise heads of my father's court —

That men are mysteries, all, yea, all!

Prince (smiling at her).— And women?

Princess.— Of a truth!

I to myself am still unsolved.

I only know I have sung to thee—

It may be myriads of years,

Or days — all time — to thee!

Prince.— And I am come across the world

To thee!

Princess (leaning towards him and touching his curls fondly).—

Thou art fair and altogether lovely, sir.

Prince.— Thou art — thou art!

I did not know a woman could so lovely be!

Princess.— This chain about thy neck —

Who gave it thee?

(*The PRINCE takes it hurriedly from her hand.*)

Princess.— Who gave it thee? A woman?

Prince (withdrawing).— Nay. It came with me out of the Silence.

Princess.— Give it to me!

Prince.— Nay, sweet. Nay, sweet.

Princess (in wonder).— Nay?

Prince (smiling at her).— Yea, nay.

Princess.— But thou art strange!

(*The PRINCE is silent.*)

Princess.— Lov'st thou me beyond all else ?

Prince.— Beyond all else, Beloved.

Princess.— Then give it me!

Prince.— Nay, sweet — nay, sweet.

Princess (drawing away from him).— Thou lov'st me not as I love thee,

Didst thou ask aught,

'Twere thine before the fair request were made.

Thou lov'st me not!

Prince.— Child! Little Gold Child!

I love thee.

Thou asketh what thou knoweth not.

Princess.— The mystery again!

Prince.— Remember, out of the Silence

Came I to thee!

Princess.— If I laugh wilt thou give it me ?

Prince.— Nay, sweet.

Princess.— If I weep, then ?

Prince.— Nay, sweet.

Princess.— Of a truth! If I — command ?

Prince.— Nay, sweet.

Princess (in anger).— I am not used to beg, sir.

(*The PRINCE is bewildered by her swift, changing mood.*)

Prince.— Forgive my churlishness, sweet maid.

And trust me! All of me is thine.

My heart, my brain, my spirit —

All are thine. But this —

This slender chain thou asketh me,

I cannot give — I dare not give it thee.

Princess (rising).— Thou art not he.

I know thee not.

Thou art a stranger unto me!

Prince.— And yet thou knewest me

When I, Beloved, came to thee.

Princess.— A little thing I ask of thee.

Prince.— Thou knoweth not what thou asketh, Child.

Princess.— I know thou dost refuse it me.

Dost thou refuse ?

Prince.— Sweet maid, I pray —

Princess.— Dost thou refuse ?

Prince (bowing his head sadly).— I must refuse.

Princess (bitterly and lightly).— So men are made!

Well! Thou cam'st

And thou didst stay a little space.

So are men made.

Well! And thou wilt go

And I forget that thou wert here.

Prince.— Thou can'st not, dear, forget!

Princess.— I can forget.

I have forgot!

So women are. Now go!

The Prince.— Wilt thou not let me keep — my soul?

The Princess.— Thy soul is mine as mine is thine.

No silence comes between!

The Prince.— Ah, yea!

The Princess.— And nay,

I say!

The Prince.— There are some veils

That even Love

Must leave unlifted,

Sweet!

The Princess.— Nay! none between us if we love!

Prince (pause).— If I tell thee, wilt thou hear

And understand and question not?

Princess (coldly).— I ask a gift.

I do not ask to hear.

I ask a gift.

Dost thou refuse?

Prince.— What shall I say?

Princess.— Dost thou refuse?

(*PRINCE hesitates, looking sadly at her. She remains cold and silent, gazing back at him.*)

Prince.— Nay, nay, nay!

Take thou thy gift!

And on thy heart — the deed!

(*He slowly unclasps the chain. As he takes it from about his neck, a change comes over him. He begins to laugh, a weird half laugh, half cry. He leaps into the air and throws out his arms wildly. He flings the chain to the wondering PRINCESS and whirls about with strange fantastic steps, darting and dashing hither and thither like a wind-blown leaf. The chain falls at the feet of the PRINCESS. She does not stoop for it and it lies between them.*)

Princess (fearfully).— Who art thou ?

The Faun.— A spirit — freed!

Princess.— Art thou not he ?

The Faun (tauntingly and mockingly).— Nay, sweet!

(The PRINCESS starts back as though he had struck her.)

Princess.— Dost thou not love me ?

The Faun (mocking still).— Nay, sweet!

(The PRINCESS sinks down by the fountain weeping and wondering.

The FAUN steals towards her and picks up the chain with the single pearl and throws it over her head.)

The Faun.— Have thou thy gift.

Princess.— And thou ?

The Faun.— I ? To the deep wood I will go

Where none dare come

Save wildest wood things creeping near.

Now am I free! See how I leap;

I laugh! I laugh at thee!

What foolish jewels thou wearest, thou!

What foolish robes of stiff, harsh, gold!

And a crown upon thy foolish head!

And in thy heart — pain, pain, pain!

(He rushes out laughing wildly, but with a strange half sob in his laughter.)

(The PRINCESS takes the chain from about her neck and throws it into the fountain. As it sinks a butterfly flutters up, softly whirring past her. Its beautiful wings are broken and marred, and its flutterings are feeble. It sinks exhausted at the feet of the PRINCESS.)

Princess.— Thou too art sick! *(She takes the broken thing tenderly in her soft white hands and bends over it weeping.)*

Thou, too, art sick!

ACT III

(The deep wood. The ground is bare but for the dull brown leaves that cover it. The FAUN sits sad and listless under a tree. His pipe lies silent in his hands. He gazes moodily into the tree tops.)

The Faun.— It is drear in the woods

And the moonlight is pale.

I am sick — and a heaviness comes

When I seek to remember.

Yet, I cannot forget.

And the cry of my heart

(For I know by the pain burning here
'Tis my heart,)

'Oh, less than a human
And more than a Faun!"

I have held in my breast
A man's soul — for a space.

I have lost what was mine,

A man's soul for a space.

I dare not remember.

I may not forget.

Why, why did high gods
Seek me out in my woods

And thrust to my keeping — a soul?

And yet, it was mine.

And I thrill with the pain.

And the heaviness here, 'tis my heart.

Can it be that my heart

Once human and given to her

Shall ever be human

And — given to her?

My laughing is hollow,

My laughing is pain;

And yet — the soul that I had,

Of high gods given me

It was mine for a space

For a space it was hers.

Whatever has been can never be lost.

Oh, I dare not remember!

I may not forget.

(He rises with fierce determination and draggingly begins his wild leaping, his weird singing. Yet through it all his steps falter and his voice has lost its joyous ring. He sits down beneath the tree again, dull and listless.)

(The PRINCESS comes into the wood. She is footsore and weary and her golden gown is torn and earth stained. She leans heavily against a tree. In her clasped hands she holds a butterfly.)

Princess.— Weary and worn! Weary and worn!

And my spirit is torn.

Since he went — strangely changed —

Have I sought him.

Will my seeking ne'er cease?

Will my seeking bring peace?

Weary and worn! Weary and worn!

And my spirit is torn.

(Suddenly she sees the FAUN sitting dull and listless under the tree.)

Princess.—Thou!

The Faun (fiercely)—Why hast thou come?

To torture me?

To taunt me, thou?

Why hast thou come?

Princess.—To give thee back thine own.

The Faun.—Nay, give it not to me again,

For giving me means useless pain!

Princess.—The golden chain I begged of thee

With single pearl, wrought wondrously,

I threw into the fountain's pool.

I threw it fiercely, miserably,

Our happiness — our moment's joy!

But as it fell into the pool

A butterfly came fluttering forth,

All wounded, broken-winged and weak.

'Twas all was left to me of thee,

And thou wast all my life to me

In our few golden moments, thou.

Wilt thou receive it for the sake

Of golden moments sped away?

The Faun.—Nay, nay, I choose not pain —

And yet, not choosing, pain is here.

Princess.—For the sake of golden moments,

And our youth; my ignorance,

My knowledge now of pain.

For the sake of all that might have been

Had I not begged of thee the chain,

Wilt thou receive —

The Faun (bitterly, cruelly).—I am afraid — afraid of souls!

And golden moments swiftly pass —

Princess.—For the sake of what thou art to me —

Receive!

The Faun.—Nay, nay!

Princess.—Alas!

(She swoons, falling toward the FAUN who catches her. Her hair, like a fine gold chain, falls across his shoulder. He sinks with her very gently, until she lies along the ground, limp and white, like a broken flower.)

The Faun.— Ah! die! Thou may'st!

A human thou, but I — ?

Less than a human and

More than a Faun!

(*He is deeply moved as her golden hair brushes his shoulder.*)

How gold her hair!

A golden chain,

Her face a single pearl.

(*Pause.*)

Unclasp thy hands

Like lilies shut

To hide their hearts —

Unclasp!

(*He leans over her, not touching her, with a beautiful wonder at her weakness in his face and a tense longing to penetrate the mystery that lies between them.*)

O thou! What art thou!

Mystery of mysteries!

What art thou ?

White and gold

And like a flower

Whose heart is hid

What art thou ?

(*He very gently unclasps her hands and a white butterfly flutters forth, hovering near her. The FAUN is torn between his fear of having a soul and his love for the PRINCESS. The struggle is sharp and fierce.*)

The Faun.— For the sake of what thou art to me

Of joy — of pain — or misery,

I will receive.

(*The butterfly poises for a moment on his upheld hand. The PRINCESS stirs as if new life came to her.*)

The Princess.— Thou hast received ?

Prince.— Beloved, yea.

And peace

And joy

And thou!

Princess.— Ah, yea!

(*He kisses her reverently upon her white forehead and on her gold hair. He kisses her upon her lips. The MOON GODDESS passes in the edge of the wood with a wise smile on her face. The white butterfly hovers, fluttering about their heads.*)

(*The curtain falls.*)

HORACE: EPODE XI

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS EWING, JR.

I've no pleasure now, Pecti heretofore happy
Writing an odd scrap of verse, so sorely by Cupid smitten;
For Cupid is singling out me above any
Daintily limbed pretty boy or girl to use despitefully.

Here is the third December, after conquering
My love of Inachia, that strews the autumn foliage.
Woe's me! throughout town — I'm ashamed of such folly —
Talked of of all men am I? Festivities still called to mind,
Where sits the wooer listless and melancholy,
And piteously respiring sighs, to lighten weariness.

'Are paltry riches still to win the victory,
Manly talent never?' I lamenting often cry to you,
When, all a-fever, unsimulating Bacchus
With nappy wine attacking me hotly, lay bare my bosom."

'Now that within tumultuous rebellion is
Freely welling; to the winds flinging the thankless antidotes
That never a cruel wound even alleviate;
Shame will abide not a submission to my inferiors."

Thus it is determined, you present; I praise the course,
And, bidden, I'd tarry home; alas the footsteps wandering
Led me to entries, ah, not open, and to doors,
Ah, very stony; whither hurried on I bruise my body.

DAS TRUNKNE LIED*

BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Translated by Sylvester Baxter

O man! Give heed!
The word of midnight who may read?
‘Asleep, asleep —
And then to wake from deepest dream:—
The world is deep,
Far deeper than the day would deem.
Deep is its woe!
Joy — deeper yet than woe may be.
Woe cries: “But go!”
While joy demands Eternity,
All joy wants deep Eternity!’

*The original, together with Tille’s translation, was published with a new version, by Dr. William Benjamin Smith, in POET LORE, several years ago (Autumn Number, 1905). Here is still another version of this great little poem.

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THE CLOUDS*

(A play in three acts)

BY JAROSLAV KVAPIL

*Translated from the Bohemian by Charles Rechi**

THE CAST

PATER IAN MATOUSH, a village priest.

MAYA ZEMANOVA, an actress.

PETR KOCIAN, a theological student.

MARIA KOCIANOVA, his mother, the priest's sister.

DR. VOTAVA, a physician.

Scene: A small Bohemian parsonage near the mountains.

ACT I

Courtyard of a country parsonage. Summer afternoon.

Matoush (entering from the outside with his sister).— Well, God willing, by to-morrow night this year's harvest will be all gathered. To-morrow we'll get that piece we have on Zablati finished up, and then we'll thresh it all together. But don't you work so hard, Marianka. To-day it was awfully hot, and you, poor thing, had to work twice as hard. Petr home?

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Kocianova.—No. Soon after dinner he took a book and went somewhere around Zalachi.

Matoush.—My old feet don't serve me as well as they used to. I went around to Zablati and it took me a good hour to get home. And I am tired. In other days I would go with the last sacrament a good many miles and would come home as fresh as when I started, but now even such a short walk wearies me. We are getting old, Marianka; we are getting old. And we stand here all alone.

Kocianova.—May the Almighty at least reward us with Petr. May He give him His mercy and blessing so he can serve his first mass next year.

Matoush (smiling).—And afterwards that he should go a-farming on some godforsaken country parsonage. Is that it? (*Sits down on the bench.*)

Kocianova.—God's will be done. Our old father farmed, my old man farmed,—and both were content.

Matoush.—Listen Marianka — come, stop a moment — come sit down here beside me. Listen, are you not at least once in a while a bit sorry that Petr is not going to be something greater, something more important than his uncle? And you know well that he could have been.

Kocianova.—But I have promised him to the Lord. And He knows the covenant I made with Him when the boy was on his deathbed, and that's why He saved him.

Matoush.—And do you think that is the only reason why He saved him?

Kocianova.—For that and everything. But it was His will that Petr should be what you are.

Matoush.—What I am! Ah! my golden soul, at our age one can regret many things and yearn for things which are not. I go through fields, I meet the peasants and laborers, and I often ask of myself, "For this did I study many long years, for this did my brothers and sisters sacrifice themselves, for this did I remain single, that at the end of ends I should be the same as you are, but without your happiness and your hope?" What I am! A peasant, a strange acre, which to-day is mine and to-morrow is—God knows whose. A decaying recluse who never knew the world and who doesn't leave anything to the world.

Kocianova.—Don't lament, Jenichek! You brought up Petr.

Matoush.—No, I didn't. He would have finished his studies

without me, and without me he would have been what you would have "covenanted" him to be. Marianka, God is also in other places besides the church. And when I see Petr and his habitual silence, his compressed lips, it is to me as if I saw our poor dead father again, at that time when I told him I would go to the seminary if we didn't have enough money for the university (*waving his hand*). Well, I went gladly. I offered myself as a sacrifice, and went of my own will, Marianka, of my own accord.

Kocianova.— And Petr also —

Matoush.— Petr, my dear, has been sacrificed by you, or rather let us say, we have sacrificed him. He could have studied, I could have afforded it. (*Silence*.)

Kocianova.— It was God's will.

Matoush.— It was your wish, Marianka, it was the wish of your religion (*smoothing her hair lightly*). You have a good son, sister. May God preserve him, and the Lord's will be done. (*Rising*). Won't you give me my lunch?

Kocianova (*rising*).— See, we were talking till I forgot. (*Seeing Petr coming*.) And there is Petr coming; you can eat together.

Petr (*entering from the outside*).— His name be praised!

Matoush.— Unto all eternity!

Kocianova.— From ages to ages!

Matoush.— You are hurrying home, too, aren't you? Such heat tires me.

Petr.— In the Zalchi woods it is nice and shady, and pleasant to read there.

Matoush.— Yes, on Zalchi, of course,— but what a distance?

Kocianova.— Do you still remember, Petrichek, how you got lost on Zalchi when you went to pick strawberries? Good God, but that's so many years ago!

Petr (*smiling*).— At least twenty.

Kocianova.— If not more, my dear boy. Why you were only such a bit of a schoolboy; but even at that time your dear father was already with God.

Matoush.— It will be twenty-four years on Saint Vaclav's day since he died.

Kocianova.— Twenty-four already. How the years go! And how old are you, Petrichek?

Petr.— Almost twenty-eight.

Matoush.— To be sure, to be sure. You were almost fourteen

when we sent you to the gymnasium.

Kovianova.— And then you lost two years on account of that sickness.

Matoush.— What happened that time on Zalchi? I don't recollect —

Petr (with a smile).— Well, at that time!— with that little girl from Prague,— don't you remember?

Matoush.— Ah, with the one whose father restored our church?

Kocianova.— Yes, yes, with her. And wasn't she great friends with our little Petr? The girl was only a little tot, but such a good child. I can see her even now. On her little neck she had a string of little red corals, and Frank Dolegsh teased her whenever he saw her, "Give me those pretty corals, Marenka." Marenka she was called, wasn't she?

Petr.— Yes, Marenka, I think.

Kocianova.— Well, and one fine day just as the boy was teasing her again, the girl says something sharp to him, and then dear Frank, — bang! goes and tears down the whole string from her neck. The corals were scattered all over the ground, and the girl was like wild. Our Petrik was sitting here on the doorstep — just as if I would see him to-day — and just as the girl started to cry, he flew at Frank, and soon he was on top of him (*laughing*). You used to be such a wild fellow, Petrichek.

Petr (quietly).— I used to be, maminka, I used to be.

Matoush (laughing).— Oh yes, I also remember it now. And afterward they had to pick up all those corals, and finally I punished them both.

Petr.— What became of that girl, I wonder?

Matoush.— She lost her father so suddenly. It is a great pity. He was such a good and skilful man; at that time he fixed up our church so well that it has no equal, far or near.

Kocianova.— Oh, well, I suppose she has been married a long time now. Why, she was only a few days younger than our Petr.

Petr.— Yes, they used to tease me by calling me her bridegroom. Frank, even after many years, used to shout, "Where is your wife Marenka?"

Kocianova.— Ah, what do the children not chatter together!

Petr.— And what life makes of it! (*Silence.*)

Matoush.— Oh, it was at that time on Zalchi that you and she lost your way. Now I am recollecting. What trouble there was here

in the house when you weren't home after the Angelus.

Petr.—Talk about the Angelus! Why, it was perfectly dark when the Herstein forester found us in the woods and brought us home.

Kocianova.—And here am I listening to you and forgetting all about the lunch (*Going out*). Shall I bring it into the hall?

Matoush.—Yes, do, Marianka, do, it's nice and cool there.

Kocianova.—I will get it ready at once (*exit*).

Matoush (after a while).—See, Petr, how the time flies. It isn't such a long time ago since you came back on a vacation, and soon it will be after harvesting, and then you'll have to get ready to go back to the seminary again.

Petr.—God willing, a year from to-day I will serve my first mass.

Matoush.—Yes, and next year after the harvest you will settle down some place as a pastor. Your mother would like to see it even now.

Petr.—Poor maminka.

Matoush.—My poor mother cried for me when I served my first mass, but not from joy. She wanted me to be a doctor. But there wasn't enough money for that. And see, Petr, I have been consecrated for thirty-two years, and this is the twenty-sixth year that I have been in this lonely farm. Why, why, I am almost sixty (*pause*). Do you still remember, Petr, how we sat here, just as to-day, under this tree, at the time when you were about to enter the Seminary? How many times, my dear boy, have I thought of it since. Didn't I myself, years ago, dislike to go where I was sending you? And I went voluntarily at that. When we sat down in the buggy at that time, and I took you to the railway station, I felt just as if I were leaving my home again to go to some place where I really did not want to go. But I had to go and see you; you, too, probably had to go. (*After a while.*) But, see here, Petr, I should not talk to you in this way. I am a priest and you too will become one soon; and perhaps I ought to pray for the constant and undisturbed peace of your soul. But we are men now; grown-up men, and they say that men are the masters of their fates. Tell me, my boy—are you content? And do you hope to be always content?

Petr (quietly).—Always, uncle.

Matoush.—God forbid that I should try to misguide you now when you stand at the threshold of a new career, which has been the lifelong wish and dream of your mother and which has become your own ambition also. But I am an old man, Petr, and to us old people

and especially to those who during their lives have always had enough time to meditate about themselves — is given as a recompense for their inactive past, an insight as clear as of summer nights when the most distant things are in view. I was never a religious fanatic, although even if I had taken up a different calling I would have never ceased to be a believer. To your mother I do not dare to talk about these things at all. She considers priests as the incarnation of religious belief — because she never heard [of anything else. To her we are the living embodiment of faith, the assurance of the nearness of her God. But, believe me, He exists even without us and our preaching. (*Pause.*) You are surprised, Petr, isn't it so, that a priest should talk in this way? I, your former instructor, your guardian, the very priest whose hand led you into the service of the Church.

Petr.— Frankly, uncle, while I listen to you I feel the strangeness of your talk. But it seems to me that I understand you well — at least, it seems so to me. I comprehend your situation more through feeling than reason. Indeed, my reason has not been given the opportunity to pursue an independent path of its own liking — but had to follow the clerical path. I see now that in the Church it is very much as it is in the Army. Those who enter must leave reason and independence behind them. You are not to think — but to believe. Believe me, I would have perhaps rebelled against my mother's commands had it not been for you and for the example you have set. Your loyalty in everything, in work, in the love of your kindred amidst this graveyard solitude of a country parsonage, gave me confidence that I also would be able to fulfil my mother's wish — and that I will be strong enough to kill all bolder hopes and dreams of young ambition.

Matoush.— You are a good boy, Petr, and I would even say that you are a worthy man, were it not that I myself wish often that men would and should be stronger than we both are. May God strengthen and protect you. (*Patting him lightly.*) And don't blame your old uncle, my dear fellow, if he talked to you as a priest ought not talk. (*Gets up.*) But let's come, come — maminka has most likely just as much as we forgot about the meal. (*Goes a few steps and calls out.*) Well, Marianka, aren't you going to invite us in?

Kocianova (on the threshold).—Please have patience. In a minute. The girl ran away on me somewhere and I had to chop a bit of wood myself. But come inside, it will soon be ready. (*Goes into the*

yard.) Where could that Barushka be —

Matoush.— Let's come, Petr. (*Smiling.*) *Nunc est bibendum.* (*They both go into the house.*)

Kocianova (in the yard).— But what a girl she is — (*Crosses the yard.*) Barushka! (*Goes out through the gate.*) Barushka,— can you hear me?

(*The stage remains empty for a while. MAYA appears in the gateway. She is lightly dressed and carries a parasol which she shuts when she enters. She looks around meditatively.*)

Kocianova (whose voice can be heard from a nearby house).— But Barushka, Barushka — where have you been?

Petr (comes out on the threshold and calls).— Maminka, maminka, where did you put —? (*Having seen MAYA he does not finish the sentence, but stops and greets her quietly.*) Good afternoon.

Maya.— Ach! Pardon me, reverend sir, that I have come into your yard without permission.

Petr.— You are welcome. Are you looking for somebody?

Maya.— Oh no — mere inquisitiveness. I just wanted to see your parsonage from the outside, at least. Old memories, don't you know. Would you permit me to look into the hall. There used to be some old blackened pictures there and I used to be so afraid of them.

Petr (steps off the threshold — he motions to her to enter).— If you please!

Maya (approaches the threshold, but stops).— Ach! Pardon. I must explain why I am interested. My name is Maya Zemanova and I come from Prague.

Petr (somewhat embarrassed).— Yes —

Maya.— I used to live here — many, many years ago. And this year some vagabond spirit brought me again into your neighborhood. I am in Breskowitz for my vacation. (*She looks around.*) Wonderful! To my imagination your parsonage seemed a tremendous building, your yard according to my recollection was at least as big as a town square, even that tree there seems to me very much smaller than it was in my memory — and the tree must have grown since that time.

Petr.— You must have been away from here for a long time, madam.

Maya (laughing).— Years, many years. But, reverend sir, you were not here then.

Petr.—Impossible, madam, I was born here.

Maya.—You don't tell me—but then you did not say Mass.

Petr.—I don't say it, even now, madam. I have not yet been ordained.

Maya.—Is that so? I thought that you were the local pastor.

Petr.—Oh, no—I am only a theological student.

Maya.—Ach. So. You are only a bachelor, only, ha? (*Laughing.*)

Petr (smiles).—Yes, only a bachelor, dear madam.

Maya (laughing).—Well, then, I am not a madam, as yet either.

Petr (embarrassed).—Pardon me, Miss.

Maya (still jolly).—Who can help it that I look like a married lady. (*After awhile.*) And if you please, Mr.—Mr.—see, now I don't know what title to give you. May I not call you "reverend sir"?

Petr.—My name is Kocian, Miss.

Maya (lightly).—Delighted. Is not that priest here any more, who used to be here years ago? I have such a bad memory for names.

Petr.—My uncle has served in this place for almost twenty-six years.

Maya (with warmth).—Your uncle?

Petr.—Yes, Pater Ian Matoush.

Maya.—Yes! Yes! Father Matoush. But, God in heaven, is your name Petr?

Petr (surprised).—Really, Miss, Petr is my name.

Maya.—Petr! Petr! (*Shakes his hand cordially.*) And did you not recognize me?

Petr (embarrassed).—You—Miss?

Maya.—Not even by my name? Ah, of course, the name I gave you is of later date. That is my stage name. You know I am an actress.

Petr (involuntarily releases her hand).—Is that so?

Maya (laughing).—But did not you get frightened! (*More seriously.*) My real name is Marie Preisova—but I am entirely used to the other name.

Petr (suddenly remembering).—Marie Preisova. (*Quickly.*) Your father worked on our church, here, did he not?

Maya (cordially).—And during that time I was the ward of the

parsonage, surely, surely. My mother was already dead and papa took me with him every vacation.

Petr.—Ach! Miss Preisova — this is, indeed, strange. We were just talking about you.

Maya.—You — about me? Why, do you still remember me? And with whom were you talking about me, please?

Petr.—Why, with uncle and maminka.

Maya.—Is maminka still alive? She is the priest's sister, is she not?

Petr.—Yes, she has been keeping house for my uncle since my father's death.

Maya.—What a surprise, Mr. Petr, I daresay. You are not angry at me for calling you by your first name?

Petr.—Ah. If you please — Miss ——

Maya (suddenly, surprised).—And you are also a priest — or you are going to be one! Who would have thought that of you? I always remembered you with that big paper cap on your head and your long wooden sabre — who could have known that from such a courageous hero the after years would hatch out a colorless country parson?

Petr (somewhat astonished; then he says slowly and quietly).—It had to be!

Maya (seriously).—It had to be! Ach, yes, Mr. Petr, everything had to be! (*Merrily.*) And how about me — did you ever think that I would become an actress?

Petr (quiet smile).—Rather a fairy princess, Miss, as you yourself used to tell me in those days.

Maya.—Yes, a fairy princess. Down below on a hedge near the brook we had our castle in a watchman's booth.

Petr.—Yes, and I used to go out, sabre in hand every time Frank Dolejsh would come to besiege our cherry trees.

Maya.—And once you walloped him on account of me, ha?

Petr.—Many times. Even after you went away from here Frank got many whippings on account of you.

Maya.—Is it possible! And why?

Petr (embarrassed).—Why — well why? But that is no longer true. (*Pause.*)

Maya (pensively).—“Gib meine Jugend mir zurück” (*Quickly changing the subject.*) And maminka, is she well? And uncle, how is he?

*Petr (hurriedly, getting out of his embarrassment).—*The Lord be praised — they are both well. And won't they be glad! How stupid of me! Here I am talking with you without inviting you inside.

Maya (smiles and remains standing on the threshold — she looks around.)

Petr.— But I'll have to call maminka. (*Hurries through the yard.*) Maminka, maminka! (*Goes around the corner.*)

Maya (steps inside the yard and looks about. She gazes at the stern, white walls of the rectory and looks at the tree, then goes back to the house and sits down on the bench. She begins to write on the sand with her parasol, reciting to herself half aloud.)

Kocianova (still behind the scenes).— And what a visit. What a visit! (*Enters, followed by PETR*) — My dear, golden soul. What a guest, what a guest! (*Goes over to MAYA, who rises and goes toward her.*)

Maya.— Mrs. Kocianova, do you still remember me? (*She embraces and kisses her.*)

Kocianova.— Ach. My dear, golden Miss. You are no longer that little Marenka who used to romp around with our Petr. Such a lady from the city! I really don't know, Miss —

Maya.— And I used to think of all of you so often. Believe me, I often wanted to come here. Last year I was in Pilsen and I was all ready to make a trip over here, but just then I got a telegram to return to Prague and I had to go back.

Kocianova.— And during all this time you never wrote to us. My brother read at that time in the newspaper that your father was with God.

Maya.— Those were very sad times for me, Mrs. Kocianova. My father fell off a scaffolding when they were rebuilding a church in Skalitz, and when I got there he was already dead.

Kocianova.— My poor soul!

Maya.— And then I was not even fifteen. And soon after that my aunt who adopted me died, too, and since my seventeenth year I have been all alone in the world. I was in Germany for a couple of years, but this is now my sixth year in Prague.

Kocianova.— Well, as long as you are healthy and happy.

Maya.— Well, health I have, thank God — and as for happiness, I don't get enough time for that.

Petr.— Miss — is with the theater in Prague, maminka.

Kocianova.— Is that possible — that big one? And she plays parts there, does she not?

Maya.— It's funny, isn't it? And almost ten years now.

Kocianova.— That must be an odd calling. And don't you find it hard?

Maya.— That is how I make my living.

Petr.— That's why I could not recognize Miss —. She introduced herself by her stage name.

Kocianova (confused).— And has she a different name now than she had then?

Maya.— You see, Mrs. Kocianova, at first I did not want to play under my own name, because so many people knew my father, and now I am better used to the other name.

Kocianova (surprised).— Why, is that possible?

Maya (lightly).— Why not? To-day no one knows me by the old name.

Petr.— About such things we have no idea, maminka.

Kocianova (quietly).— We have not, to be sure. (*After a while.*) But you must come inside, Miss. Brother will be surprised, I tell you!

Maya.— Really, I hardly feel like leaving this yard. Why, we used to stay here from morning till night. Here on the threshold, there on the bench and there under the trees. Out into the hall I was almost afraid to go on account of those big black pictures.

Kocianova.— Could I offer you a glass of our cream?

Maya.— Your cream? If you please, Mrs. Kocianova. Poor father, for many years he used to say, "There is nothing like that cream from Luschitz."

Kocianova.— So come right inside, Miss, right inside. Go, Petrichek, and take the Miss inside, I'll go and get something.

Maya (jolly).— But wait, Mrs. Kocianova, I will go in alone. I'll appear before the pater in the same way that I appeared before Mr. Petr. I wonder if *he* will know me. (*Laughs.*) Do you know, Mrs. Kocianova, that Petr kept on calling me "madam," before he recognized me. Well, well — who is to blame that I am not married?

Kocianova.— The young lady is nothing but jolliness. Well, then, as you like. Brother is in the hall to the right. Do you remember the way?

Maya (lightly).— I wonder what I could say to him, so he would not know me. Well, I'll try to think of something. I will be out.

in a minute, so please wait. (*Going inside.*) To the right, then — (*Goes in.*)

Petr (*confused; stands in the midst of the courtyard*).

Kocianova (*after a pause*).— Really, really — I cannot get it into my head. And that this should be that little Marenka Preisova from Prague. *Petrichek* —

Petr (*rousing*).— Yes, yes, but I have changed, too, maminka.

Kocianova.— You I have not lost from my sight, my dear boy, and so it does not seem so strange.

Petr.— And then I grew up differently.

Kocianova.— And how sincere and cordial she is! Would you believe that when I saw her the first time I really did not know what to say to her? But she came to me at once, with a “My dear Mrs. Kocianova,” and kissed me just like my own child.

Petr.— She must have met with but little love in this world.

Kocianova.— Yes, the poor thing, since her fifteenth year without a mother or a father! And in her best years!

Petr.— And still she went independently through life. A little girl fighting life’s battle unaided, single handed. Think of that, maminka! And in those years I was only a petty gymnasium student. And even to-day I am — nothing.

Kocianova.— But you soon will be, God willing —

Petr.— A forgotten country parson.

Kocianova.— Believe me, my boy, that is something even greater than her calling. Well, I don’t know. Only if she is as good a girl as she seems. Surely, it is a gift from God that she attained to all these things — but I don’t know what and how it is — I don’t know yet.

Petr.— Without doubt it is something beautiful and great. See how free and unrestrained she is in her talk to us and her actions. Wonderful! When I was in the gymnasium I went to the theater now and then, and it seemed to me that these women were really not women at all, just as if some master created an ideal being and it was artistically placed upon the stage. One of the actresses lived near our house at the time when I lived with old Mrs. Morfeit. And she was a wonderful woman. I always thought that I would die of embarrassment if she should ever speak to me on the street. And that’s the way I have always imagined all actresses were.

Kocianova.— I don’t understand those things at all. One hears about it once in a while, but never knows about it. But when I look

at that girl there I begin to believe it. Only she must be better, more open hearted than the others — Well! I don't know how I should say it. When one hears a goodly creature like that one feels better and the world grows brighter.

Petr.— And what must the men of their world be if a woman can be so free and independent — how those men must live! Does it not seem to you, maminka, that they are entirely different people of a different world than ours? And that world is so far away.

Kocianova (softly).— Well, let it be far away. As long as we can love some one. If God wills it, neither are you living in vain. Did I not pray to Him for you?

Petr (somewhat moved).— And I also thank Him daily that I still have you. (*Cordially.*) Let His will be done, maminka, as long as you find joy in me.

Kocianova (pats him lightly).— My good, my only Petrichek.

Petr (after a while).— Well, I daresay that uncle was surprised when he saw her. I wonder if she has told him yet who she is.

Maya (running out of the house).— Well, you should have seen it! You should have seen it!

Kocianova.— Did brother know you, Miss?

Maya.— No, not at all. (*To the priest who is coming after her.*) He made so many guesses, did you not,— but never guessed right!

Matoush.— What do you think of that, Marianka? And you, Petr?

Petr.— I did not know Miss Preisova, either, uncle.

Matoush.— And do you know who I thought she was when she entered. The Countess of Herstein. I was reading without my glasses, when she knocked and came in. That figure and that light dress.

Maya.— And I of course played my little part and the reverend sir started off, "Your Grace." Only that as soon as he put on his glasses he saw —

Matoush.— But still I did not know where to place her —

Maya.— See, see, reverend sir. To-day you would hardly call me "you over-patted cry baby." Really, that's what he called me once when I began to whimper for no reason and he was in a hurry.

Matoush.— But I am afraid that it was a little worse than you tell us.

Maya.— Yes, it was. At the end I got a good slap from you because I would not stop.

Kocianova (laughing loudly).—Is that possible, Miss!

Maya.— And believe me, Mrs. Kocianova, for such a slap I would gladly go back into the days of my childhood, even to-day. My childhood was not very long, but beautiful.

Petr.— The present must be even more beautiful.

Maya.— That only seems so to you, as to many others. But you, Mr. Petr, you must have enjoyed your young years even more than I.

Petr (slightly bitter).— Do you think so, Miss?

Kocianova.— Ach, my dear, golden soul! Petr had a very sad childhood. Even at the time when he was home. Brother did not know for a long while whether he would send him to the city to study. He was already fourteen when brother decided, and then, the poor thing, he fell sick, and we had to have him home for a long, long while. And how many times did Dr. Votava come here?

Matoush.— Yes, he was almost a goner.

Kocianova.— And then I used to kneel and pray many, many nights and call upon God to save him. It was at that time that I promised him to the Lord — and He accepted my promise and He saved him.

Maya (attentive, with interest).— And at that time you decided what Mr. Petr should be?

Kocianova.— The Lord Himself decided.

Maya (after a pause).— None of us knows where Fate will take us, I never thought of going on the stage. I wanted to be a teacher. And besides, did you know that I was also in a convent?

Kocianova (interested).— Were you, Miss?

Maya.— It was really a girlish whim. After my father's death in all that loneliness and worry I longed for a quiet haven. In my seventeenth year I thought that my life was all spent and I had such a craving for solitude and peace. So I went to the Mother Abbess of Sacré Cœur.

Kocianova.— Well, and ——

Maya.— And a half a year after that I was on the stage. I have no idea how it all happened! The convent did not quite come up to my expectations, and in the mean time one of my aunt's acquaintances met me and she was an amateur actress. For a year I played in German places — I knew German well, you know. My father used to send me to a German high school. So I played in Germany for some time, and as soon as I could I came back.

Petr.— And are you happy, Miss?

Maya (lightly).— Yes — happy. We are all happy as long as we have enough to do and enough to think about. But here am I talking about myself all the time. And how are you getting along, Father?

Matoush.— I? At my age thinking becomes an unnecessary function. I was farming already at the time when you were with us — and well the years passed by without much change. Only that we have grown much older, and Petr grew up. And after we have gone, he, too, will get old and so we will all pass away without leaving anybody or anything to this world, except three neglected poor-looking crosses in the churchyard.

Kocianova.— God's will be done!

Matoush.— But you are a nice hostess, Marianka. Aren't you going to offer something to Miss Preisova?

Maya (laughing).— We have forgotten all about that cream. But don't trouble yourself, Mrs. Kocianova. I will come again, if you will permit me.

Kocianova.— No trouble at all, Miss. When you come again, you can have some again, and every day if you like.

Dr. Votava (coming from the outside).— Hello there, everybody! And what do you think of this! Here is Miss Zemanova in the rectory. Extremes have met! (*Greeting every one.*)

Maya.— We are old friends, aren't we, reverend sir? And how about you, Doctor, have you a patient here?

Votava.— Not here in the parsonage. Mrs. Kocianova is about again as chipper as a bird. But old Rynesh down there in the village is getting along very badly. I am just coming from him. The old woman, poor thing, is wailing awfully. Would not you go over there, Father? I promised her that I would stop in here and ask you to come over with the Sacrament.

Kocianova.— So — so — it is true, after all. Well, he has been very miserable lately.

Matoush.— I will get ready at once, doctor. Petr, go and get the sexton. And you, Marianka, don't forget the young lady.

Petr (going).— I am going. I'll take a short cut through the garden. (*Goes out around the house.*)

Matoush.— Yes, and I'll follow you at once. Well, let's go. Shall I see you again, doctor?

Votava.— I don't know. I thought of giving Miss Zemanova a ride. My buggy is below at the inn.

Maya.— I really wanted to go by the fields.

Votava.— I would not advise you. You might get wet. The clouds are pretty darkly gathered above Zalchi.

Kocianova.— God forbid. Our people are still in the fields. But now I must — (*Goes into the house.*)

Matoush.— And you, doctor, will stay a while, will you not?

Votava.— I'll take a look around the village and come back here for Miss Zemanova.

Matoush.— Well, good by! (*Goes into the house.*)

Votava.— And how do you come to be here, Miss Zemanova?

Maya.— I used to be a guest here many years ago.

Votava.— Ach surely! My wife was telling me about it the other day. I forgot.

Maya.— No wonder. A busy, worried man like you!

Votava.— And don't you think that we have no worries! We in the villages are, as it were, isolated from the rest of the world, but we still have our worries.

Maya.— Listen, doctor, do you often come here to the rectory?

Votava.— Now and then. Whenever it is necessary. Every time I come to the village I always stop here to see the old man. He is one of those old-fashioned ones. One still can talk to such.

Maya.— Young Kocian is of the younger generation, I suppose?

Votava.— Well, at the present time he is not. That is — I don't know. On the whole, he is a poor talker. Perhaps his seminary life did not contribute much to his happiness.

Maya (with interest).— How is that?

Votava.— The boy used to be as wild as an Indian and then he got very seriously ill. He recovered and was a good student. I thought that he would become something else. But his mother was set upon the seminary — and the uncle, what could he do? He did not resist her wishes.

Maya.— And Petr?

Votava.— He humbly goes the usual path of our poor country students. That's the way it always ends with our farmer lads; either they haven't enough money for the university or it's the wish of their pious parents. Our peasants want all their sons to be gentlemen. Well, they manage to get them through the gymnasium somehow, but then — it's hard. The rank and file of our young clergy, even those who become religious fanatics later in life, is formed thus from involuntary candidates.

Maya.— Poor Petr!

Votava.— Why poor Petr? Maybe he is and maybe he isn't. That's an individual instance. After all, our attainments in life are only the sum total of our ambitions, so far as these could develop in our environment. It all depends on whether the individual is strong enough to change his surroundings, if he finds that they conflict with his ambitions.

Maya.— And what if such individual recognizes that fact later on in life? For instance, suppose that Petr should to-day awake and recognize that his mother's wishes are of no importance when compared to his duty to himself, his mission in life, his happiness? Suppose he should rise up? What then?

Votava.— What then? Perhaps only a misunderstanding, or maybe a calamity. My dear Miss Zemanova, it is not advisable to shake the foundations on which rest the newer layers of our life. Petr is to-day blindly going along on the well-beaten path — like a new chicken in a strange yard, whose wings are tied. If he should want to fly he will only fly into a neighboring yard and would injure himself in getting over the fence. And they would catch the chicken there, after all; and if tying the wings did not answer the purpose they'd cut them off entirely.

Maya.— Salutory theories!

Votava.— For us they are salutory — what do you know? You never had chicken wings.

(Petr is returning from the outside.)

Votava.— It is agreed then, Miss? I'll take you with me. I am just going to see another patient and I'll return in a few minutes. So, until then, by by! *(Goes out.)*

Maya (crosses the yard and sits down on the bench near the house.)— And how about you, Mr. Petr, aren't you ever going to Prague?

Petr.— When?

Maya.— Any time. Perhaps this vacation. Only wait until I return there. Take your mother along with you. Let your uncle keep house alone for a day or two.

Petr.— Ach. What do you think? Maminka — and to Prague!

Maya.— It is not at the world's end. Suppose you had studied there. She would have had to come there a couple of times.

Petr (with a light smile).— If I had studied there! Ah, no, Miss — Prague means nothing to me any more. First of all, I must finish my last year, and then comes the holy Mass, and in the mean

time I must not think of anything else.

Maya.— You certainly are in a hurry to get there.

Petr.— Why shouldn't I be! Others at my age already have a career behind them.

Maya.— Will you be glad when you are ordained and are your own master?

Petr.— Well, I wish it were to-day.

Maya (inquisitively).— You took up theology gladly, did you not?

Petr.— Gladly? (*Just as if he did not know what to answer.*) Oh! yes, gladly, even if only for my mother's sake.

Maya.— Listen to me, don't you ever think of a greater career?

Petr.— How do you mean?

Maya.— Well, I don't know how you priests make a career. It is most likely the same as in other lines. A small country parish is not the end of your ambitions. What comes after a parson? a dean, ha? Or a vicar? (*Laughs.*)

Petr (with a smile).— Well, perhaps — a dean.

Maya.— Yes, and after a dean an archdean and then a bishop. And archbishop, cardinal (*laughs*). Well, would not that be a career?

Petr.— But, Miss, what are you thinking of? I never in my life have thought of being anything greater than a simple country parson. I have really never given it any thought at all.

Maya.— Aren't you ambitious?

Petr (calmly).— No.

Maya.— Peculiar! (*After a while.*) You know what I was thinking of. It seems to me that this calling of yours does not afford you happiness. I don't believe that it is not impossible to be ambitious in a labor of love. Look! not even I thought of being an actress. First I trifled with that idea, which later on became my existence. But as soon as I gave myself up to the theater I devoted myself to it with all my soul. Passionately. And still, look! I am not one of those egoists who consider an actor the crownpiece of society. On the contrary, the profession — do you understand me — not the art but the profession — is at times even repulsive to me. I look upon most of the people from the stage point of view. But nevertheless, I live with my entire soul in my art, I am lost therein, it is that which gives passion and pleasure to my life — without it I don't know whether I could exist.

Petr.— You are happy?

Maya.— Happy! Since my childhood I have not been entirely happy. . Because happiness to me seems like a peaceful rest, calmness, conciliation with life. But my life is nothing but activity, effort, and struggle. I must always aspire further and higher, without a minute's rest, without stop. Instead of my passion for happiness, I have only my ambition; I find joy in work, joy in beauty, and I know how to become infatuated even with the joy of life. But happy, that which you call "happiness," happy I am not. And see, I often yearn for that happiness—like that happiness of my childhood; but not until to-day did I know that such happiness would be sufficient for me. I don't want it — although I know that it exists — only it does not exist for me.

Petr (does not understand her clearly).— You have lived so differently from me. I believe you, but I do not understand.

Maya.— That's because you never knew the charm of your calling. In the selfsame way you could have been a lawyer or a physician. You decided to become a priest because your mother wanted it. And in the same way that you believe me, but do not understand, so do I believe that you will gladly become a priest. You are, namely, happy because until now you have not aspired for anything different.

Petr.— Do you think so?

Maya.— Yes. Perhaps you never aspired for anything different because they separated you in time from everything. You look neither to the left nor to the right, and obediently go the commanded way. You go gladly, you say. But, Mr. Petr, did you ever feel joy on the way?

Petr.— My calling is not supposed to be a joyful one.

Maya.— Don't think that! Everywhere it is possible to feel joy, even in the most cruel and terrible things. Don't you think that there was joy in dungeons, pillories; in martyrdom and sufferings that there was no joy? Don't you think that they who died for their faith at the stake or in torture chambers, that they felt no joy in such dying? And don't you know that our more common heroes who willingly castigate their bodies, lie down alone in coffins, condemn themselves voluntarily to exile and solitude — don't you think that they find passionate pleasure in it? No matter what we do, it can be beautiful and joyful, but it must originate from our will, from our innermost conviction, from the needs of our passions, from our entire self, from our soul.

Petr (overcome by her eloquence, puts his hand to his brow).— All this I have never known.

Maya (leans back against the wall and looks upward to the sky).— See how those clouds travel along! Great, airy, free, joyful. Something carries them along, something unknown, invisible, perhaps the vehement currents of those high spheres, perhaps their own passion for the setting sun, or perhaps only the mood and poetic spirit of this day. How freely and undauntedly they journey on! Without a will of their own and yet so free, unencumbered, unfettered by either earth or heaven. I often feel that I am floating on like those clouds. High up above the earth, illumined, sunkissed. And the earth deep down, deep under me. In that distance the earth looks so friendly, peaceful, dumb. Here on earth there might be happiness, but up above there is joy, there is light — ~~light even long after sunset — and probably death there would be sweet, beautiful.~~ Can you see?

Petr (from his depths).— I see. (*Silence.*)

Maya (first to rouse herself).— But I am babbling again. It looks like foolishness, doesn't it?

Petr.— Ach, no, Miss. I could listen to you forever and forever. I am so dull, I really ought to answer you somehow — I feel it — but look! It was not given to me.

Maya.— Don't be surprised at me, Mr. Petr. After so many years we meet each other and I feel now just as if I were returning from some very distant place — home. See, I very seldom have confessed myself so truly and voluntarily to any one as I have to-day.

Petr (still looking at the clouds).— It was beautiful.

(*Silence.*)

Kocianova (comes out of the house).— So, Miss, if you please, have something to eat with us. It is just a bite. By the time you could reach Breskovitz you would be pretty hungry. The doctor will wait. He can join us at the table when he comes.

Maya.— Mr. Petr and I have been talking the time away.

Kocianova.— You must come to see us oftener, since you are in the neighborhood.

Maya.— Ah, surely I'll come. But you did not have to go to all this trouble, Mrs. Kocianova.

Kocianova.— How you talk, child. Come, come.

Maya (on the threshold).— Well, since I must. (*Goes in.*)

Kocianova (goes after her, but returns).— And how about you,

Petrichek, aren't you coming with the young lady?

Petr (is gazing at the sky, he does not answer).

Kocianova.— Well, come, come. What are you looking at so?

Petr.— I am looking at those clouds.

ACT II

Same Scene. Towards evening.

Petr (coming out of the parsonage with DR. VOTAVA).— So really, doctor, it is nothing serious?

Votava.— You get frightened too easily, my friend. By the postal you wrote, I thought, God knows what's happened. Your mother got a bit strained during the harvesting, or probably she ate something that did not quite agree with her. Let her rest nicely for a day or two and she will be all right. Don't bother — at her age every little indisposition looks serious.

Petr.— Thank the Lord! But in the afternoon she had a pretty high fever. I was afraid that it might be typhus or something similar. Forgive us, doctor, that we troubled you so.

Votava.— Ah, what of that! I am quite used to these sudden messages. But poor Miss Zemanova, she got so frightened. She just came down to take a little walk with my wife, and as soon as she heard about your mother's illness she persisted in coming along with me.

Petr.— Good soul.

Votava.— Really she is an excellent person. Only last night when we were coming from here did I learn what a fine woman she is. (*Nodding.*) Yes, she is a splendid woman. My wife is very fond of her.

Petr.— And maminka—she was so glad that Miss Zemanova came with you.

Votava.— Yes, yes, and gladness is often better than all drugs, my friend. (*Looking at his watch.*) Well, as long as it is nothing worse, let maminka chat with the young lady for a while; I will take a ride to Pravovitz yet, and in an hour or so I'll be here again. But don't let your mother do much talking, rather let your guest entertain her. Better if she fell asleep.

Matoush (comes out of the house).

Votava.— Well, reverend sir, I'll be on my way again. And don't worry. It is nothing serious. Quiet and rest is all that is

needed and she will be all right again. What would you have? She is not a girl any longer, and she is still all hustle and bustle.

Matoush.— Well, she feels much better than she did before Miss Preisova came. Has she a fever?

Votava.— Hardly any. Thirty-seven six—in the morning it will be normal again.

Maya (in the doorway).— If you please, Mr. Petr, have you some fresh water? Maminka would like a drink.

Petr.— Immediately, immediately. (*Hurries into the house; both exeunt.*)

Matoush.— That will not harm her.

Votava.— Ah, let her drink. She ought not to get up to-morrow, though. I will be here to-morrow morning or in the afternoon; I have two patients in Pravovitz and so I shall have to pass here anyhow.

Matoush.— Did Petr complain to you, doctor?

Votava.— Why, is he also sick?

Matoush.— For about two days he has been complaining of headache. Maybe it comes from the heat. But somehow or other he seems changed a little. He is so excitable lately, and he was not so before.

Votava.— Ach. That will pass.

Matoush.— If it is only not some inner discontent! In a few weeks he will be going about again, and I would dread any difficulties for him in his last year. God be my witness, doctor! Urge him to enter the seminary? On the contrary, I told him to think it over seriously. Even the other day. But the boy, it seemed, was quite reconciled to his fate.

Votava.— Well, if it did not explode until now, I don't think it will explode. If he was twenty years old it would perhaps be serious, but as it is—Besides, he was brought up on that. Since his early years he has heard what he was going to be, and your life course undoubtedly was a fit precedent for him, so that he was not likely to strive for anything else. I do not believe in these sudden changes. (*Again looking at his watch.*) But, reverend sir, *hora ruit*. It is already half past seven and I wanted to see some one in Pravovitz.

Maya (coming out of the parsonage).

Votava.— We have stayed here too long, Miss, and I have to go to Pravovitz yet. It will be dark before we'll get home.

Maya (jolly).— Ah, for my part—as long as you will give me a ride!

Votava.—Of course I will. But you will have to wait for me. Or would you rather come with me now?

Maya.—You will be passing here anyway, will you not?

Votava.—Certainly. I never go a different way.

Maya.—Then I would rather wait here for you. May I, reverend sir? I like it here so much.

Matoush.—Where else would you be going, Miss Maya? You can have supper with us and the doctor will be back by that time.

Votava (to MAYA).—And how is your patient getting along?

Maya.—She fell asleep. That's why I came out. That window? Ought I not shut it?

Votava.—No. Fresh air will not harm her. At night you may shut it. So please have patience, Miss Maya. I'll be back soon. Au revoir. (*Going away.*)

Matoush (escorts him).—Well, I am so much obliged to you, doctor. (*Returning.*) You are a good girl, Miss Maya, to come to see us. You have given my sister much pleasure, and me, too.

Maya.—I would have come sooner, but I did not want to be forward. It is so beautiful here, so quiet; believe me, I like it here even better than I did years ago. I will be longing for this place in Prague. I am going Saturday, you know.

Matoush.—Already?

Maya.—Ach, yes, yes,—the holidays are over. Next Monday I will be playing again. It will all start again—and God only knows what will happen in a year. (*After a while.*) Do you know, reverend sir, that I am beginning to envy you?

Matoush.—Me?

Maya.—Yes, all of you. That is, at least, you and Mrs. Kocianova. I probably feel sorry for Petr.

Matoush (attentive).—Did he complain to you?

Maya.—Mr. Petr? What an idea! I don't believe he would ever complain to any one even if something should oppress him. He is so self contained. And, anyway, how could he? This is only the second time that I have been here. The other day we did not do much talking and to-day there was no time for it.

Matoush.—I was just telling the doctor that he has changed suddenly. (*Pointing to the parsonage.*) He is by his mother?

Maya.—Yes. We did not want to talk there because she was falling asleep. And he stayed inside. (*After a while.*) He loves his mother very much, does he not?

Matoush.— He does. He is too good a son. If he only were not so taciturn. If he were just a little more energetic.

Maya.— He is going to be a priest — what good would energy be to him?

Matoush.— And do you think that energy does not befit a priest? That is probably because our calling seems to you nothing else but self denial. But, ach, let me tell you, Miss, that it is just this self denial which requires at times lots of energy. It is just in self denial that we must have a strong will, so that it may safely and surely last throughout our life. Under the external, apparent resignation and self denial, there must be a strong, iron will, there must be an inherent internal strength, enough to control the entire being, to dictate to it.

Maya.— To control the whole being. You are right, sir. Even I knew how to act with the entire vehemence of my will power, when necessity called for it. When, many years ago, I wanted to be a teacher, I buried myself in books with great passion, and when my father's death put an end to all my plans, and I was frightened and tired of life, I sought nothing but an asylum, a refuge where I could devote my entire youthful energy to resignation. I told you how at that time I knocked at the portals of the convent. But as soon as I breathed the atmosphere of the theater I gave myself up to it, without hesitation, happy or unhappy, but entirely, just as if nothing else existed in this world. (*Silence.*)

Matoush.— You ought to be happy that life took you where you are.

Maya.— I think that my life would have blossomed forth even in other surroundings. Because life to me is a magnificent, wholesome joy. But do not think, father, that because of these things I am frivolous. On the contrary,—my conscience usually is even painfully sensitive. But my profession has taught me to understand the manifold features of our daily life. Something beautifully adventurous I inherited from my father. Even in him there was the blood of an adventurer, even though the traditions and conventionality of bourgeois life got the best of him. But I am a bit more of my own making. Ten years of life on the stage gave me much more training than all my former home and school education. I know the art of being happy, the art of intoxicating myself with everything and anything—to-day with a great work of art, to-morrow with a mere memory; to-day with a dead faded flower, which I had put in a book-years ago when there was spring and sunshine, to-morrow, probably with some sudden and most sorrowful calamity.

Matoush.— How many people would envy you!

Maya.— Do you think so? (*Lost in thought.*) At that time when my father lost his life, I was heartbroken, crazily grief stricken. One cannot wonder. My father was everything to me. I arrived in Skalitz as if I were in a trance. I don't know how I ever got to the railway station or into the train, and how I passed those few hours before I reached my father's deathbed. When I got there he was dead. But all of a sudden—I blushed when I caught myself—I was studying my great sorrow, analyzing it. I was, I would say, tracing the psychology of my pain. I wanted to gain from every moment of its duration each one of its pangs. I would almost say that I was glad of my grief, as of something rare and unusual, perhaps in the same way as a doctor has a keen, scientific pleasure from even the most painful case. See, already then, at that time, I felt the actress within me. Not a comedian, who plays for the gaud of costumes or the empty applause of a helter-skelter mob, but an artist able to conceive and produce every and all pathos, passion, and pain of human nature. And so it was when I came to you the other day, reverend sir. Hardly had I been a moment in your vicinity when all the poetry of my childhood echoed in my soul. I wanted to go back, at least in my memories and sentiments, although I did not know whether I would meet with yours. I came to you the other day just like a bird of prey, and when I went away that evening I felt as if I was carrying off a new booty. (*Lighter tone.*) Good God, what a cruel person I am!

Matoush.— What a difference in young souls. You and Petr, both of the same age. Are you the real personification of our youth, or is it our Petr, who is so resigned, so willingly humble, so peculiarly indifferent.

Maya.— Was it inevitable that he should become a priest?

Matoush (*shrugs his shoulders*).— It was and it was not—hard to say! Perhaps it was not inevitable, even though his mother's wishes were so positive and sworn. Lord! Lord! I often think that all depended upon him. If at that time he had rebelled against our wishes, especially against his mother's. Perhaps it would have been otherwise. Well, His Will be done. (*After a pause.*) Besides, do understand me, Miss Zemanova, I am not pitying Petr just because he will become a priest. I feel sorry for him because he devoted himself to this calling so indifferently, just as if he would have devoted himself to any other calling in a similar way.

(*Plaintively.*) Without enthusiasm, just as if he had never been young. (*He remains silent for a while, and then speaks again with increasing warmth.*) Youth to me appears like a bright, glowing flame which heats up to the utmost all human feelings. A young soul should be such a white glowing matter which is hardly restrained by its surroundings. It ought not to cool off until life itself creates a hard mold for it, into which it pours with vehemence and heat. And it does not matter, later on in life, what the form of this once glowing metal is; whether it is a pagan idol or a consecrated bell, as long as it is inherently pure, intact, and without a blemish. (*Sighs.*) But where is that warm youth of Petr's?

Maya.— Perhaps he never was different. Perhaps he was born so.

Matoush.— Ach no, no. Don't you remember what a wild fellow and fighter Petr was in his early days and what a timid, bashful little girl you were. What if Petr's life just like his studies were delayed in their course? And what if the hot noon of his life has not yet arrived? (*After a while.*) And it is too late already.

Maya.— Really is it too late?

Matoush.— How should it not be? What could he begin now, even now, when he is not yet consecrated? He is almost twenty-eight. Should he start a new course of studies? Or should he become a starving substitute teacher in a country school or a petty civil official? And would not that be the same thing? Especially for a poor fighter as he is — without ambition.

Maya.— Surely, then, you are worrying yourself for nothing.

Matoush.— Well, we are only talking about it. Every one of your words urges me on to new thoughts. Much that I felt indistinctly became clear to me at that moment when again I knew you. It seems to me now that it is a fatal deception, when it is said that we old ones are entitled to obedience and concessions from the younger generations. Not we — but youth is right. Its demands may be but its own and to us entirely new and strange ones. But even if youth is not logical, it has a far greater claim to life than we who are growing older and more superfluous every day. Youth should desire and demand, because it wants for itself and for the future — and we ought to concede. We ought to concede, no matter how holy or important our aims may be, and youth ought to demand; it ought to have a will, even though it is a spiteful one, youth can even be reckless, at least more so than we. (*Plaintively.*) Why was not Petr such?

Maya (decisively).— Ach well, reverend sir, you yourself said that it is too late. Petr's life is already cooling and forming into a consecrated bell. Let us drop these thoughts. It is not given to Petr to be different, so let us at least wish him perfect peace in his even though joyless life. Perhaps a time will come when even I will envy him.

Matoush.— You?

Maya.— Perhaps it is a mere reaction — but I do not resist. Perhaps it is frivolous. But grant me that pleasure. In a few days everything will be ended, anyway. And then I will long for this moment,— in my spare time,— and I will say to myself that to-day was a holy moment of my life.

Matoush.— Really?

Maya.— Yes — and for all that I wish to thank you, reverend sir, most cordially. (*Gives him her hand.*)

Petr (coming out of the house).

Matoush.— How is maminka?

Petr.— She is sleeping quietly and her breath is regular. Thank God! I watched her for a long time. The poor thing. I only hope that she will be well to-morrow.

Maya.— Of course she will. You will see how happy she will be when she wakes up to-morrow morning.

Petr.— Are we not going to supper, uncle? Barushka is getting it ready alone.

Matoush.— Let her get it ready before the doctor comes back for Miss Zemanova. (*Looks at his watch.*) Well, there is no hurry. He hardly has reached Pravovitz yet. (*Sincerely.*) See, Miss Maya, one does not know what to choose. There! Take a doctor. Every one thinks a doctor is what not? But what does such a country doctor amount to. Dr. Votava complains quite often, does he not, Petr?

Petr.— Of course, a country doctor. But a doctor in a city, in Prague, for instance, there is no comparison. My friend Breicha, do you know him, uncle, from Chernikow, he is already a privat-docent. He graduated from the gymnasium some years before I did, to be sure, but he is no older than I am.

Matoush (somewhat surprised).— Surely, surely, my dear fellow, but not all the doctors can be privatdocents. Among my school-mates one is already a bishop, and from my class many have become deans, archdeans, and canons. Well! and I am a parson in Luschitz

and never will become anything greater or more.

Petr.— It all depends on luck.

Matoush.— And on a number of other things, old chap. (*With a smile.*) Well, Petr, let us hope that more will be allotted to you than a small country parsonage.

Petr (with a sigh).— Easily said.

Maya.— Oh no, Mr. Petr, one must have a will.

Petr (carelessly).— Perhaps.

Matoush (with certainty).— Well, let bygones be bygones. Do not lose any sleep over it. Why, Petr, you have never complained before. (*Searchingly.*) And how about your health? Have you still that headache?

Maya (interested).— Why, have you headache?

Petr.— Yes, it aches and aches. In those worries about maminka it stopped a bit, but now it is beginning again.

Matoush.— Well, so it is. (*To MAYA.*) In his young days he often complained of headaches, but he has had no trouble now for years. Is it not so?

Petr (somewhat impatiently).— Well, I am not complaining. Man was born to suffer.

Matoush.— And at the end of ends all suffering will cease. (*Changing the subject.*) Well, Petrichuk, take Miss Zemanova into the hall and have your supper before I am back. (*To MAYA.*) I always take a walk before supper. Just through this alley here into the woods. (*Laughing.*) My constitutional. (*Giving her his hand.*) I will not say good by, because I think that I will be back in time. Maybe I will be back in time. Maybe I will meet Dr. Votava and we will come back together. So au revoir, Miss, and you, Petr, send Barushka for some beer for the young lady when your supper is ready. (*Goes out.*)

Maya.— Au revoir, reverend sir. (*Silence.*)

Maya.— I wonder, Mr. Petr, if you have ever experienced how many a trifling recollection of our childhood returns to our memory, if after years we visit the places where we used to live?

Petr.— My life had no extensive changes, Miss. I was born here, here I grew up, and here I return many times every year. Everything here occurs with the same monotonous regularity, year in and year out. Until now I have never been in any other place.

Maya.— It is truly remarkable how short the time seems to be when we come to remember some particular trifle after years. For

instance, in the reverend father's room behind the crucifix are those palm leaves from last Palm Sunday, just as they were years ago. I never thought of those palm leaves or that crucifix at all, but as soon as I saw it, I immediately remembered a funny incident, and it seemed to me that it must have happened but recently.

Petr.— And what was that, please?

Maya.— You will laugh when I tell you. You once told me that these consecrated palm leaves were awfully healthy and that we ought to eat them to keep well. And you started to climb for them right then and there. I was helping you and in our hurry we broke a little box which your uncle had as a keepsake and then we got it,— both of us — I can tell you.

Petr (with a smile).— Really?

Maya (nodding).— And after we were punished, you said all of a sudden: "Well, only wait, Marenka, wait until I grow up and marry you, then I would not let any one harm you."

Petr (extremely embarrassed).— I said that?

Maya.— I hope that you are not angry with me for having spoken of it? Tell me, is it possible that it was so long ago?

Petr (suddenly).— And Miss Maya, why do you remind me of all these things now?

Maya (surprised).— Ach. Forgive me. I never for a moment thought that it would have a different effect upon you than as a mere foolish memory of childhood. Pardon me for that — you are a priest, and to you such recollections, even though ever so innocent, seem sinful and undignified.

Petr (quickly).— But, no, no! That would be foolish on my part, if such trifling thought impressed me in that way.

Maya.— Still it seems that I should not have spoken about it.

Petr (quietly).— You should not have.

Maya.— And why?

Petr.— Because it hurts me. (*Quickly changing the subject.*) But quite differently than you would think. The life that I have led hitherto hurts me as it never has before.

Maya (sincerely).— Life hurts every one, my friend.

Petr.— Ach. No, no, Miss Maya, it does not hurt you. To you it has fulfilled itself so richly and beautifully, it gave you even more than you yourself wanted, and to me it did not even give that modest little I longed for.

Maya.— You told me yourself the other day that you would

gladly become a priest. Even if only for your mother's sake.

Petr.— Ach. I am not speaking of that. And please don't let us talk about it at all. What good is it? Those few strange wishes and ambitions which I had to renounce when I entered the seminary have long since been regretted. Anyway, they were so modest that they were hardly worth while. Listen to me: My present life, from ✓ my earliest years until to-day, that petty, monotonous, down-trodden life has begun to hurt me — that life for which I was brought up and which could not have ended differently than it's ending now.

Maya.— And have you never thought of that before?

Petr.— Never. Not until now.

Maya.— Why? Your uncle did not urge you to enter the seminary!

Petr.— Who told you that?

Maya.— He himself.

Petr.— And why did you talk about it?

Maya.— Well, just so — why are you looking at me in that way? I was asking Father Matoush if you were happy.

Petr.— Happy! Does any one care about that?

Maya.— Perhaps no one. But some people still might. Your mother —

Petr.— Yes, yes, my mother, she verily believes that I am happy.

Maya.— And you said the other day that her belief was sufficient.

Petr.— It was until lately.

Maya.— And your uncle cares about it, also.

Petr.— Yes, yes, it is for their sake that I have become what I am. Anyway, I do not live for any one else in this world.

Maya.— Of course. Besides those two you have no one.

Petr.— So why insist upon thinking about it at all?

Maya.— I understand you. You mean, why should I care to insist upon thinking about it.

Petr (quickly).— Pardon me, Miss, but I did not mean it in that way.

Maya.— I know that you did not mean to offend me. But really, I ought not to disturb you with my sympathy.

Petr.— But no, Miss Maya. I thank you very much for the interest you take in me.

Maya.— Do you believe that it is sincere?

Petr.— I do.

(*Quiet. It is growing dark.*)

Maya (after a while).—Tell me, Mr. Petr, but sincerely, what do you think of me?

Petr.— You? How do you mean?

Maya.— Do you really still regard me as a friend of childhood days?

Petr.— Can I, to-day? We are already so distant from each other.

Maya.— Perhaps I am to you. And I can well understand that. It cannot be otherwise. Why, I have changed much more than you did. At least, in appearance. And just because you did not have to absent yourself from your childhood, you are even to-day much nearer to me than you know.

Petr.— Really?

Maya.— Yes, really. And therefore do not think ill of me because a little while ago I interested myself in your happiness and cared just as much about it as your mother or your uncle.

Petr.— Miss ——

Maya.— Yes, and I am as fond of you to-day as I was in our childhood days. We are mature people — our ways parted long ago and will never meet again. Why should we not talk freely?

Petr (disturbed).— And will never meet again.

Maya.— But friends we will remain, would we not? Friends we were always and continuously, although we did not see each other for years. And I am grateful to you for the most pleasant memories of my childhood, and now when I leave here, I will be grateful to you for this.

Petr.— Grateful to me? And for what?

Maya.— Perhaps only for just this moment. Because it is so rich for me, it reflects so beautifully in my soul, in a way which you cannot understand. For many long years I have not known such calmness and rest. And that gives me to-day as much pleasure as the most difficult task. I give myself up to it, I give myself up to it entirely, my friend, and I am glad that I have some one to whom I can tell all these things.

Petr (suddenly).— Miss Maya, you don't know how happy you make me by these words. Even though I am suffering so much, you make me happy by these words.

Maya.— But, Mr. Petr! Do understand me. I did not mean to disturb you with my sincerity. I did not want my happiness at such a high price. I thought that you would be able to understand

me with the same pleasure as I feel in your house. But now I see that you are beginning to suffer while I am enjoying myself.

Petr (feverishly).— Yes, I am suffering, suffering terribly. But it is impossible that it should be different. My suffering was not caused by your present words; I have been suffering ever since that moment when we stood here all alone in the courtyard and you spoke so beautifully and wonderfully about your life. Why deny it? You have brought me resurrection and freedom.

Maya (with consternation).— God Almighty! What do you mean, Mr. Petr? For nothing in the world would I want to leave here with the knowledge that I have destroyed the peace of your soul.

Petr.— Why, I am but thankful to you for it, but thankful. Let it pain, let it burn; it is, anyway, only for a moment. Like those clouds that are traveling high up there above our heads. You yourself spoke about them.

Maya (lost in dreams).— Like the clouds. My clouds.

Petr.— And you have followed them all your life, while I only dared modestly to stare at the ground. Always down bent, always humble. While they kept on traveling by day and night. Full of meaning for every one in the world — except for me.

Maya.— It is too late, my friend. You would not know how to follow them now. We are different, Petr, both of us. We are something else than we used to be.

Petr.— And so you think that I have lost all, that I have been robbed of everything?

Maya.— Yes.

Petr.— Can you not believe me?

Maya.— And what?

Petr.— That I am not such as you all think me. That everything has not yet been trodden down within me — that I still live. My life is not yet gone. That it is still possible for me to change, that for me everything in this world can change yet.

Maya (firmly).— I don't believe it.

Petr.— Shall I prove it?

Maya (quickly takes his hands).— No, no, no — You must not, Petr, for God's sake, promise me that you will do nothing so rash.

Petr (bitterly).— I thought you did not believe me.

Maya.— That is just why, I want you to promise me that. If I could believe in your vital strength; if I believed in impossibilities, I would say to you: "Yes, you are right. Revolt." I would say that

although I would know what havoc I should cause within your inner life. I would say it although I know well that you could not resist my words. But I will not say it, Petr. Because I know that you are deceiving your own self, and that it is too late — too late for everything.

Petr (feverishly).— And what if it is not too late?

Maya.— It must be.

Petr (crushed).— Must. (*Broken, he sinks down on the bench.*)

(*It is dark now, and the sky is full of stars. From the distant village the tune of a fiddle falls hither softly, quietly, and prolonged.*)

Maya (moved, goes toward PETR).— It must be Petr, it must (*she puts her hand on his brow*). Poor boy, it must be so.

Petr (takes both her hands).— Marenka.

Maya (longingly).— Marenka. Do you know for how many years no one called me by that name? Ach, Petr, Petr, this is no longer myself —

Petr (lowly).— And who is it, then?

Maya.— Some one who died years ago. Ach, Petr, if you but knew. But not even you would believe.

Petr (softly).— What?

Maya.— That I am just as strong as I told you, just as vicious. But, look, both of us fell victims to this moment.

Petr (feverishly).— Really?

Maya.— Don't speak about it, I beg you, do not say even one word. It would be in vain. But just keep on looking with me at those clouds. At my clouds. Our clouds.

(*Sitting beside him, she lets her head fall on his shoulder. Both stare at the starry skies. From the village the faint, soft music of a fiddle can be heard, slow, prolonged, and sad.*)

Maya (after a while).— I would so like to ask you about one thing, Petr. (*Stops and continues after a short pause.*) I would so gladly speak to you about something dear to me and — forlorn. (*Lost in thought for a long time.*)

Petr.— About our childhood.

Maya.— And about something else. About something later. If you have ever loved.

Petr (just like in a dream).— I, never —

Maya.— And I but once. Once in all — so loyally and purely, so truly I shall never love again.

Petr.— Never?

Maya.— Never. And so much love had died within me — and so much love still lives.

Petr.— And does it live for any one at all?

Maya.— For no one in this wide, wide world. Still it lives for everything. It burns and burns and will burn out in vain.

Petr.— Marenka, must it be so?

(Their heads have touched each other, he kisses her.)

Maya.— It must, Petr, it must *(rises half way)*. Petr, it must be so *(has risen erect)*. Petr, promise me.

Petr.— What?

Maya.— That we will both forget.

Petr.— It is not possible.

Maya.— And that you will finish your studies.

Petr.— And what if not even that is possible?

Maya.— You must.

Petr (still confused).— And if I cannot?

Maya (confidently).— I will compel you.

Petr (erect, he presses his palms on his brow).— GOD. GOD.

Maya.— Petr, to-day we see each other for the last time.

Petr (frightened).— That is not possible. That will not happen! Do you want to kill me?

Maya.— No, my friend, to save you.

Petr.— And you — was all this not true?

Maya (for a moment confused).— Don't ask, but obey. *(Firmly.)* Petr, you must obey! Even I am obeying and perhaps with a greater pain than you. *(They look at each other.) (Silence.)*

(Suddenly from the open window is weakly heard the voice of PETR's sick mother).— "Petrichek, are you there?"

Petr (is aroused).

Maya.— Did you hear?

(His mother's voice can be heard again, softly and beggingly).— "Petrichek, can you hear me?"

Petr (frightened).— Maminka —

Maya (with a forced calmness).— Yes, she is calling you. Let us go to her! *(She makes a few steps toward the house.)*

Petr (just as if he had waked up, detains her).— No, for God's sake, not now. I would not dare to go in, now.

Maya (meaningly).— You do not dare even that!

Petr.— I would feel so sorry for her.

Maya.— See, Petr, see! You are a weakling — only a short

while ago you wanted to rebel against the fates. (*Firmly.*) Let us go over to your mother, Petr.

(*The rumbling of an approaching carriage can be heard in the distance.*)

Petr.—No, no, at least do not let us go there together.

Maya.—You are right. I have no business there. Go there yourself, she only called you.

Petr (hesitates).

Maya.—The carriage is coming already. (*Softly and benevolently.*) Go, Petr.

Petr (goes into the house).

Maya (stands alone in the midst of the yard).

(*The rumbling of the carriage has ceased. The doctor's voice can now be heard.*)

Votava (entering from the outside with MATOUSH).—And do you think that my horse would not find its way in the dark? And before we get ready the moon will come out again. But poor Miss Zemanova, she had to wait so long!

Maya (merrily).—Really, doctor, I thought that you ran away from me.

Matoush (surprised).—And gracious me, Miss, are you here in the dark and all alone? Where is Petr?

Maya.—His mother called him.

Matoush.—And that you are not inside!

Maya.—It is such a beautiful evening. Grant me that pleasure.

Matoush.—And I'll gamble that you have not had supper yet. Is it not so? That is the way it is when the housekeeper is sick.

Petr (comes out of the house).

Matoush.—You are a nice, hospitable gentleman, Petr.

Votava.—And how is maminka?

Petr.—She just woke up.

Votava.—Well, and how is she? She does not complain, does she?

Petr.—Not just now.

Maya (calmly).—And she will be all right again to-morrow. You will see.

Votava (goes into the house).—I will take a look at her before go.

Matoush.—All right, doctor. I am with you. Look out for the stoop; it is so dark.

(*They go in.*)

Maya (*standing near the threshold*).— And I must go in to say good by.

Petr (*detains her*).— Must you?

Maya.— Yes, to every one and everything. (*Goes nearer to him.*)
And forgive me, Mr. Petr.

Petr (*feverishly*).— You must come again.

Maya.— I cannot.

Petr (*decided*).— Then I will come!

Maya (*commandingly*).— I forbid it! You must not! (*Goes into the house.*)

Petr (*sinks on the bench and breaks out into a loud sobbing*).

(*From the distant village the faint music of the fiddle sounds sadly, softly, prolonged. After a while it ceases and a plaintive song from a solitary female voice is heard.*)

ACT III

Scene as before. Time, early, before sunrise.

Kocianova (*sitting on the bench under the tree — she looks heart-broken and despairing*).

Matoush (*stands near her. He holds his hat in one hand and with the other he is mopping his brow*).

Petr (*stands before them. He looks downcast*).

Kocianova (*sobbing*).— Petr, Petr, what have you done?

Matoush.— Boy, boy, don't you feel sorry for your old mother?

Petr.— Maminka, for God's sake, do not cry. Forgive me, but I cannot do otherwise. I have been holding it back, I have tried to keep it from you, and not to reveal it, I have tried to overcome it, but all in vain. For many nights I have not slept, and often I prayed the whole night. But in the morning I decided that I would be only lying to myself and to you if I kept it back and did not tell you the truth. I feel that I could never be happy. And that you would be unhappy also — uncle, for God's sake, please!

Matoush.— Poor fellow! I thought it would happen. I thought so. But why did not you speak sooner? Did I not often remind you that you should study your heart and soul, that you should question it before you decided upon your course of life. That time when you graduated from the gymnasium I spoke to you about it,

and even the other day. Then, of course, it was just as late as it is now. But what has happened so all of a sudden?

Kocianova.—These last few days, that I was so sick, I prayed to God to give me back my health once more for your sake. So I would at least live long enough to see you a pastor of the Lord and to know that I have not brought you up in vain. Ach! Better had He called me into His fold, rather than to live to witness this.

Petr (painfully).—Maminka.

Matoush (seriously).—Don't blaspheme, Marianka. What has happened, has happened. It was His will. But you, Petr. Let us talk sensibly. We are grown-up people; you too, Petr, are no longer a child. Tell me, what do you intend to do? If you do not wish to finish your theological studies, well and good. You say that you would only sin against your own conscience if you would sacrifice your outward life to the service of the Lord without your inward will. You could have been a good enough servant even without that inward conviction. But these changes do not happen all of a sudden — still, let us take it for granted. But you are no longer at that age when one can drop one career and start another without many consequences. It is rather late. And you have to be something.

Petr.—I am capable of doing everything, only if my conscience is clear.

Matoush.—You are capable. Well, maybe you are. But you have considered all these things before you decided — and I hope that you have not forgotten all the circumstances. Do you want to go to the university? Do you want to study medicine? Law?

Petr.—Decide upon anything, uncle. I will gladly take up anything, anything, anything.

Matoush.—Foolish man. We should again decide for you, to-day when you have matured, when as a man you should be able to take an independent step, even heedlessly.

Petr.—And have I not taken such a step?

Matoush.—Yes, but how. You want to drop theology. But what would you like to be? Let us say that you'll go to the university. In the first place you ought to consider that a man of your age is not an able student. Then I am an old man and liable to die to-day or to-morrow, and country parsons, you know, do not leave any temporal wealth. How are you going to study?

Petr.—I will work, uncle, I will work days and nights. Others

have finished their studies amid poverty and hunger.

Matoush.— But do you know how old you would be when you would graduate? Thirty-two or thirty-three. And what would you amount to then? Nothing. How many years would fail to forty before you would be an independent man? Did you consider that?

Petr.— It would not be necessary that I should go to the university. I will learn a profession, any profession, even a low and an humble one.

Matoush.— And to find a low and an humble profession you had to study until you are twenty-eight. So that afterwards you could clerk, or play the lackey, like an excommunicated priest.

Kocianova (will crying).— Petrichek, Petrichek —

Matoush.— Let us talk sensibly, Petr. Let us talk like two grown-up men who will not dodge the most painful questions. You'll leave the seminary and go out into the world, the world with all its customs and conventionalities. You will perhaps be desirous of — let us talk uprightly, boy — you will perhaps be desirous of — married life —

Kocianova (quietly).— Merciful Jesus!

Matoush.— No, sister, such things have to be talked over. (*To Petr.*) Tell me, in how many years would you hope to reach that stage of life, when as an honest man you could build you a homely hearth? Did you think of that?

Petr (confused and silent).

Matoush (again).— Have you thought of that? (*After a while, with emphasis.*) Petr, I know why you don't answer me.

Petr (entirely confused).— But, uncle —

Matoush (slowly and quietly).— You see, my boy, this question of mine confused you entirely. And I know why. (*Goes over to him and takes him by the hand.*) Look into my eyes. Look, Petr, without fear. It is not necessary, my dear fellow, that you should cast down your eyes before your old uncle.

Petr.— Uncle — (*kisses his hand feverishly*).

Matoush (to KOCIANOVA).— Don't cry, sister, don't cry. You will not mend things with tears. (*Goes over to her and embraces her lightly.*) Go, poor woman. Go away from here for a while and leave us here alone. God will grant that we shall come to an understanding. (*Helps her to rise.*) Well, go, go, Marianka.

Kocianova (gets up, her hands on her breast).— Petrichek, have

some sense and pity.

Matoush.—Crying and sobbing will not better it. Come, leave us here alone. In a while I will have to go to say morning Mass, and I should like to speak to him alone. (*He escorts her away. Returning.*) I did not want to speak about it before your mother. She would not understand. (*Sincerely.*) But I understand you, my boy (*warmly*). Tell me, do I not understand you?

Petr (with painful gratitude).—Uncle —

Matoush (takes him by the hand and draws him toward himself on the bench).—So, it is true?

Petr (looks into his eyes and understands).—It is, uncle, it is. But it would have happened anyway —

Matoush.—Anyway, you say? Yes, yes, but so much worse that it has happened now. Because now that question of mine must be answered. (*Seriously*). How old will you be when you will be able to marry her?

Petr (is silent).

Matoush.—And how old will she be? You are almost of the same age. Have you thought of that also?

Petr.—About that I have not thought at all.

Matoush.—See, see, you have not thought of it, and you are ready to throw away your entire life.

Petr.—But I feel so strong, so strong—

Matoush.—Those are words, my dear boy. You should have felt so before. You should have felt so at the time when I asked you if you felt strong enough to comply with your mother's wishes.

Petr.—At that time I did not know anybody — I knew no one except maminka and you.

Matoush.—And what if you will never know any one else? And soon neither mother nor myself, and remain here all alone, like a barren rock amidst seas. Petr, I do not force you. I will not sorrow, like your mother. I will gladly assist you, but I am old. I beg you, my dear fellow, think it over carefully, lest all these new sacrifices are in vain. There are moments in our lives when we have no right to decide or choose what course we would take. When we must not think of our happiness or our future, but when the errors of our bygone years commandingly point the inevitable way they have formed for us. (*The churchbell begins to toll.*) They are already ringing for early Mass — I'll have to go. And this is the law of life. I would this morning rather minister to the wants

of your heart than to the Lord, and He would strengthen me in this, the greater service. I would rather stay here with you and help you, but see (*slight, bitter smile*) even I have to go now the way my errors point (*goes toward the house*). Come, Petr, come to your mother. Do not go to church with me as you do on other days. It would be sheer hypocrisy. Come to your mother. And if you can, try to cheer her up. (*They both go out.*)

(*The courtyard remains empty for a while, then the rumbling of an approaching carriage can be heard. Shortly after MAYA, in a traveling costume, comes in with DR. VOTAVA.*)

Maya.— So then, doctor, I think I will take your advice, though my intention was to go to the station directly, and not to stop here at all. But if you think I can help —

Votava.— You can help, Miss Maya. I am an experienced doctor, and I know my patients well. I have diagnosed this case, and my conclusion is, that an operation is necessary.

Maya.— But why did you tell not me about this sooner? Why did you wait until the very moment when I am leaving this place?

Votava.— You must admit, Miss Zemanova, that the situation here is very peculiar. At first, I asked my wife to speak to you about it, but you know how my wife is — Therefore, I decided that I would take you to the railway very early in the morning so that I would have an opportunity to talk it over with you. If you really care anything about Petr, you must speak to him before you leave here for good.

Maya.— Doctor, tell me the whole truth. What did Petr tell you?

Votava.— Ah. Nothing more than what I told you on the way. The other night he suddenly appeared at my house and said that he wanted to speak to me. (*Inquisitively.*) Did he not visit you?

Maya.— No. We have not seen each other since that Monday night that I was here with you.

Votava.— And did he not mention to you that he wants to drop theology?

Maya (*firmly*).— Yes, he mentioned it. And I told him that he should not do it. I told him that very distinctly.

Votava.— Really?

Maya.— Do you doubt my words?

Votava.— No. I believe you. Only you will have to tell him again, and more distinctly.

Maya.— And do you think that he will obey me?

Votava (quietly).— Yes, because it is for your sake that he wants to leave the seminary.

Maya (surprised).— And did he tell you that?

Votava.— No, he did not, but I dared to infer it. He only said that he had been struggling a long time, that he does not know in whom to confide at first, that he feels sorry for his mother and uncle. That, therefore, he first came to me for advice.

Maya.— And you?

Votava.— Ach. Nonsense, mere nonsense. I soon guessed what was what.

Maya.— And what if you are hurting me?

Votava.— No. I am not. Why? I am not accusing you of anything. You have not done anything, at least, not intentionally. But perhaps unintentionally? (*Looks at her searchingly.*) Don't you think so?

Maya (firmly).— Yes, unintentionally. And therefore you are right, doctor. I must not go away now, because I like Petr and I must first destroy the mischief that I have caused. I will take your advice.

Votava.— You will do excellently, Miss Zemanova.

Maya (decided).— Or I ought rather to say I will obey my own resolution.

Kocianova (coming out of the house).

Votava (has noticed her).— Well, and here is Mrs. Kocianova. Miss Zemanova has come to say good by to you, Mrs. Kocianova.

Kocianova (without animation, sadly).— So you are really going, Miss.

Maya.— Yes I am, really.

Votava.— You look very worried, Mrs. Kocianova,—is anything the matter?

Kocianova (bursts into crying).— Ach. God! Doctor ——

(*In the church the bell begins to toll again.*)

Votava (understands).— Ach, so—I know now. Well, don't grieve before time. The father is in church, ha? And Mr. Petr also?

Kocianova.— No. He is in the hall.

Votava.— We will go to see him. In the mean time you can say farewell to Miss Maya. But, hurry. In a little while we will have to be going. (*Goes into the house.*)

Maya (she is short of words).— I really thought, Mrs. Kocianova, that I would not be over to see you any more. I am on my way to Prague. But the doctor told me about something on the way.

Kocianova (without interest).— About what, Miss?

Maya.— About that which Mr. Petr intends to do.

Kocianova (surprised).— And so the doctor knows about it?

Maya.— Mr. Petr went to him for advice.

Kocianova (mournfully).— Before he told his own mother! God, God! What's happening!

Maya.— He did not want to make you sad. He first wanted to talk to some one else about it.

Kocianova.— God — God!

Maya (firmly).— And I am coming to dissuade him. I feel it my sacred duty.

Kocianova (softly).— My dear golden Miss.

Maya.— Of course I do not know if he will obey me. I dread the thought that he will not. But promise me, Mrs. Kocianova, that even if I am not able to persuade Petr, still that you will forgive me.

Kocianova.— And what shall I forgive you?

Maya.— I don't know how I ought to tell you, so that you would not misunderstand my words. Listen, when I came to you the other day and heard that Mr. Petr was to become a priest, I felt sorry for him. I did not expect to. And when I learned that it was your doing, I felt angry with you. You will forgive me, won't you?

Kocianova (confused).— But, Miss —

Maya.— See! I did not consider possible what I feel now.

Kocianova.— You know that it would be a great sin?

Maya (she overcomes her own conviction).— Yes. It would. And that sin I do not want to have on my conscience. But tell me, tell me the truth. Did it not occur to you that I caused it all?

Kocianova (surprised).— Merciful Jesus! Miss! How could I ever think so meanly of you?

Maya (timidly).— Really, do you not blame me?

Kocianova.— But, God in heavens, Miss! That would be against God, if I should ever for a minute think that you could be so bad.

Maya.— So you do not believe that Mr. Petr wanted to do it on account of me?

Kocianova.— Great heavens! Could that be possible?

Maya (firmly).— It could.

Kocianova.— Did he say anything like —

Maya.— I know it. He did not say anything, but I know it.

Kocianova (crushed down).— Just God!

Maya.— And that is why I am going to talk him out of it. Because it is my fault. Look! I have not your faith, but at this moment I feel that in our souls there must not be even a shade of insincerity if we would do something really pure and great. Before I speak with Petr I must tell you everything. I must confess to you just as you confess your little sins to your priests. In all my life I have fought against hypocrisies and dissimulations, and even now I also feel that I could never be victorious over Petr if I should not tell you the truth. And that is why I am confessing to you with ardent sincerity. It is for my sake that Petr wants to do this. I have caused it, Mrs. Kocianova. Can you forgive me?

Kocianova.— But that is not possible. That is not possible.

Maya (wholly decided).— It is more than possible. It is the truth. When after so many years I came back to you, I could not understand what a chasm divides us. It was all like a dream to me, like the return of my childhood. I did not want to understand. I only wanted to enjoy the returning memories of my early childhood. It was an exquisite, ardent delight to me that all the feelings of my beautiful days were returning to me here, and I spoke with Petr as sincerely as we did in our childhood days. I did not see that abyss which in the mean time had divided us, but I offered him both my hands across it. Even I felt dizzy for a while. But he is reeling. And if he falls into that abyss it will be my doing.

Kocianova (crying, sinks on the bench).

Maya (after a pause).— Before I leave here for good I will try to save him. Ach. God. Only a moment ago I thought that I would be able to do it. And what if I shall not be able to? If I am not, you will all be unhappy. And ought it to be, that I should go away from here leaving you to remember me with love, with sincerity, and without bitterness? No, I will not have that, my golden, my dear Mrs. Kocianova. You shall have known it, you shall have known it from me, no matter what will happen. (*Pause.*) If you could know what pain it causes my heart when I see you so down-cast! (*Sits down beside her.*) My dear, dear māminka. (*Kisses her.*)

Kocianova.— May God forgive you! And may the Lord strengthen you with His blessings! Let us hope that you will suc-

ceed, since you feel so strong.

Maya (awakening and rising).— My heart will be bleeding while I talk to Petr. It will be to me as though I were burying my youth for the second time. But I do not fear it. I will be strong. I will be feelingless.

Kocianova (looks up to her).

Maya.— Feelingless to him and to myself. And to myself mostly. (*Decided.*) Let us go to him.

Kocianova.— And do you want to tell him all that before the doctor?

Maya.— You are right. I would, perhaps, not be strong enough. Send him to me.

Kocianova (rising).— May the Lord strengthen you! (*She goes away slowly into the parsonage.*)

(*Pause.*)

Maya (erect, decided, goes after her. She stops near the doorway and looks forward, expecting PETR).

Petr (after a while appears on the threshold).

Maya (all decided, as soon as she sees him).— Mr. Petr, I have come to say good by to you.

Petr (Extremely surprised and confused).— Miss — you here?

Maya.— Did not Dr. Votava tell you?

Petr.— He did not. I thought he came alone.

Maya.— Mr. Petr, I did not mean to come to you any more. For your sake — and — for my sake. But I am coming again and for the last time, because it had to be. Give me your hand.

Petr (gives her his hand).— Did I do any harm to you?

Maya (she smiles slightly and sadly).— You — to me? (*Shakes her head.*) I — to you. And therefore, first of all, forgive me (*stops, not finishing*). Yes, forgive me. It is the last cordial and kind word I shall say to you. (*Stops.*) Will you forgive me?

Petr (confused).— Yes.

Maya (pretending calmness).— Thank you. And now, know why I have come again. I come to tell you, Mr. Petr, that you have sinned awfully against your mother. I will not mention your uncle, although you have also wounded him. But you have inexorably wronged your mother.

Petr (surprised).— I?

Maya.— You and I, both of us. But I want to be strong again.

I want to rise again and go away from here straight, unburdened, and in silence.

Petr (embarrassed).—And I also.

Maya.—Never. You will humble yourself and remain.

Petr.—I cannot.

Maya (with emphasis).—You will humble yourself and remain. You are to-day capable of nothing else but humbleness. If you do not know it to-day you will know it to-morrow, or soon enough. Because you were born for lowliness and resignation — and my path leads another way and to other places. It is giddy — bold — but so narrow that no one can walk alongside of me. I throw down every one who would dare to walk at my side.

Petr.—And even me?

Maya.—You, first of all.

Petr.—Then I will go without you.

Maya.—Where to?

Petr.—After you.

Maya.—You shall not dare it! Before me there are sky-touching peaks, but behind me are chasms and chasms. Behind me there are dead bodies, multitudes of dead bodies of those who, like you, wanted to mate with me. And these who wanted to come with me were stronger than you are. They were free, their feet were not fettered.

Petr.—Nor shall my feet be fettered hereafter.

Maya.—They are and shall, though you may not know it. Do you suppose that I need to remind you of your mother? I need not. And even if she were not, you cannot follow in my paths. Turn back, you fool.

Petr (resolutely).—I don't believe you. You scorn me for the sake of my old mother, out of sympathy for her naïve love, for the sake of her religious promise.

Maya (with a short, contemptuous smile).—Ach. You childish simpleton. What would your mother mean to me in such a moment, if I wanted you to come with me? What would all her creed, that is to me a strange creed, be to me? What would I care for her happiness, the happiness of a stranger, if I wanted you at my side? Do you think that you were the first or only one? Know it, then, since you must! I lied to you the other day when I said that I only loved once and purely. It was the impulse of the moment. I said it because the moment, that charming moment, amused me. I was thirsty for

your warm, unpolluted blood, and I grasped your hands and laid my head on your chest like a vampire. But it was only for the moment. I am, poor boy, used to greater whirlwinds of passion, to warmer sensations, and your petty, feverish fantasy hardly was enough for one quiet evening. Mr. Petr, you would be ridiculous if for one such petty moment you would be wrecking your entire future, your entire life.

Petr (he had been listening to her, with a growing consternation).—Now [he breaks out].—You lie! You lie! Only to get rid of me.

Maya (coldly and harshly).—Yes, I lie, but not for the purpose of getting rid of you. You would not even be able to reach beyond your own petty environment. You would soon sink under the surface without a stir on my part.

Petr.—Why did you come back? You would not have come back if the things you say were true!

Maya.—Why I came back? Because I pitied you. I pity all weak people and that pity is the only beautiful feature of my tranceful life. I do not feel sorry for strong people — they are my equals — the people of my blood — to such I grant with passion a moment at my side. Perhaps only for this reason that I should add sweetness to their toilsome life, before an early death. And that is why I have come to undeceive you from your delusions. See, even such a Christian mission amuses me at times.

Petr.—I don't believe you.

Maya.—You cannot believe me. I understand you. In your pious naïveness you have learned to classify people into good and bad only. Into apostles and devils, into saints and sinners. You do not know that human nature is an undivided composite element which contains parts of both — evil and good. That it often does good in order to effect evil and sometimes acts evilly to bring about good. The strength, that yearning strength of my life, has given me a plentitude of different passions and sentiments, but when I was tired of everything, my glory, my art, and my passions, I went out to seek something different, something unusual — the enchantment of primitive memories and recollections, these small dainty flowers that grew alongside of the paths of my childhood, the fairy tales of my once unspotted soul. That is why I was so good when I came here again after so many years, that is why I gloried in that evening. But how long could it have lasted? In its footprints I felt the coming

storm — storm — storm — the element of my life. And to-day it is all over, it is victoriously and freezingly clear.

Petr (crushed).— So you refuse me.

Maya (hardly able to overcome herself).— Yes. Entirely! Those are the remains of that undivided composite element of human nature — that I am discarding wholly. For that to me is also a victory, and I am always victorious. Bow your head, Petr, and look down, as you ever did, on the ground. As for me — I am going high up after the shining glory — into the airy clouds.

Petr (sinks down on the bench near the house. His head in his palms).

Maya (stands alongside of him, erect, feelingless, majestic, victorious).

Petr (after a pause).— And do you know what you have done?

Maya.— I do. You will return to your faith and to your calling.

Petr (half straightened).— And what if I do not? What if I perish?

Maya.— How?

Petr.— Perhaps with my own hand.

Maya (smiles scornfully).— You will not kill yourself. You are too weak to do that, just as I would be too strong. Life, my friend, is not a romance or a melodrama where people shoot themselves so easily. Life has a healing power even for those who know but little of its tremendous scope. And you, Petr, you are a tender, flexible little tree — life will bend you, but not break you. There is no need for it. (*Stops a while and then says commandingly*) Rise, Petr!

Petr (unintentionally rises).

Maya.— And give me your hand. (*She takes his hand*).— From this last pressure of your hand I want to extract some pleasure. I want to leave here victorious. I want to know that I have convinced you.

Petr.— Convinced me of what?

Maya.— That I do not deserve that you should love me. That I am not worthy of your sacrifice.

Petr.— It would be all in vain.

Maya.— Yes, it would be all in vain. But your mother is

awaiting you in the hall there,— is that also in vain?

Petr.— You are terrible!

Maya.— I am. Because, look, I do not want to be otherwise.

(After a while.) Well.

Petr (quietly).— You know best what I will have to do.

Maya (with a flash of joy, which she suppresses quickly).— And what will happen?

Petr (overcome).— I will return.

Maya.— Surely?

Petr.— Surely.

Votava (during the last phrases he has been unnoticed standing on the threshold. Now, when both PETR and MAYA are silent for a while, he says, looking at his watch).— Well, Miss Zemanova, we must be going or we shall miss our train.

Maya.— All right, all right, doctor — we will go.

Votava (to PETR).— And how about you, my friend?

Maya.— We are agreed, are we not, Mr. Petr?

Petr (from his depths).— Yes.

Votava (with satisfaction).— Really?

Maya (with the last strength of her bravado).— And you doubted it, doctor? Go, Mr. Petr, go and tell your mother. She surely is waiting.

Petr (suddenly giving her his hand).— Thank you.

Maya (hardly able to overcome herself).— And I thank you also.

Petr (goes into the house).

Maya (sinks on the bench where before PETR was sitting.)

(Pause.)

Votava.— So, really, he will stay?

Maya (with a sigh).— He will.

Votava.— One really should not wonder. He could not have done otherwise.

Maya (looks at him).— And do you know, doctor, that this result was bought with blood?

Votava (calmly).— Ach, well, that'll pass.

Maya (smiling sorrowfully).— And do you know that I paid

for it with my own blood? That I have thrown myself into mud and stepped on myself, that I have been smiting my own face, that I have slandered myself, in order to save him—for his mother?

Votava (surprised).—But, Miss——

Maya.—And look, I must not even cry. Although I would so much, so much like to cry. But he must not see that it has hurt me. Do you think that his was the greatest sacrifice?

Vatova (taking her hand).—I understand you, and I admire you.

Maya (rises).—Even that is not necessary, doctor. Am I not a comedian?

Votava.—But, say——

Maya.—Yes, and this was a desperate comedy—the worst comedy of my life. Now, the curtain has fallen. And we will go.

Kocianova (coming out of the parsonage).

Votava (to KOCIANOVA).—Well, did I not tell you, Mrs. Kocianova? What unnecessary worries you have again caused yourself.

Kocianova (hurrying to MAYA).—Is it possible, Miss? May God Almighty reward you.

Maya.—Everything is possible, Mrs. Kocianova, if we have a will.

Kocianova (looks at her but does not understand).

Maya (quickly).—And those that have no will should not attempt anything. (*Kissing her.*) May God preserve you. Good by. And may you all be as happy as you were heretofore. Give my regards to the reverend father. I will not be able to see him any more.

Kocianova (crying).—My dear soul, my golden soul.

Maya (to VOTAVA).—Let's be off. (*Wants to go.*)

Votava.—And are you not going to say good by to Mr. Petr? (*He calls into the hall.*) Mr. Petr, come here to say good by.

Petr (comes on the threshold).

Maya (gives him her hand).—Good by, Mr. Petr, and may you be well and happy.

Votava.—And say I will come to see you again next year.

Maya.—No, no, Mr. Petr—good by for good—forever. (*She goes quickly toward the gate.*)

Kocianova (escorts her).

Votava (giving his hand to PETR).— Well, so good by, comrade, and as I say, you have done excellently. (*Goes after them.*)

(*Quiet. DR. VOTAVA, MAYA, and KOCIANOVA are gone. After a while the rumbling of a departing carriage is heard.*)

Kocianova (returns after a while).— Petrichek, my golden Petrichek. (*She hurries to him.*) Well, Petrichek, what are you looking at so sadly?

Petr (quietly).— I — am — looking — at those — clouds.

“THE PRINCESS HAS HER LOVERS”

BY SARA TEASDALE

The princess has her lovers,
A score of knights has she,
And each can sing a madrigal,
And praise her gracefully.

But Love, who is so bitter,
Hath put within her heart
A longing for the scornful knight
Who, silent, stands apart.

And though the others praise and plead,
She maketh no reply,
Yet for a single word from him
I ween that she would die.

HAFIZ

Two Translations

BY EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

I

MUGHANNINAME

THE BOOK OF THE SINGER

Why tarriest, Singer? Take thy lute and come!
With royal song call back again the royal one.

Be great thoughts, too, our guests amid the wine,
And mention of old friends exiled by time.

Bring to our jaded circle joy of June.
Let *Kul*¹ and *ghasel*¹ blossom to thy tune.

Grief bowed unto the earth, beggared, was I,
Once more on wings of song oh, let me fly!

Through richest measured magic, Singer, go,
Grief's curtain lift! The face of beauty show!

So well let inspiration wing thy flight
That Anahid² dances adown the night,

The maiden harpist, to whose witching song
Old friends unto the Banquet backward throng,

¹*Ghasel* and *kul* are Persian verse forms. *Ghasel* is a verse of merry meter; *kul* is a somewhat graver form.

²Anahid, the star Venus, is the protecting star of singers and musicians. It is fancies to be a beautiful woman playing upon a harp within the sky. Sohre—Venus, the evening star, sometimes called Anahid.

Who lifts enrapt to God the Sufi³ up
As surely as from hand to mouth the cup.

Give tones so vibrant, rich, so roundly sweet
The tangling dust of Time falls from the feet.

Deliverance bring from cares of sordid earth,
Safe sheltered in my heart bring Peace to birth.

Come, Singer, come! Befriend me as of yore!
In case the lute fails let the loud drums roar.

'Tis best when in the blood wine works its harm,
To drown it with the deafening drum's alarm.

Why tarriest, Singer? Red rose time is here,
When nightingales sing sweetest of the year,

Embowered within the green. Shall I not know
The joy-song of my blood when lutes breathe low?

Come, Singer, through the ear inspire the soul.
With fresh songs ever let fresh music roll.

Shatter my heart, my Singer, with thy song!
Create it greater, cleared of grief and wrong!

O! joy, if thou shouldst show such grace to me,
Again within my heart youth's fire set free,—

Youth's fire! swift to consume gray Grief and Care,
And wrinkled Sorrow's household drive from there.

Why tarriest, Singer? On thy strings strike loud.
Come, banish from my breast this beggar crowd!

³Sufi. A meditative mystic. This order have numbered among its members many poets of the East.

A beggar sooner hence myself would go
When Death calls, than a purple robe to show.⁴

Sweet Singer, swifter strike adown the strings —
Swifter, I say! A truce to sorrowing!

Or leifer wouldst thou sing an Irak⁵ song
While blinding tears the swollen eyelids throng?

Come, Singer, since my soul confides in thee,
Upon my truth-pledged word this do for me:

Be shabby Grief's sad camps thy glorious goal;
With song pray scatter them, with twirled drum's roll!

Spacious with love my heart now shelters thine;
Inspire the flute with friendship's breath divine;

Drown deep thy woe in wine! Suffice that not,
Breathe in the flute, by breath e'en life is bought.

Why tarriest, Singer? Come, fresh songs, I say!
Thy cup is empty? Fill it then straightway,

That we together new born unto joy
May happy be a space *sans* care's alloy.

And with the others let my own songs meet,
Tripping beside thy lute they'll seem more sweet.

Let Music make my soul her home to-night!
Lead on the dance! The cowl I'll fling from sight!

Upward, inspired, from thought to thought I'll soar
What time wine's guarding the Tongue's Tavern Door!

⁴The Persian color of mourning is blue.

⁵The Irak meter corresponds somewhat to our word elegy, in that it is dedicated to grief.

Grief grasps my heart! The two-stringed lute let ring,
Nay! Nay! — the three stringed — to the One Great King!

Fresh songs, my singer! And brave let them be! .
I'd have friends hear, exchange their joys with me.

To pleasure them who walk the ways of bliss
Once more pray, sing of Barbud⁶ and Perwis!

I've caught Fate at her knavish tricks again!
I'll toy with love, forget both life and men!

Upon this gloomy resurrection shore
Alone the blood of grapes is ours to pour.

I watch amazed the dizzy Heaven spin:
Who's freed from life to-day? Who'll death begin?

Mere fraud and vanity are things of earth;
The Night is pregnant: What brings she to birth?

Sure happiness and peace no man's may be.
Who stands safe on a bridge built unsafely?

The vulture's instinct hath the greedy dust,
Which Selm⁷ and Tur⁷ into the darkness thrust.

Beside this road of ruin, desolate and dead,
Efrasiab⁸ a palace proud builded.

⁶Barbud was a singer at the court of the Sassanian King, Chosrew Perwis, who reigned from 590 to 626.

⁷Selm and Tur were the sons of King Feridun, a mythical king of Iran. They slew their elder brother after he had become king. Later, they too were slain by a relative. Firdusi speaks of them in his satire to Sultan Mahmud: "I have sung of adventures with wolves and lions and dragons, of kings with their crowns and helmets of Shah Efrasiab and Tur and Selm——" Feridun has been sung of by Firdusi in the Shah-nameh. Saadi has written of the vizier of Feridun.

⁸Efrasiab was a mighty Prince from Turkestan, and a dangerous enemy of Persia. He was noted for his love of splendor.

Where's his great general gone, pray, Prince Piran?
And Schideh⁹ where, with sword from Turkestan?

And where their fellow soldiers? No one knows —
Nor over them where reddest blooms the rose.

For struggle, strife, and sorrow Fate made men;
One fights best with the sword, one with the pen.

*Schideh was one of the sons of Efrasiab.

II

SAKINAME

THE BOOK OF THE TAVERN KEEPER¹

Bring on the wine!² Light inspiration's fires!
To genius, to ambition, bring fresh desires!

Once my well-hoarded wealth these virtues rare,
Until love basely did my soul ensnare.

¹Julius Hart, in that part of his essay on Persian Poetry which deals with "The Tavern Keeper," says: "This characterizes the poetic spirit of the Sufi, the mystic, that he never expresses his teachings in abstract words, but wraps them in an embroidered picture gown and expresses everything allegorically, perhaps for the purpose that the orthodox may be deceived as to the size of the chasm that yawns between deistic Mohammedanism and the pantheistic religion of the Sufi. Since all mysticism is the outgrowth of a superabundant imaginative life, it is natural that the oriental mystic should use beautiful symbols of the senses . . . and under the figure of the handsome Tavern Keeper, God is almost always meant. Whether one has always to do with a mystic poem or a realistic song of love and wine cannot be decided with absolute certainty. And it cannot, therefore, be considered strange that Omar and Hafiz should likewise be condemned as freethinkers and scorners of things sacred."

²"Drink with thy lips from the cup of consecrated love of the wine o

Bring on the fluid gold which Noah's life boon —
Such fabled treasure gives as rich Karun!³

To him who thus lifts up a prayerful eye
The Gateways of Desire will open fly.

Bring on the golden fire which in Earth's breast
Old Zoroaster⁴ sought with pious zest.

eternity, for from its intoxication is beloved desire born and heights are found in its depths."—Rumi.

"Drunken often is God's man without wine."—Rumi.

"Trunken müssen wir alle sein!

Jugend ist Trunkheit ohne Wein,
Trinkt sich das Alter wieder zur Jugend,
So ist es wundervolle Tugend."

—Goethe.

Hafiz wrote in "the divine, high piping Pahlevi" of Omar. His admirers called him "the tongue of the Unseen." Hafiz and Anacreon are the two poets whose reading is said to bring madness.

³Karun was famous for his wealth. The term corresponds to our word Croesus.

⁴Zoroaster was a prophet and teacher of religion about 900 B.C. Wise Man's Fount: It is related of the prophet Chiser that he journeyed into the land of Darkness, where he found the fountain of life.

"Great Dschem once wrote this upon a stone beside a fountain: Many have rested and refreshed themselves here and then gone on when the light of the fountain failed; I conquered the world by strength and courage, and yet into the grave I can take nothing with me.

Saadi. The Bostan.

"Dschem's Magic Cup." The Eastern fable has it that once a basket of grapes was brought to King Dschem just as he was starting for the hunt. He ordered the grapes to be placed in a costly jar and kept until his return. The hunt lasted longer than he intended, and when he returned he found in the jar, not grapes, but a rich and fragrant liquid. He wrote the word 'poison' upon the jar and set it away. One day one of the beauties of the palace, who desired to end her life because of jilted love, found and drank it. Instead of dying she fell into a deep and pleasurable sleep. When she awoke she remembered her pleasant dream and desired to live. Then wine was made for the first time by the Persians, and named "The Sweet Poison." King Dschem hastened to try it and so did all his courtiers and his wise men and his scholars, and it became widely celebrated. The king possessed a golden cup upon the bottom of which all the mysteries of earth were revealed. This cup plays an important part in Persian poetry. Goethe's "König in Thule" seems almost to be a reminiscence of Dschem and his cup of gold. The fables of the cup are many. It is told of Hafiz that once an old man held out to him a magic cup. He drank of it and became an inspired poet.

When crowned with love and wine why should we care
Whether we pray to earth or fire or air!

Bring on the wine, the dream, the dear delight!
Dawn rosy paints the Cup of Dschem⁵ the night.

Bring on Dschem's magic Cup, that by its might
I may explore the secrets of the light.

Dschem's magic Cup bring me! Make haste, I say!
Whene'er you find it empty, fill it, pray.

This royal word spake great Dschemschid of old:
"One grain of wheat will all earth's treasure hold."

Bring on the cup, sparkling like Selsebil!⁶
My pole star be it, topping Heaven's hill.

When flute and cither shed their sweetness down
The Cup I'd not exchange for King Kei's crown.

Bring on, I say again, the virgin wine,
Unsmirched of tavern smoke and pure and fine.

Bring joy back to my heart once more though I
Gather the gossiping world's grudges thereby.

Bring joy's fire back, which once should wild beasts know,
The mighty forests would be leveled low.

Alone it frees from coil of change and time,
And for me opens the Tent Door divine.

⁵Dschem or Dschemschid is the somewhat mythical first king of Persia, to whom fable has attributed exploits and heroic deeds. He is a national hero after the manner of King Arthur. He taught the Persians agriculture and the useful arts. Firdusi has sung at length of his wars.

⁶Selsebil, a river of Paradise. It is a frequent term of comparison in Persian poetry:

"Thou whose face is Eden, and whose lips are selsibil.

Schehab-ed-din-Edib-Sabir.

Rumi speaks of the Fountain Selsebil, which Sweet Youth guides you to the Gates of Paradise."

Bring on the wine! In it the Houris⁷ smiled!
There Heaven keeps their sweet breath undefiled.

Oh, with it I will quench this passion's glow,
A little while at feet of Peace sit low.

Bring wine, whose rosy light strikes up the sky
To greet there for me Dschemschid and King Kei!

'Tis then I'll ask when flutes shed sweetness down,
"When wore Kawusz⁸ and when Dschemschid the crown?"

Oh, Life is but a substance made for song!
With song call back again the kingly throng.

Let each one rule awhile beneath the light,
Let wine all dim thoughts strengthen, make more bright!

I lorded it full well the Heart's Throne o'er
'Til Scorn and Sin shut fast on me the door.

Bring wine! Bring wine! Thus dissipate my night!
Bring softness to my sorrow, to darkness light!

Its glory now upon me's richly shed,
And now the face of Wisdom's unveiled.

A spirit glorious was I and free.
As dust amid the dust, who exiled me?

Yet when the crystal cup my hand does hold,
I see the mirrored joys of earth unfold.

At Gates of Sacrifice I bend the knee,
And though a beggar a king seem to be.

⁷Houris are the maidens of the Mohammedan Paradise, whose beauty delights the faithful after death.

⁸Kawusz was Shah of Iran in the days of Rustem. Firdusi makes this mention of him in the Shah-nameh where he tells the story of "Sorab and Rustem": "To Kawusz they brought this grievous word: The throne has lost Rustem its defense."

Whenever drunken inspired Hafiz sang,
From Heaven Sohre's lute in answer rang.

Life is a fickle, frail, inconstant thing;
Seek then within the cup joy's doubling.

Wine lengthens out alone man's little day,
And makes real for a space the phantom way.

Enjoy the banquet board, the candle light!
To none Life keeps the troth that she does plight.

As floating bubbles on a cup of wine,
Vanished in dust Keikobad's might divine

To sleep send wisely now the griefs of life,
And live not as a slave held by heart strife.

Without the soul the body cannot be,
How heart then without wine-soul, pray tell me?

Again fill full the glass! Fill full, I say!
I drink to all the kings who lived their day.

Has any, pray, escaped the thirst of Fate,
Insatiate of blood, livid with hate?

Let anger not for me thy breast inflame,
Because thou of the dust, of flame I came.

Fill full the glass! From out its finer fire
Let comfort come forth, courage, and fresh desire.

Incorporate its substance with my soul,
Since treasures vanish as sea-rivers roll.

Bring wine! To match it rubies do not dare!
Let pride and grief unto the devil fare.

The rosary and cowl go with them too,
To both, well pledged for wine, a long adieu.

The treasures of the Vine Child flow most free
Wherever cloister walls frown heavily.

Should any say to thee, "Beware the sight!"
I pray thee answer only, "Friend, good night!"

Bring on the wine! I love its rosy flower.
Let me live grandly for one little hour!

Naught else can free my heart a space from grief,
And seat me at the rich Life Giver's feast.

Wine! Wine! that nourisheth the souls of men,
Unto the dying holds Life's mirror up again.

Wine! Wine! My tent I'll pitch upon the air,
And mingle with the bright star-dwellers there.

Fill full the cup again with rarest wine,
Thus fill my spirit with one more divine,

That, Tavern Keeper, double-natured, I
May praise thy wine the worthier thereby.

Come, Saki, let thy glory grace the feast,
Although divinely natured, 'tis not least.

Lift up the cup! Make haste! Why shouldst thou fear?
In Heaven 'tis not accounted wrong, as here.

Life's substance, Saki, is thy wine to me.
Pour on! Pour on! though all should emptied be.

To death the circling days had drawn me near
Until I found the Wise Man's Fountain here.

Quickly that Fount of Wisdom bring to me!
On Rustem's war steed Raksch⁹ I'll ride grandly.

And like Tuhemten's¹⁰ hero wield will I
The sword of Truth 'til Falsehood faint and die.

Bring on the onyx carven crystal cup!
I love its joyous fire when lifted up.

A plague be on the bowed slaves of the pen!
But Inspiration, let her call again.

Exterminate with wine's fount flowing fire
The grief that gnaws the heart out of desire.

Make thine the day! Let that be Duty's thought:
Who knows whether another'll come or not?

All they who once were Lords of Life and Time,
And feasted as fond lovers in their prime,

Were forced the tinsel joy-world to forego,
And now forgotten in their graves lie low.

Who toward the Tent dares lift a haughty eye?
Who counts on joy when all things else pass by?

Alas! Alas! that youth speeds like the wind!
Happy alone who keepeth pure his mind.

Saki, bring wine! Beneath its magic power
I'll own the two worlds for my little hour.

The King with Arab steeds of wealth untold,
And elephants of war tusked deep with gold.

⁹Raksch or Reksch,— Rustem's famous war steed.

¹⁰Tuhemten means the strong one, the glorious. It is one of the appellations of the national hero Rustem, who is the Persian Siegfried or Hercules. Perhaps, however, Samson is the best equivalent, since Rustem's strength was the gift of God.

Who stormed the earth in pride and swore to take,
A banquet is where worms their hunger slake.

From forth the tingling spheres, from Morning's wing,
From out the mouths of Houris these words ring;

"Break through thine earthly cage, Sweet Singer, Thou,
Where naught but phantoms are hast lived enow!"

Unto the Heaven wing thy fearless flight,
To rest and reap reward on clearer height.

Availed it, pray, Great Dschem to rule the world,
When from his helpless hand the cup was hurled?

To make the wine of life the red grape dies,
Therefore it needs must make my dead heart rise.

Each brick that yonder roof unto was brought,
Was some once mighty head, now dust and naught.

With royal blood the clefts of earth are filled,
And Beauty's dust upon the wind is spilled.

One haughty at the Banquet boasted loud,
Up-swinging high the cup before the crowd:

"The jest and scorn of Heaven here is seen:
The great it humbles and exalts the mean."

Darius mortals excelling so far
The assembled kings of earth less kingly are,

As softly stole away when Death cried — "Come!"
As if he ne'er had stood beneath the sun.

Away now to thy king! For me say this:
Who representest Dschemschid well I wis,

Seek well the beggar out, his hunger still,
Ere yet the Cup of Dschem thou darest fill.

All needlessly the griefs of earth confine
Since freedom waits for us within the wine!

And now that such a king the power doth own
As never found an equal on a throne,

Defender of the faith, of peace and right,
Of kingly Kaianian, star most bright,

Give length of days, give good health to our king!
Conquest unto his scepter, honor, bring.

So long as wrong and right draw not anigh,
And Bull and Ram still pasture in the sky,

So long — God grant — may Shah¹¹ Mansur remain,
And blessed be the years o'er which he reign,

In wine which ripens in the glowing south
I drink to him with heart and hand and mouth.

¹¹Shah Mansur — Hafiz lived at his court.

ISADORA DUNCAN, PRIESTESS

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THE beauty of the human body is a myth; but like every myth it is a truth to those who understand. I mean that while it is a cant phrase among us that there is nothing more beautiful than this our body, we have actually proceeded so far, so long, so relentlessly, urged by those twin vices, at whose feigned opposition the demons laugh, Fashion and Prudery, in the abuse and suppression of the body, the elimination of it, artistically speaking, from our daily lives and thoughts, that its beauty is to us merely a tradition, a rumor of hearsay, not confirmed by our actual experience. We have cast out beauty from the body by a process of distortion and torture, as of old they cast out devils on the rack; and we have driven the body from the realm of our more beautiful and exalted life. We do not now consider with solicitude how it may be made more beautiful, nor how it may be displayed as a factor in the artistic life of the day; fashion supplants the one consideration and prudery has made the other impossible. And if a score of women from some modern city, chosen at random among all classes, were translated first into revelling Arcadians, and then into nymphs of Diana, it is a question whether the scorn of the goddess for their shame and confusion, or the horror of the Greeks at the malformation of many and the awkwardness of all, would be greater.

The beauty of the human body is a myth, and it needs a priestess to point us the truth of it. A great priestess has arisen: Isadora Duncan, who has shown us many and wondrous meanings. May it prove that she is also prophetess, surely foretelling the renaissance of reverence for the body, when, as the medium of a universal and varied art, it shall at once bear witness to a new imaginative era and be the symbol of a pervading joy.

It is this hint that a joy once ours may yet again stir the limbs and fill the hearts of the race, which holds the audiences at Miss Duncan's recitals in a strange and compelling fascination. Peculiar audiences they are, seven eighths women, the beautiful and gentle daughters of the wealthy, and the women moulded to a certain intellectually critical attitude by the college; and a very few men, some artists, who must feel a vicarious shame

r the comparative callousness of their sex, and some of the callous sort, who have evidently been brought unwilling, or but half willing, by women.

But however little attuned to the appeal of the dancer many may come to a recital, none, I think, ever goes forth from her spell without a deep regret for the passing of an experience both softening and exalting; nor without suffering a shock of revulsion from the complexity and ugliness of the life rushing through the streets of to-day. It is perhaps matter for astonishment, certainly for rejoicing and the taking of new hope, that time after time the largest auditoriums in New York city have been filled to their capacities when Miss Duncan has danced, and that this has happened in other American cities also. Of course Europe long since proclaimed her; but one always fears that perhaps the acclaim of Paris and Berlin is the shout of delight in a new sensation, not the sincere tone of reverence; while the voice of London is, of course, a mere unintelligent echo. The eagerness of the most cultured and the most alert classes in this, her native country, to pay tribute is a much more significant thing; and though the reason for this eagerness is one which bears a sad implication, yet it also hides pregnant seeds. I am sure that every convention-bound and polite one of us has felt a tumult of recognition in the presence of a woman who is doing what every polite and convention-bound one of us longs to do; though we have forgotten it, we realize suddenly anew that we do want to dance; to run and skip and toss our arms in moments of joy, and to express our melancholy in slow and swaying rhythms. This solitary figure on the lonely stage suddenly confronts each of us with the secret of a primal desire invincibly inhering in the fibre of each, a secret we had securely hidden beneath our conventional behaviors, and we yearn for a new and liberated order in which we may indeed dance.

But if this interpretation of a universal secret desire, and this intimation of a new Arcadian era, are deeper causes of the vogue of Duncan, the more obvious, the more generally realized attraction, is that of the sensuous beauty of her performances. The stately draperies, the impressive emptiness of the stage, the dim radiance, exquisite, mystical, weird, the splendid feminine body, moving with a perfection of rhythmic motion which visualizes the accompanying music; these blend to an impression of utter beauty intoxicating to souls long thirsty and unfed. That solitary figure, gloriously a woman, voluptuous yet slender and agile and full of youth, barefooted, with draperies fluttering away from strenuous legs and perfect shoulders, and arms 'curving like a precious chaplet from finger to throat,' as Henri Lavedan has phrased it; swaying and running and drifting musically in a little space of gray radiance,—who can forget the vision? Coming from my first experience of it, I met, in the lobby of the Opera House, a young poet of supersensitive genius, who, when I attempted some praise of what we had both witnessed, stopped me with a pained entreaty and a reproof,

which I forgave for the justness of it. For truly silence seems the perfect tribute to such an achievement, and no words can suggest or recall its wonders. An essay to set forth certain subtle meanings is not, however, a violation of this proper reticence, and if I have in the preceding paragraphs discovered little of novel import, let me attempt an indication of what I feel to be the very greatest of all the suggestions of Isadora Duncan's art.

Greater even than the creation of beauty, greater even than the promise of joy and freedom, is the interpretation of life by the instinctive wisdom of genius, which is feeling confirmed by thought, and which understands that the ultimate of our apprehension is a mysticism impossible of interpretation save in symbolic art. Isadora Duncan's dancing is no less than an interpretation of life in symbols. Watching her I have felt that I was watching the Soul of Man moving in the Dance of Destiny. The term 'dance' has a very different and very much more serious significance when used to indicate Miss Duncan's work than it has when standing for even the most talented and delightful of ordinary stage dancing. It connotes not merely something pretty and happy, something to beguile and amuse; it is an expression of the impulse which is a dream of all beauty; it is a questioning, an aspiration, a thrill with hopes and fears, desires and joys and melancholies, and ever with wonder. It is mythology, the embodiment of wonder — and wonder is the attitude of the soul confronted with mystery, beauty, the conflict of the passions of love and hate, and the strange, strange moods of joy and sorrow. This, I feel, is the deepest significance and the highest beauty of the art of Isadora Duncan.

SHAKESPEARE'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY

BY L. W. ELDER

SINCE there is in the half century preceding Hobbes a paucity of technical philosophical expression, one who is interested in this period must be content to construct a hypothetical edifice of thought from the scattered and untechnical expressions in general literature. For political philosophy Shakespeare's King Richard II offers a field for investigation. As we pass from Shakespeare's early period to such a work as this we notice a radical change in his attitude. He is no longer filled with the phenomenology of the age as the exponent of the exaggerated personal, but is rather the historian of the inner spirit, seeking meaning in that life of which he had been so pre-eminently characteristic. No longer merely carried along by fashionable thought, he becomes prophetic of the skeptical and reflective attitude which history recognizes as an inevitable accompaniment of the renaissance.

The questions of what is real and true; what is universal; what reality and what universality have individuals, we here have translated into the corresponding terms of politics. They may be stated as follows:

What is real and universal in the state? The old dogma of kingship is brought into question. The drama occurs in the warring of the traditions of the king as a universal individual, and the growing consciousness of a real life coextensive with society. Why is it that the king by divine right comes to an unhappy end? There is no answer in the mere record of history, and to the inquiring mind there is a certain sense of defeat. The king proves to be no king: a universal which is but one thing among other things. For this antithesis of a king over against the people as the Many, there appears to be no solution; unless by a complete change of attitude toward the state, we can show why the universal should be identified with the end of society. Though we admit, if it is a fact, that the ideals of society triumph over those of any individual, even a king's, yet we cannot say why it should be so.

What reality have individuals in personal relations with others? If the king is the universal, the only real individual in the state, then all relations among men are abstractions, unless centered in the king. Such

relations as men have to one another are mediated through the king's court — correspondingly an abstraction for the universal which comprehends diversity. The solution of this problem lies in the growing sense of nationality, which will be a real universal giving reality and worth to personal relations in society.

The conservative position, upholding the divine right of kings, is represented by the church in the person of the bishop, and by the old barony in York. The position rests upon the theory of a supernatural power external to the world. The physical world is (equally) arbitrary and lawless; and for that reason this supermundane power must impose itself upon the natural, for it is thus that the eternal order of the universe will be made manifest in the affairs of men. The dogma of the divine right of kings may be regarded as an hypothesis to allay doubts concerning this eternal order. It is an explanation of an institution so old that its origin and history have been forgotten. If, then, the history of this institution is unknown in natural terms, its traditional authority must be explained by reference to another sphere. Hence kingship receives an extra natural explanation. (K. R. II, III, 98, 71, 127, 272, 336, 86, 118.)

The beginnings of doubt and the first conflict of a new consciousness, with the old tradition of kingship, is represented in Gaunt's attitude (I, 508). His skepticism implies that even a king cannot act contrary to natural laws. A king's power lies in being at one with nature, not opposed. So far as kingship is a divine right, just so far is it arbitrary and non-natural. Arbitrary, extra-natural kingship, Gaunt implies, has no real power. Even York in his assiduity to profess his reverence for the old authority lets slip a question on the king's justice, implying that though he be king by 'fair sequence and succession,' yet he cannot set aside the institutions which are the outgrowth of social life. (II, 204, 241.) Though the dualism of the natural and the supernatural is maintained, it is implied that political institutions are natural in their origin, and in their development subject to natural laws, without supernatural interference.

A positive expression of the new ideal of kingship is embodied in Bolingbroke, though intimations of the same spirit are found in Richard himself. While the speeches of the latter may be affected there is implied a concession to that new consciousness in the people. It indicates on Richard's part a notion of kingly responsibility, even though that responsibility be but an abstraction in the service of his arbitrary power. It is here that the new sense of kingship connects with the new idea of personal relations based on individual worth. Politics is now regarded as an institution of social wellbeing. Its purpose is not to exalt just one

individual; but every individual, even the king, must react in ordinary relations with others. The king, like other individuals, owes his service to the state. (III, 421-5.) In fact the king, just because the leader of the people, because he embodies and secures their ends, resigns his individuality to see it re-expressed in the life of the whole. The grim-minded gardener gives expression to a vulgar point of view. (III, 513.) He forgets that the leaders in a society embody the ideals which are only incipient in the group as a whole, and the 'top-lofty' ones are needed to shape institutions to new ends. The gardener is even reactionary, since, by confusing the state with the king as the only real individual in the state, he implies a return to the conservative position. (III, 542.)

The status and value of the many, or the question of personal relations, arises out of an inquiry concerning the meaning of feudalism and chivalry. That men have no true and universal relations between themselves, we infer from the fact that a personal grudge has no standing at court. (I, 9.) Any relation to have value must involve the king directly, as e.g., in treason; and any situation which does not involve the king, because by that very fact illegal, is at once construed as casting suspicion on all the parties concerned. Because the relations of men are arbitrary, the situations in which they are placed may be as arbitrarily solved by the sovereign. (I, 400.) This power of the sovereign is reflected in the at least formal moral isolation of men from each other. Bolingbroke's conduct being interpreted as a subversion of recognized good (the established order) entails as a penalty an equally violent procedure for the sake of justice. But this justice, far from being an instrument for the maintenance of recognized good, is only the personal interest of a universal individual. The king talks about 'the unstooping firmness of my upright soul,' but this may be regarded as the abstraction for that justice and pretentious righteousness which must be expected as an element in an absolute monarch. Richard's uprightness is a formal affair, deriving its authority from the same attitude of mind that permits such a king to reign.

The significance of the sentence passed on Bolingbroke, lies, of course, in the fact that he was not morally isolated from his fellows. In being banished, king and people alike suffered. (I, sc. iii.) The conduct of every one is informed by the ideals of the people as a whole. The actor derives his motive from the group which furnishes the opportunity of action. If, then, we pass judgment on one who leads the people we strike at their ideal.

That a man would be willing to stake his life for the righteousness of his conduct is evidence that there was more vitality in the mediæval con-

sciousness of conduct than is usually allowed. (I, 80.) Chivalry brought with it a more intense conviction of man's ability to solve moral situations than we have to-day. But it must be remembered that, in dealing with the waning end of chivalry, as we are in the drama before us, the content of conduct was not real action but honor. (I, 169.) Honor, which may be called the supernatural in conduct, is the pursuit of an abstraction formed by taking the principle for the content of conduct. Chivalry of course reflects the morality of an age which has lost its sense of reality and leaves the world behind in search of signs and wonders. Conduct in such an age is made up of abstractions which would have reality only in such another world as chivalry vainly tries to habilitate.

The drama shows the inability of these old institutions to maintain their meaning, and the failure of all old methods of solution is due to the advent of new ideals in conduct. Norfolk's speech implies the doctrine that life for man is an existence in a social medium. (I, 547.) True honor is a principle of social relation, not an abstract ideal, but one which depends on a sense of unified life and the inherent value of a man. (II, 40-65.)

HORACE TO HIS WINE JUG

BY THOMAS EWING, JR

ODES III, 21

Oh twin-fellow born under a Manlius
Mine own familiar toby whether chatter
 Or brawls or unreasoned attachments
 Or heaviness, pretty trusty, bearing;

Be what the freightage may of the excellent
Massic the vintage worthy a festival,
 Come down to Corvinus demanding
 Just the variety you can offer.

For truly although steeped in the dialogues
Plato reported he's not averse to you;
 The story is Cato the ancient
 Found the bottle to revive the conscience.

You weaken if you gently apply the rack
Even the toughened, out of the wariest
 Drawing the most secret devisings
 When rollicking Bacchus is beside you.

You give renewed hope unto the desperate,
Upon the poor man horns of might bestowing,
 That neither angered helmet of kings
 Can terrify nor an army frighten.

May Venus if she smile a bit and Bacchus,
And all the Graces loth to be torn apart,
 With our living lanterns attend you,
 Till the planets are aflight of Phœbus.

BOOK NOTES

FICTION: "The Prodigal Pro Tem," by Frederick Orin Bartlett (Small, Maynard, \$1.50). "The Castle Builders," by Charles Clark Munn (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, \$1.50). "The Steering Wheel," by Robert Alexander Mason (Bobbs, Merrill, \$1.50). "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," by Ridgwell Cullum (George W. Jacobs, \$1.50). "Harmen Pols," by Maarten Maartens (John Lane Company, \$1.35 net). "Bellcroft Priory," by W. Bourne Cooke (John Lane Company, \$1.50). "Everybody's Lonesome," by Clara E. Laughlin (Fleming H. Revell, .75 net). "Sonny's Father," by Ruth McEnery Stuart (The Century Co., \$1.00 net). "Once," by John Mättes (Henry Holt, \$1.20 net). "Ashton-Kirk, Investigator," by John T. McIntyre (Penn Pub. Co., \$1.20 net). "The Social Buccaneer," by Frederic S. Isham (Bobbs, Merrill Co., \$1.50). "The Frontiersman, A Tale of the Yukon," by H. A. Cody (George H. Doran, \$1.20 net).

BIOGRAPHY: "Life of Robert Browning, with Notices of His Writings, His Family, and His Friends," by W. Hall Griffin and Harry Christopher Minchin (The Macmillan Co., \$3.50 net).

POETRY AND DRAMA: "The Town Down the River," by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Scribner's, \$1.25 net). "Pietro of Siena," by Stephen Phillips (The Macmillan Co., \$1.00 net). "Judith," by Martin Schültze (Henry Holt, \$1.25 net). "The Gold-Gated West," Songs and Poems, by Samuel L. Simpson, edited with introductory preface, by W. T. Burney (J. B. Lippincott). "Pansies and Rosemary," by Eben E. Rexford (J. B. Lippincott, \$1.50 net). "The Little Singer and Other Verses,"

by Emily Sargent Lewis (J. B. Lippincott, \$1.00 net). "Poems," by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer (The Macmillan Co., \$1.25 net).

JUVENILE: "Kiddie Land," by Margaret G. Hays (George W. Jacobs) "Under the Window," pictures and Rhymes for Children, by Kate Greenaway (Frederick Warne & Co., \$1.50 net). "The Emerald City of Oz," by L. Frank Baum (The Reilly & Britton Co.). "The Magical Man of Mirth," by Elbridge H. Sabin (George W. Jacobs). "Anne Nelson, a Little Maid of Provincetown," by Alice Turner Curtis (R. F. Fenno & Co., \$1.25). "Sammie and Susie Littletail," by Howard R. Garis (R. F. Fenno & Co.). "Those Smith Boys, or The Mystery of the Thumbless Man," by Howard R. Garis (R. F. Fenno & Co., \$1.25 net). "Sherman Hale, the Harvard Half Back," by George Hart Rand (R. F. Fenno & Co., \$1.50).

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY AND TRAVEL: "A Hoosier Romance," by James Whitcomb Riley, illustrated by John Wolcott Adams (The Century Co., \$1.50 net). "Lovely Woman," pictured by famous American artists (Bobbs-Merrill Co.). "The Whistler Book," monograph on the life and position in the art of Whistler, by Sadakichi Hartmann (L. C. Page & Co.). "The Art of the Munich Galleries," by Florence Jean Ansell and Frank Roy Fraprie (L. C. Page & Co., \$2.00 net). "The Story of Spanish Painting," by Charles H. Coffin (The Century Co., \$1.20 net). "Royal Palaces and Parks of France," by Francis Miltoun (L. C. Page & Co., \$3.00). "The Lands of the Tamed Turk," by Blair Jaekel (L. C. Page & Co., \$2.50). "Bohemia and the Zechs,"

by Will S. Monroe (L. C. Page & Co., \$3.00). "Brazil and Her People of To-day," by Nevin O. Winter (L. C. Page & Co., \$3.00). "Panama and the Canal To-day," by Forbes Lindsay (L. C. Page & Co., \$3.00). "Romantic Days in Old Boston," by Mary Caroline Crawford (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50).

MISCELLANEOUS: "The Love of Books and Reading," by Oscar Kuhns (Henry Holt & Co.). "The Chauncey Giles Year Book" (J. B. Lippincott). "Faith, Hope, Love," compiled by Grace Browne Strand (A. C. McClurg & Co., .50 net). "Love, Friendship, and Good Cheer," compiled by Grace Browne Strand (A. C. McClurg & Co., .50 net). "A Search after Ultimate Truth," by Aaron Martin Crane (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, \$1.50 net). "Under the Open Sky being a Year with Nature," by Samuel Christian Schonnecker (J. B. Lippincott). "The Original Garden of Eden Discovered, etc.," by J. M. Woolsey (copyright by J. M. Woolsey). "The Cause and Cure of Colds," by William S. Sadler, M.D. (A. C. McClurg & Co., \$1.00 net). "Foster's Auction Bridge up to Date," by R. F. Foster (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.00 net). "World Corporation," by King Camp Gillette (The New England News Co.). "Mothers and Daughters, a Book of Ideals for Girls," by Mrs. Burton Chance (The Century Co., \$1.00). "A Psychic Autobiography," by Amanda T. Jones (Graves Publishing Co.). "The Passover, an Interpretation," by Clifford Howard (R. F. Fenno, \$1.00 net). "Down to the Sea," by Wilfred T. Grenfell (Fleming H. Revell, \$1.00 net). "With Stevenson in Samoa," by H. J. Moors (Small, Maynard & Co., \$3.00).

Mr. Bartlett's "Seventh Noon" we thought an excellent piece of work, but in the "Prodigal Pro Tem" he has surpassed himself with a delicious plot,

whose charming development in comedy elements reveal to us characters that are delightfully human and fascinating. The scene is laid in the Catskill country, and the background of nature and out doors is woven throughout the romance with descriptions of exceptionally fine handling.

"The Steering Wheel" will not enhance the reputation of the author of "Happy Hawkins," a story compounded of love and business, and a "happy ending," neither the shrewd sayings of its characters can redeem a plot full of absurd complications. The story of "Uncle Asa" Webster is told in the "Castle Builders," by Mr. Munn, and since "Uncle Asa" is the very core of New England character, New England virtues illuminate love, family devotion, and business honor in the essentials that furnish the author's plot. Of the same genre in substance, but in vivid contrast in setting is "The Sheriff of Dyke Hole," by Ridgwell Cullum. The "sheriff" full of blunt honesty, a deep fund of humor, and with his many inimitable observations gives color and realism to a double love story, set amid the untamed forces of a Western mining camp. From novels which hold their interest and develop their plots about the portrayal of a unique character to an ingeniously woven tale of mystery a that in "Ashton-Kirk, Investigator," by John T. McIntyre, is a mere transition of one's mental focus upon life. Character is more puzzling than the mystery of much of the recent, of the "Ashton Kirk" class; the thrill is lost with satiety of counterplots and effects. Quite worth recommending for all the publishers claim for them are Rut McEnery Stuart's "Sonny's Father," Clara E. Laughlin's "Everybody's Lonesome," and John Mättes's "Once. To mention Mrs. Stuart's "Sonny" to recall former happy association

and is enough to send one immediately to this new book to hear the delightful and tender chronicle of Sonny's family and of the world in which they live, by "Sonny's father." Miss Laughlin calls her idyl a "true fairy story"; we do not dispute her, for it holds a secret and has enchantment which may transform for us as it did for Mary Alice, this too often gray world in which we live.

Every one who enjoyed and held dear Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" will take this work of Mr. Mättes to heart. To say this is a better recommendation than the reviewer's attempt to indicate its delightful quality by epitome or quotation. That there are other and sterner qualities in life and consequently in fiction, a reading of Marrten Marrtens's "Harmen Pols" convinces us. The Dutch "Scarlet Letter," it has been described, in which the battle of the spirit is substituted for Hawthorne's battle with carnal sin. It depicts a young Dutch peasant who lost and finally regained his faith in God and man in his efforts to retain, against the long-hidden iniquity involved, his inheritance. The picture of mother and son is full of powerful characterization, and in the story of their struggles the very spirit of Holland is expressed. From the spiritual tragedy of peasant life in Holland to a genuine old-fashioned middle class English love story, shadowed by the atmosphere of ancient influences and mellowed by tradition, in "Bellcroft Priory" one's emotions experience the transition from unrest to tranquility. There is a spell about this English novel, even with its note of melodrama now and then accenting its ineffectual jealousies and fervent sentiments of love. John Clodd and his mistress of Thorncliffe Hall are both drawn with interest and conviction. It is a thoroughly good story. From a

quiet English priory to the Hukon is a far cry, not simply in the distance that separate the two places, but in the temperament and character in human nature each place calls out in man. In the quieter English setting human nature somehow gets diversified, the types are varied; in the Yukon Mr. Cody's "Frontiersman" is like other frontiersmen. The "stirring adventures" are the stirring adventures of all the novelists who set their stories "packed with action" there. A great many readers have cultivated a liking for fiction of this sort, and Mr. Cody's story will please them. The motives in human nature that inspire the "Social Buccaneer," perhaps are not fundamentally more different than those of Mr. Cody's frontiersman. The author's motto, so his publishers inform us, has always been to "get there," and the power and triumph which the "getting there" insures does not very profoundly separate the instincts of men so widely varying in internal aspects as Mr. Cody's and Mr. Isham's heroes.

A new life of Robert Browning is always hailed with respect and expectation. New material illuminating the personality and development of genius is always a welcome guidance to the insight of his admirers upon the subject; but in Browning's case this fact added to a clearer interpretation of rendering more lucid poetry so misunderstandable invests this new biography with importance. This volume prepared with such care and assiduous labor over a period of years by Prof. Hall Griffin, and left unfinished at his death, is completed with sympathy and insight by Mr. Minchin. The authors have woven into a gossipy, interesting narrative the personal details of the poet's life, his family, his friends, his association, with the various places he lived and visited. Into this is worked notices

and studies, expositions and outlines of the poet's work, showing its development and gradual recognition by the public. This is a very readable biography and can be perused as a supplement to all the books written about Browning and his work.

Among these seven books of verse three at least stand out with distinction among the poetry of the year. Mr. Robinson is one of the three or four foremost American poets, while in England Mr. Stephen Phillips holds a like position. "The Town Down the River" is full of that ironic philosophy, that psychologic portraiture in human nature, of which he is master, and of an art full of reticence and haunting harmony. Mr. Phillips's "Pietro of Siena," while not as notable in art and substance as his earlier poetic dramas, bears, however, the stamp of genius which won him the reputation of weaving such cunning dramatic verse for the action of his characters. Mr. Schutze's "Judith" is worthy of a place among Mr. Phillips's best poetic dramas. It is based on the apocryphal story, the principal tragic motive is the irreconcilable conflict between a noble and passionate woman's fanatic and desperate patriotism and her moral nature and personal integrity. The conflict of Judith is further intensified by the presentation of Holofernes as a great man, whose power and wisdom yield to the passion inspired by her force and beauty. The beauty of Mr. Schutze's blank verse admirably clothes this passionate and absorbing substance. Mr. Van Rensselaer's "Poems" is a distinctive volume. A sober but penetrative quality imbues her lines that are shaped with a subtle command of rhythm. In the collected poems, comprising "The Golden-Gated West Songs and Poems," edited by W. T. Burney, Simpson is classed with Burns and Poe. While it

is too much to claim for the deceased poet, it does not, however, prevent us from enjoying verse that has many sterling and compelling qualities. There is much of the same quality of feeling and melody in Mr. Rexford's "Pansies and Rosemary" that we discovered in Mr. Simpson's verse. Sentiments that touch the common heart and appeal to minds unconfused by the symbolism of life and the mysteries. Emily Sargent Lewis continues the same note on a lowlier key, in the Little "Singer and other Verses." The emotion is not so full, though the impulse is not less genuine.

Those interesting series, published by L. C. Page & Co., of books historical and descriptive of the peoples and countries of other lands, have had three new titles added in Blair Jaekel's "The Lands of the Tamed Turk," Will S. Monroe's "Bohemia and the Zechs," and Nevin O. Winter's "Brazil and Her People of To-day." Each of these authors writes with authority upon his subject and adds a fund of reliable information to our limited knowledge of phases of their history and development. Mr. Miltoun has given us many interesting and fascinating books of descriptive travel, but none is so laden with the richness of his observations and knowledge as the "Royal Palaces and Parks of France," so teeming with the long and brilliant associations of French history and great personages. Another addition to the "Art Galleries of Europe" series is a welcome addition in Florence Jean Ansell and Frank Roy Fraprie's "The Art of the Munich Galleries." The authors, in their interpretation of schools and artists, in rendering the beauty and significance of single masterpieces comprehensive to the readers, have achieved a service that is educational as well as pleasurable. Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann writes with

full knowledge and full appreciation about the great painter's life and work, in "The Whistler Book," which contains fifty-seven reproductions of Whistler's most important pictures. The paradox of the man is brought into relation with his art and in the impressionism of the pictures this relationship unravels a personality that is clear in its artistic intentions. Mr. Hartmann's contribution to the interpretation of Whistler as man and artist is a notable one. On the subject of art there is no clearer and more suggested writer than Mr. Coffin. In an admirable volume he showed us "How to Study Pictures," and applying the same concise revealing qualities to the "Story of Spanish Painting," he draws definitely for his readers the historical, biographical, critical, and appreciative aspects of his subject. It contains all that one should know who has not and is likely not to see the original canvases in Spanish cathedrals and galleries. A subject so full of public interest and speculations as the Panama Canal justifies any book that gives an account of the country, its physical features and natural resources, with a thorough history of the canal project from the earliest times. Mr. Forbes Lindsay's comprehensive book fully illustrated from recent photographs, and including five maps, seems the most valuable account yet published on that narrow country, whose constructed canal will have so tremendous influence upon the future commerce of the world.

It is superfluous to recommend a Kate Greenaway book, her name is assured in the affections of childhood; to her "Under the Window," Mr. Baum's "The Emerald City of Oz" may be added as the work of one who too has won a dear hold upon the imagination of the young. "Kiddie Land," by Margaret G. Hays, and "The Magical

Man of Mirth," by Elbridge H. Sabin, though by authors of less repute, are of delightful interest to the child whose interests are compelled by the pictures rather than the text.

Suggestions concerning the ideals and aims of books are always worth heeding when they are made by so efficient and informed a mind as Mr. Kuhns. His "The Love of Books and Reading" is a companion volume one should place on one's shelf beside old Richard Bury. The "Chauncey Giles Year Book" is a sort of latter day "Christian Year," which will bring spiritual guidance and fortitude to many readers. "A Search after Ultimate Truth," by Aaron Martin Crane, elaborates the essential characteristics of man, and the mutual relations of men to each other and to God. It incontestably and triumphantly proves that man is immortal. Two little compilations that will be welcomed by many are "Love, Friendship, and Good Cheer," and "Faith, Hope, and Love," compiled by Grace Browne Strand. Mrs. Burton Chance's "Mother and Daughters, A Book of Ideals for Girls," is one that ought to link closer parent and child during those years when the consciousness of maturity in the girl begins to draw her existence apart from the parent. It is an important text on a vital relationship. The "Psychic Autobiography" of Amanda T. Jones will be, as the late William James suggested, of deep interest to investigators of psychic phenomena. Its human interest will appeal to many readers. "Under the Open Sky" is a year with nature, its seasons, birds, flowers, hills, and streams. The author's aim, he declares, "is to help people who are feeling in themselves the quietening modern longing for contact with and understanding of Nature in her simplest manifestations."

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